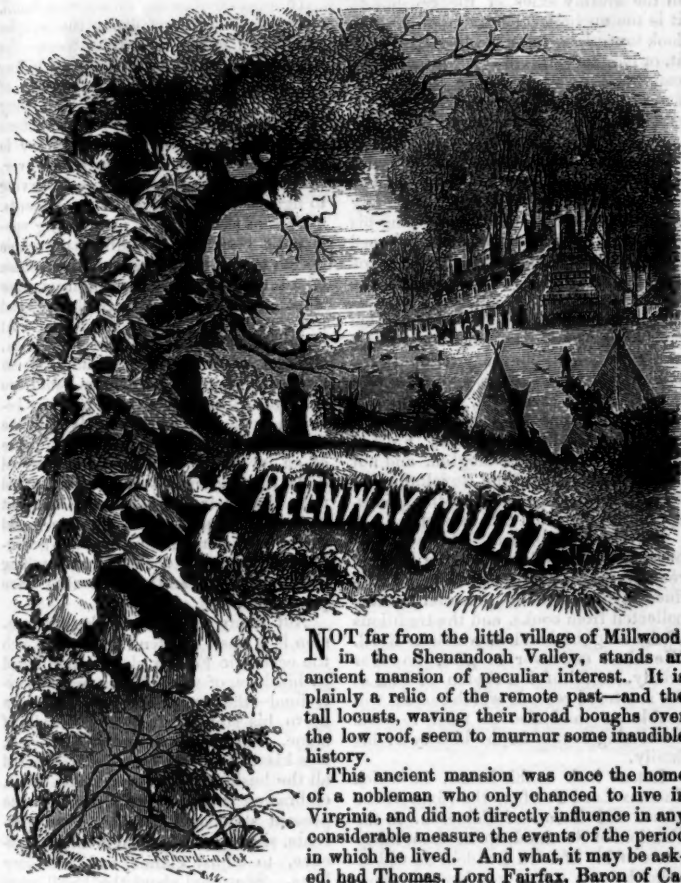


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NOT far from the little village of Millwood, in the Shenandoah Valley, stands an ancient mansion of peculiar interest. It is plainly a relic of the remote past—and the tall locusts, waving their broad boughs over the low roof, seem to murmur some inaudible history.

This ancient mansion was once the home of a nobleman who only chanced to live in Virginia, and did not directly influence in any considerable measure the events of the period in which he lived. And what, it may be asked, had Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Ca-

meron, the Sixth of the name, of Greenway Court, in the Shenandoah Valley, to do with the history of his era?—what did he perform? and why is a place demanded for him in our annals? The answer is not difficult. With this nobleman who has passed to his long rest, and sleeps, nearly forgotten, in the old church at Winchester, is connected a name which will never be forgotten—it was his to shape in no small measure the immense strength of George Washington; his hand pointed attention to the rising planet of this great life, and opened its career toward the zenith. It shines now, the polar star of our liberties—set in the stormy skies of the revolution, it is the unchangeable guide of all who look toward it—no man now can obscure it, or increase its brilliance—as no cloud can dim it—and yet once it was unknown and needed assistance—an assistance which Lord Fairfax afforded.

Any account of the youth of Washington must involve no small reference to the old fox-hunting nobleman, who took a fancy to him, when he was a boy of sixteen, and aided in developing his character. Fairfax not only thus shaped by his counsels the unfolding mind of the young man—he also placed the future leader of the American Revolution in the career which hardened his muscles, "toughened his manhood," and gave him that military repute in the public eye, which secured for him, at a comparatively early age, the appointment of Commander-in-chief over all competitors. First and last, Fairfax was the friend of Washington, and not even the struggle of the Revolution, in which they espoused hostile sides, operated to weaken this regard.

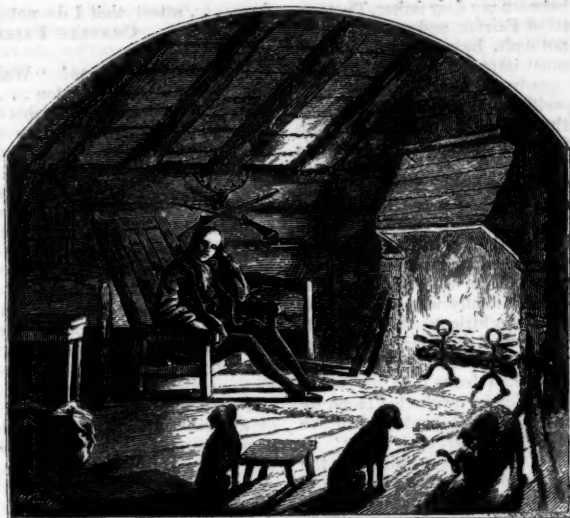
Of this old nobleman, whose life has been little considered by the general reader, we propose to present an outline, involving some personal details, collected from books, and the traditions of the neighborhood in which he lived. We shall endeavor to give, however briefly, as faithful a sketch of him as the scattered records which remain will enable us—and also to refer to some interesting events in the history of his family.

Let us look at this house, in which Thomas Lord Fairfax, the Sixth of the name, and Baron of Cameron, in the kingdom of Scotland, spent about thirty years of his life. In London, as will be seen, he was a fine gentleman—some-

thing even resembling what we now call a "dandy"—and the edifice which we now gaze upon, "beyond the Blue Ridge of Mountains in North America," would no doubt have afforded a spectacle of the deepest interest to the pretty fellows and roystering "Mohocks" with whom his lordship associated in his early days—as well as to Mr. Joseph Addison, the writer of that entertaining series, "The Spectator," to which his friend Lord Fairfax contributed a paper or two. The fine gentlemen, the great writer, and the nobleman are all gone—but his house, "Greenway Court," remains for us.

It stands before us, on a green knoll, over whose soft turf droop the boughs of lofty locusts, and oak-trees—the former in the spring time almost hiding the low roof with fragrant masses of delicate pink blossoms. It is a long building, constructed of the limestone of the region—but a single story in height, with dormer windows, however, projecting far out from the roof, serving to light a second range of apartments. This roof slopes down into a long species of veranda, extending the whole length of the building, after the fashion of those old Virginia farm-houses, now so often met with on the roadsides, and employed for tavern-purposes. At each end of the mansion is a chimney, studded with coops, around which swarm swallows and martins—and two wooden belfries are situate midway between—constructed probably by the original owner, to give the alarm in case of an inroad of the savages. The old bells ring no more—they are so old now, that their tongues are silent—but if they rang again, how strange would the chimes sound! how like the garrulous and cracked voices of age, telling of other days, and scenes that have passed!

Not many paces from the old mansion is a small wooden house, in which the eccentric Fairfax slept, surrounded by his dogs, of whom he was passionately fond—the larger edifice being given up to his steward. A small cabin of stone, near the north end of the house, was his office; and here he transacted all the business of his vast possessions, embracing nearly one-fourth of the present state of Virginia, giving quit-rents, signing deeds, and holding audience, to adjust claims and boundary lines. Scattered about the knoll were



THE CABIN OF LORD FAIRFAX.

"quarters" for his many servants—and here, in the midst of dogs and horses, backwoodsmen, Indians, half-breeds, and squatters, who feasted daily at his profuse board, the fine gentleman of Pall-mall, the friend of Mr. Joseph Addison, spent more than a quarter of a century.

Having glanced, thus, at the mansion, let us turn to the inmate, from whose residence within its walls proceeds that interest which the locality excites. Who was this man who had experienced so singular a mutation of fortune—what were his antecedents, as the phrase of the day has it?

Sir Thomas Fairfax, Knight of Denton, in Yorkshire, flourished in the times of Queen Elizabeth; his knighthood having been conferred on him before the city of Rouen for chivalrous conduct. Sir Thomas was, however, more noted for prudence than for the reckless dare-devilism which characterized his celebrated grandson. He laid up his money, ruled his family quietly, and, when the time came, as quietly purchased the barony of Cameron in Scotland, for which he paid the sum of £1,500, "driving a hard bargain," says the family chronicle. This old *princeps* of the house was a frugal patriarch, but loved his blood—entertaining, in-

deed, under his roof at Denton, three generations of Fairfaxes, with their children.

His son Charles was a prudent man like himself, and, joining General Monk in the civil war at the proper moment, was duly made Governor of Hull, with a pension of £100 by the merry monarch Charles II. The elder brother of Charles, Ferdinando, a weak and irresolute man, was the father of the celebrated "Tom Fairfax," Generalissimo of the parliamentary army, and commander, therefore, of the soldiers who escorted Charles I. to the scaffold.

In the fiery temper, mingled with irresolution, of General Tom Fairfax, the cool old grandfather, Sir Thomas, foresaw the downfall of his family, and the overthrow of all his schemes for the aggrandizement of his house. Of this foresight a singular proof is given in a paper found in an old oak chest, at Leeds Castle, afterwards the property of the Fairfaxes. This paper was in the handwriting of Charles Fairfax, and the following is a portion of it:

"Having made some few entries of the most remarkable of the family that have come to my view or certain knowledge, I am now, for a sad epilogue, enforced to insert the passages of a dis-

course between my dear father, Thomas, first Earl of Fairfax, and myself, which I dare not omit, by reason of a solemn engagement imposed upon me by him, with a quadruple charge, as 'tis hereafter specified, not many months before his death, the substance whereof, with some of the circumstances, was to this effect :

"He, walking in his great parlor at Denton, I only then present, did seem much perplexed and troubled in his mind, but after a few turns broke out into these or the like expressions :

"Charles, I am thinking what will become of my family when I am gone. I have added a little to the heir-male of my house, and shall leave a competent estate to support it. Ferdinando will keep it, and leave it to his son—but such is Tom's pride, led much by his wife, that he, not contented to live in our rank, will *destroy his house*."

"I then offered something in the vindication of both, and told him what was not only my own thought, but the general hopes of all who knew them; yet notwithstanding he solemnly charged me to make known what he had told me, when I saw a probability it might so fall out; and added a charge upon his blessing (which I received with a sad heart and tears) that I would do it. He then, it seems doubting my performance, superadded as his last and great charge, that I should not fail, as I should answer him at the dreadful day of judgment, when I must give an account. *This he twice repeated.* Then after some years, when I was informed that the now Lord Thomas† had cut off the entail, (made by his father and grandfather, *ult. mens.*, 13 Carolus,) for the settlement of the estate on the heir-male, charging the land for a complete provision for a daughter or daughters—he, the now Lord Fairfax, being then at Denton, in the very same room where I received my charge, I faithfully acquainted him with the passages as above said. He gave me my liberty without words of impertinency, or any appearance of distaste, and made me (*then*) more than verbal expression of a kind acceptance.

"Now, in testimony that this is (in substance) the very truth, I being on the very brink of eternity, and ready to embrace and shake hands with death,

do attest that I do not prevaricate.
CHARLES FAIRFAX."

Poor old Sir Thomas! "Walking in his great parlor at Denton . . . much perplexed and troubled in his mind!" It is easy to understand why the prudent old gentleman was anxious—and the circumstances of the case remove from his prophecy much of its singularity. "Tom," the Parliamentary General, had married the daughter of Lord Vere, and, being "much led by his wife," would most probably not be content to "live in the rank" he was born in. The sagacious old gentleman saw that; but his prophecy was based upon a stronger foundation still—the character of "Tom." He was headlong, rash, utterly reckless, indeed, and seemed at times possessed almost by a devil. His fiery temper brooked no opposition, and, at the head of Cromwell's armies, he went through the stormy scenes of the Civil War like a thunderbolt, pausing for nothing—at the bidding of no peril. Haughty, obstinate, utterly headstrong, General Tom was not a man after his good grandfather's heart—that honest old man, who had labored so "to add a little to the heir-male of his house." The violent and furious general commenced by superseding his own father, rose rapidly in the estimation of the country, and, at the time of Charles the First's execution, was Commander-in-chief of the Roundhead forces. He would not, however, be present at the trial—and the incident connected with his wife is well known. When the name of Fairfax was called among those of the other military judges, a woman's voice in the gallery cried out that "Fairfax had too much wit to be there;" adding, "Cromwell, thou art a traitor!" Her sex alone protected the courageous woman. The name of General Fairfax was at the head of the whole proceeding, however, though he declared that he regarded the trial "with abhorrence." What seems to the reader of his history, at the present day, an evidence that there was good in the general, was considered by the inexorable Cromwell only a weakness—an exhibition of cowardice. He never forgave Fairfax, and contemptuously dismissed him, as a tool

* The Parliamentary General.

† Ibid.

which he had used and found deficient in metal, and so thrown aside, as no longer worthy of attention. The general retired to his estate of Denton, and heard, as we have seen, his grandfather's prediction, "without words of impertinency or any distaste," though he had already cut off the entail of "Nun-Appleton," one of the family estates, to make provision for his daughter.

The old grandfather had read General Tom's character with perfect truth. He would not be "content with our rank"—he would sacrifice the family estate to his ambition. Too true, good Sir Thomas! His daughter marries the Duke of Buckingham, and

Nun-Appleton goes. If General Tom had lived longer, he would probably have sold the old hall of Denton; but he dies at length, and the prophecy is only half fulfilled.

But the old man's foreboding, as to the fate of his house, was in due time justified. Denton, the only property now remaining to the family, descended duly to the fifth Lord Fairfax. This gentleman married Catharine, daughter of Lord Culpepper—by which alliance he obtained the fine estate of Leeds Castle, and some lands extending from the mouth of a river called the Rappahannock, to the source of another river called the Potomac, in that part of the American colonies known as Virginia



VIRGINIA SCENERY.

—doubtless a little strip of wilderness—which Lord Culpepper had received from the Crown. This fifth lord never interested himself about the strip of wilderness, and died, leaving a son called Thomas—him of the present sketch. The guardians of the young man judged it best to cut off the entail of Denton, to relieve the Leeds Castle property of encumbrance. The young man afterwards willed the property away—and so the forebodings of the old earl were completely realized. The Fairfaxes were obliterated—not a foot of English soil remained in possession

of the family. The prophecy was fulfilled.

We have thus briefly explored the dusty records of the old family, of which many worthy scions now reside in Maryland and Virginia—and our researches have at last brought us to the Lord Fairfax of "Greenway Court" here—the son of the fifth lord and Catharine, daughter of Lord Culpepper, his wife.

The young man received his education at the University of Oxford, and afterwards obtained a commission in the royal regiment of the "Blues." From

the barracks, however, he passed, after a brief period, to the saloons of the metropolis—surrendering his warlike aspirations without a struggle, for the more congenial ambition of becoming a gentleman of fashion in the splendid society of London, to whose brilliant circles his birth provided him an easy entrance. Here he was soon caught in the whirl, and borne onward by the quick current, in the ceaseless round of dissipation and frivolity.

The "man about town" of this period has been painted for us at full length, by Addison and Steele. The keen and polished witticisms of these men and their brother satirists flashed, like scimitars of Damascus, in the perfumed atmosphere of the Court and the aristocracy—no detail of character or manners escaped them, and we have in their serials a perfect picture of the times. Fairfax was about twenty-five at the time, and entered into the strange occupations of this strange society with the fullest zest. He went the round of dissipation with the heartiest enjoyment, and was considered one of the "prettiest fellows" of his day. He was well received by all classes—young noblemen, dissipating rapidly their patrimonial acres, found in him a congenial companion for their intrigues and revels—countesses permitted him to kiss their hands, all covered with jewels, and when he made his bow in their drawing rooms, his cocked hat gently pressed upon his heart, received him with their most brilliant smiles—at the play-house, he might invariably be seen on the first night of the new decent comedy, or the hundredth night of the old and very indecent piece—and at the clubs and coffee-houses he exchanged witty speeches with the wits, and gallants, and literary men of the time. At that period it was something to be a writer, however stupid—and if a young nobleman chanced to write a paper for the "Tattler" or "Spectator," really possessing wit, his reputation was achieved forever, and his importance in the dilettante circles of the aristocracy immensely enhanced. The authors of the time resided chiefly in the salubrious district familiarly known as "Grub street"—and even Mr. Joseph Addison occupied a garret, where, with his pipe and his threadbare coat, he set his teeth hard against obscurity and want, greeting the world, however, with a smile from

the lips. When a real nobleman left his splendid revels to hobnob with such people as authors, his condescension was adequately acknowledged—and if the sprig of aristocracy had really some wit, the whole fraternity clapped their hands, and cried *Ecce homo!* The cry was caught up in the fashionable circles, and Belinda or Jocrissa advanced upon her high red heels to welcome the noble author when he came—the other fine gentlemen disappeared beneath a cloud—and the fortune of the illustrious gentleman-writer was made.

Young Fairfax secured this vogue by writing a paper or two for the "Spectator"—thus putting the finishing touch to his popularity as a pretty fellow and a wit. Envious history has not, indeed, handed down the number of his production; and not even an intimation of the subject remains. But Thomas Lord Fairfax is still known in literary history, and will continue to be known, as the co-laborer of Addison. Alas! times have changed since that period—authors are becoming respectable. Then it was the young nobleman who bestowed the favor of his society upon the poor writer—the threadbare coat thrilled with delight, when the aristocratic silk and lace and velvet of the youthful earl rubbed gently up against it, as he leaned on Mr. Addison's shoulder. My Lord Fairfax came into the obscure lodging like a sunbeam, and his presence lit up with a sort of glory the poor haunt of the literary man. A century or so has modified the relative positions of the two men—one of the few incidents which preserve the name of the splendid youth from oblivion, is this connection, by accident, with the shabby author—the honor of having written a number of the "Spectator."

Young Fairfax found himself finally arrested in his brilliant round of pleasure, in the haunts of silk-stockings and hooped petticoats. He had revolved like a gaily-colored moth about many beautiful luminaries, without singeing his wings—but at last came the hour of fate. One of the beauties of the day transfixed him—he circled in closer and closer gyrations—his pinions were caught in the blaze, and as they said at the period, Stephan was a hopeless captive to the charms of Sacharissa. My Lord Fairfax no longer engaged in revels, or if he did, it was to get drunk in honor of his mistress, hiccoughing her name as he

fell beneath the table—he ceased to talk politics with my Lord Bolingbroke, taking no interest in foreign or domestic affairs—he sighed, and wrote sonnets, and looked sentimental, and became dull—in a word, Lord Fairfax was in love. One day, all his sighs and sad looks disappeared—his friends “beheld him radiant”—the beauty had yielded to his siege, and declared herself the captive of love.

Fairfax saw thus a long future of happiness open before him, and the real sweetness and depth of his nature revealed themselves from beneath the miserable wrappings of frivolity and vice. He gave up everything which had pleased him, for this woman—and all that he now asked was permission to take his bride away from the dangerous atmosphere of the Court, and live with her, peacefully, as a good nobleman of the provinces. He loved her passionately, and wished to discard all that threatened to interfere with the exclusive enjoyment of her society. All his resources were taxed to supply the most splendid marriage gifts—and, absorbed in this delightful dream of love, the young man scarcely walked upon solid earth—his happiness raised him to the empyrean. He was destined to have a sudden waking from his dream—a terrible, almost mortal, fall from his cloudland. He had expended the wealth of his deep and earnest nature upon a mere coquette—his goddess was a woman simply, and a very shallow one—she threw Fairfax carelessly overboard, and married a nobleman who won her by the superior attractions of his ducal coronet.

From the events which followed this shameless breach of faith, it is plain that Fairfax never recovered from the blow. From that moment he lost his illusions—shrunk from the very presence of women—and determined to exile himself forever from that society, a member of which had treated him with such terrible cruelty. To his despair, another deepening shadow was communicated by the action of his guardians some time before. They had cut off the entail of the manor of Denton, in order to relieve from encumbrance the estate of Leeds Castle, which the young man inherited from his mother. To one of his pride of ancestry and position, this was a heavy blow. It was no consolation that the fine estate

of Leeds Castle was thus preserved to him—the alienation of the old family house of Denton and the manor was the obliteration of the *Fairfax* name and influence from the soil upon which it had so long flourished—and the young man could not regard the affair in a different light.

Thus struck doubly in his pride and his love, Fairfax looked around him in despair for some retreat to which he might fly, and forget in a measure his sorrows. London was hateful to him—the country no less distasteful—he could not again plunge into the mad revelry of the one, nor rust away in the dull routine of the other. His griefs demanded action to dissipate them—adventure, new scenes, another land were needed. This process of reflection turned the young man's thoughts to the lands in far-away Virginia, which he held in right of his mother, the daughter of Lord Culpepper, to whom they had originally been granted; and finally Lord Fairfax bade adieu to England and came to Virginia. Such were the events in the early life of this gentleman which brought him to Virginia, where he lived and died.

The house of “Belvoir,” to which Lord Fairfax came, was the residence of Sir William Fairfax, his cousin—to whom he had intrusted the management of his Virginia lands. It stood upon the Potomac, a few miles below Mount Vernon. Lawrence Washington, the elder brother of George, had married a daughter of Sir William; and here commences the connection of the already aged nobleman, and the boy of sixteen who was to lead the armies of the Revolution. Washington became an inmate of the house, to which his brother's connection and the friendship of Sir William attracted him; and the boy was the chosen companion of the old Lord in his fox-hunting expeditions, of which he was passionately fond. Fairfax had retained this passion, and in the reckless sports of the field he seemed to find the chief solace for his griefs. Time slowly dissipated his despairing recollections, however; and now, as he approached the middle of that century, the dawn of which had witnessed so much of his misery, the softer traits of his character returned, and he was, to those whom he felt regard for, a most delightful and instructive companion. Almost every trace of personal attraction

had left him—upwards of six feet high, gaunt, raw-boned, near-sighted, with light-gray eyes and a sharp, aquiline nose resembling a hawk's bill, he was scarcely recognizable as the elegant young nobleman of the days of Queen Anne. But time and reflection had mellowed his mind, and when he pleased, the old gentleman could enchain his hearers with the most brilliant conversation, of which his early experiences and training had given him very great



BELVOIR: THE RESIDENCE OF SIR WILLIAM FAIRFAX.

command. He had seen all the great characters of the period of his youth—had watched the unfolding of events, and seen their causes—all the social history, the scandalous chronicles, the private details of celebrated personages had been familiar to him; and his conversation thus presented a brilliant picture of the past. Something of cynical wit still clung to him, and the fireside of Belvoir was the scene of much satiric comment between the old nobleman and his cousin. But Fairfax preserved great fondness for youth, and took especial pleasure in the society of George from Mount Vernon. He not only took him as a companion in his fox-hunts, but liked to have the boy with him when he walked out; and it may easily be understood that the conversations of the exile had a deep effect upon young Washington.

At this time the boy of sixteen was laboring under profound melancholy, produced by a hopeless attachment—the object of his love is supposed, with good reason, to have been the lady who afterwards became Mrs. Lee, the mother of "Light Horse Harry," the Revolutionary General, and favorite of Washington—it may be from the Chief's old tenderness for his mother. Certain it is, however, that the boy was melancholy from the cause indicated—dissatisfied, restless, and desirous of engaging in some active employment. We call him "boy"—but in reality he was no longer such, or so regarded. He was tall, with a fully developed person, great physical vigor, and a manner of striking gravity, seriousness and decorum, the result of the singularly rigid code of "Rules of Conduct," which, as all know, he early framed for his guidance. Thus

he was scarcely a boy in anything but years—and his love-melancholy tended still more to give him an aged and serious appearance. He felt that he was a man; and, indeed, those around him shared the same impression of his character. He was fitted for the occupations of manhood, and craved some employment more important than following the hounds with the hard-riding old nobleman; in a word, the young man thirsted for the conflict of life—the real struggle on the arena.

The import of Lord Fairfax's connection with Washington lies in the commission which he now intrusted to the youth. Providence here, as everywhere, seems to have directed the movements of man, to work out its own especial ends. The nobleman might have opened a variety of avenues for young Washington, any one of which would, in all probability, have exiled him permanently from the shores of America, and thus, inducing him to cast his lot in a distant country, have deprived the Revolution of its leader. The influence of Lord Fairfax, with his noble connections in England, would have easily procured employment for the young man, in some office of government, or as the holder of a commission in the army. In the one case he would early have become a "red tapist" in Downing street, to which occupation his conscientious mind would have permanently bound him; in the other case, his bones might have lain upon the shores of South America, or Asia, bleaching on far-away strands or mouldering in an unknown and remote grave. These "might have beens" are the gist of some critics; but nothing is more striking than the narrow escape of Washington from embracing careers calculated to have removed him forever from the field he occupied at last. The tears of his mother diverted him from entering the navy, at the eleventh hour—and now, Lord Fairfax, with unlimited influence in many directions, was to be the instrument in the hands of Providence to place the young man in that particular career, where the muscles and sinews of his mind should be developed for the supreme contest of the Revolution. The immense possessions of Fairfax beyond the Blue Ridge had never been surveyed—squatters were taking pos-

session of the richest spots along the water-courses, and opposing the grants of his lordship: it was the earnest desire of Lord Fairfax to have these lands surveyed, marked, laid out, and put on record, that he might deal summarily with the intruders who occupied them. For this task he selected his young friend George Washington, who had assiduously applied himself to surveying, and possessed every qualification, boy in years as he was, for the responsible task.

It was the turning point in the young man's life—and the results of this expedition, in its influence on his character, the information it gave him, and the hardships it taught him to endure, are now the property of history. He set out with George William Fairfax, son of Sir William, in the month of March, 1748, passed the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap, and crossing the beautiful Shenandoah, "The Daughter of the Stars," entered upon the arduous task which he had undertaken. His first stopping-place was what he calls "His Lordship's quarter," and what is set down on the maps of the period as "Lord Fairfax's"—in a word, at Greenway Court. "In a diary kept with his usual minuteness," says Mr. Irving, "Washington speaks with delight of the beauty of the trees, and the richness of the land in the neighborhood, and of his riding through a noble grove of sugar-maples on the banks of the Shenandoah, and at the present day the magnificence of the forests, which still exist in this favored region, justifies his eulogium."

It is not a part of our design to follow the young surveyor in his expedition, which led him from Greenway Court to the Potomac, thence to the point where Cumberland stands now, and thence into the wilderness of the great "South Branch," a country as wholly unknown as it was fertile and magnificent. He returned a new being, and the broad foundation of his character was laid. He remained three years at this occupation, receiving, as he says, a doubloon, and sometimes six pistoles* a day, and then returned to Mount Vernon. The first act of his life had been played—the early lessons of training and endurance thoroughly learned—the scene of his subsequent exertions was fixed—and the prudence, courage.

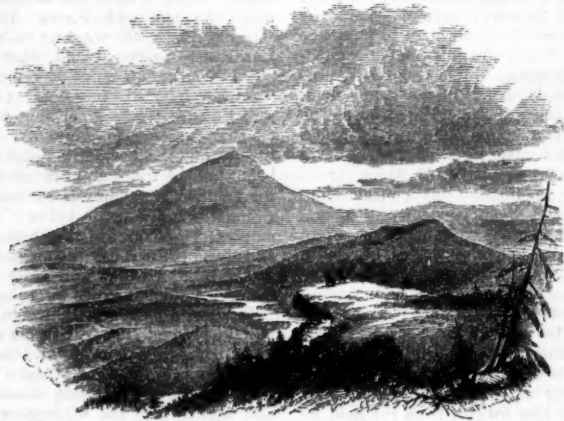
* About twenty dollars

coolness, and determination which he displayed on this arena, made him general-in-chief, when the crisis came, of the forces of the Revolutionary struggle. Lord Fairfax had given him the impetus; from him Washington received the direction of his genius—and to the attentive student of these early events, the conviction becomes more and more absolute, that Lord Fairfax was the great "influence" of his life.

Delighted with the accounts given him of the Shenandoah country by the young surveyor, Lord Fairfax determined to remove beyond the Blue Ridge, and take up his permanent lodging at his "quarters." No one resided here but his steward or land bailiff, with such negroes as were necessary on the tract; but Lord Fairfax had soon built the house known now as Greenway Court, and here he regularly fixed himself. The tradition is that he designed building a grand manor-house—that

this edifice was intended only for his steward—but, if such was the nobleman's intent, he never realized it; he occupied, almost to the day of his death, the small cabin to which we have alluded. Here, as we have said, in the midst of his hounds, the old lord slept on a rude couch. At last he had realized his dreams in leaving England—he was far away from courts and civilization, alone in the great wilderness, with panthers and more bloody Indians—content to hunt, and eat, and sleep, never desiring to return to England any more!

What, now, was the charm which drew Lord Fairfax, not only from the comfort and elegance of England, but also from the pleasant fireside of Belvoir? The irresistible attraction lay in the lovely land which held out its beautiful arms to greet him. Of the valley of the Shenandoah little has been written; but wherever we have



SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

found allusions to it, all the enthusiasm of poetry seems to have been awakened in the writer by its loveliness. A cotemporary author dedicates a brilliant page to its attractions, and declares that in its varied beauty a poet finds his most perfect realization of the charms of Arcady. A century ago, the good Barnaby, an English traveler, spoke as warmly. Passing through Ashby's Gap, by which Washington and Fairfax entered the region, he ascends the last acclivity to get a

view of the landscape. "When I was got to the top," he says, "I was inexpressibly delighted with the scene which opened before me. Immediately under the mountain, which was covered with chamædaphnes in full bloom, was a most beautiful river—beyond this an extensive plain, diversified with every pleasing object which nature can exhibit, and at the distance of fifty miles, another ridge of still more lofty mountains, called the Great or North Ridge, which inclosed and terminated the

whole." The Shenandoah, he says, "is exceedingly romantic and beautiful, forming great variety of falls, and is so transparent that you may see the greatest variety of pebbles at the depth of eight or ten feet. . . . I could not but reflect with pleasure on the situation of these people, and think, if there is such a thing as happiness in this life, that they enjoy it. Far from the bustle of the world, they live in the most delightful climate and richest soil imaginable; they are everywhere surrounded with beautiful prospects and sylvan scenes, lofty mountains, transparent streams, falls of water, rich valleys and majestic woods. . . . They live in perfect liberty, and . . . possess what many princes would give half their dominions for—health, content, and tranquillity of mind."

Such is the picture drawn by the good Barnaby in 1759, soon after Lord Fairfax took up his residence at Greenway Court—and with the simple addition of a multitude of wild animals, and regular inroads of the savages, the sketch is perfectly accurate. Standing to-day upon a spur of the Blue Ridge, almost the same landscape lies before you. To the left and right the Blue Ridge, with its covering of pines, mottled with alternate light and shadow as the clouds are driven onward, disappears like a line of ocean waves in the far horizon; across the valley stretches the North Mountain along the west; and in the middle of the plain the great Mossinutton range soars into the sky like an azure billow, turning to amethyst in the golden dawn or crimson sunset. Through the green fields and gently undulating hills, dotted with forests, the bright Shenandoah glides, like a stream of molten silver—and over all droops the mellow and magical atmosphere of the delicious climate, rounding every outline, and communicating to the scene an unimaginable beauty. The Indians loved the fair fields of this enchanting region, and bestowed upon the "bright and abounding river" which flowed through it one of their sweetest and most musical names. The word *Shenandoah* signifies "The Daughter of the Stars;" and, perhaps, in the "unremembered ages," some lovely maiden, as in *Hia-watha*, fell from the moon, and gave her name to the river.

In the times of Lord Fairfax, the

valley possessed the further attraction of magnificent *prairies*; and within the memory of men now living, the sloping meadows were covered with grass so tall that "a man might tie it before him as he sat on horseback." Over these vast fields roamed herds of deer and elk—and, in the dense shade of the great forest, panthers, wild-cats, bears, and other wild animals, were found in abundance—not to make mention of that more dangerous "game," the lurking savage. Few settlers had been attracted to the region then, and it was almost an unknown world of which Lord Fairfax took possession: that it was a beautiful world, however, our picture, we think, has made apparent.

Perhaps a few personal details of the old nobleman's mode of life here may be found of interest, before we conclude our sketch. As we have said, Lord Fairfax did not occupy the main building, a description of which has been given in the commencement of this paper. He continued to sleep in the small cabin near at hand, surrounded by his deer and fox-hounds, which—like other noted men, the victims of disappointed hopes—he seemed to prefer to the society of his own species. He was not, however, alone. His numerous dependents, tenants, and rough visitors enabled him to secure as much social intercourse of a certain description as he seems to have cared for. These consisted of backwoodsmen—the rude hunters of the region clad in fox-tail caps, deer-skin leggins, and moccasins, and armed with the "long-knife," and the deadly rifle; Indians who had abandoned their tribes, and joined themselves to the whites; half-breeds, pioneers, German squatters, and thrifty Scotchmen, seeking rich lands to settle upon. In the midst of this motley crowd were seen, from time to time, the richly-clad forms of young Virginians from the Tide-water, wearing laced cocked hats, snowy ruffles, and silken knee-breeches after the fashion of the period—come, like their ruder companions, to procure land, and partaking like them of the profuse cheer of the nobleman.

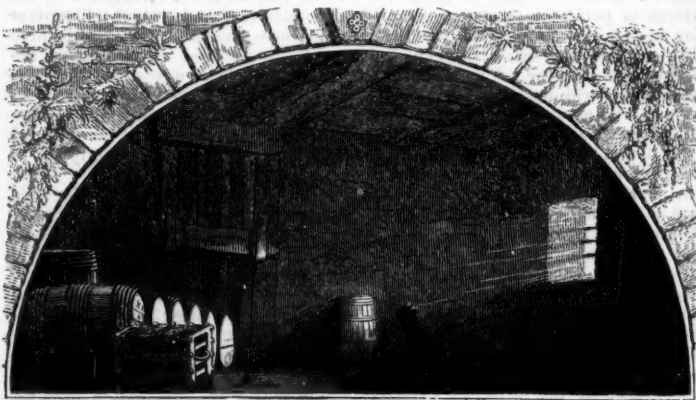
Through the animated and heterogeneous crowd, we see making his way, with a surveyor's compass in his hand, a boy of seventeen, fresh from the wilds of the South Branch of the Potomac—robust in frame, with a clear, bright eye,

determined carriage, and self-possessed bearing. It is young George Washington going to report to his lordship, and relate the details of his last expedition.

At dawn the old lord is roused by his body-servant, and mounting his English hunter, he is soon dashing at full speed on the track of the hounds, whose "gallant chiding" echoes in a "musical discord and sweet thunder," from the fir-clad heights of the mountain; and we may feel well assured that the bright boy of seventeen is close at the side of his friend, flushed with the sport, and giving full rein to his delight. Tradition relates that Lord Fairfax delighted to play practical jests upon his brother huntsmen. He would send them all off at full speed on the heels of the fox, and then, taking his post with an old servant at a particular point which the game was accustomed to pass, would be in at the death, and secure the tail, which he afterwards paraded in triumph.

After the chase came a profuse dinner served in the English style—then con-

versation or reading—after which his lordship retired to rest in his cabin, guarded by his hounds—such guests as remained occupying the larger edifice. We chance to possess a list of the books at Greenway Court, and perhaps it may interest the reader to know the names of some of them. His lordship's library contained the Gentleman's Magazine, 15 vols.; the London Magazine, 20 vols.; Peerage of Scotland; the Island of Barbadoes; Court Calendar; Common Prayer Book; Ovid's Metamorphoses; Letters of Lady Montague; Joseph Andrews; Adventures of a Valet; Young Man's Best Companion; Peregrine Pickle; Puffendorf; Spectator; Young's Night Thoughts; Amelia; Hervey's Meditations; Greek and Latin Dictionaries; Bolingbroke's Letters; Swift, Pope, Horace; Political Register; Shakespeare; Sir Walter Raleigh's Works; and many others which we have not space to mention. *In the cellar*, we are told, were "seven double barrels whisky;" and *in the iron chest* were



THE WHISKY BARRELS

"Spanish dollars, French crowns, British gold, Colonial, German, and Cut Silver," to the amount of some twenty or thirty thousand dollars. In connection with this latter item we may mention that the tradition of the neighborhood charges Lord Fairfax with a passion for hoarding coin, and some years since, about two hundred and fifty dollars, in ancient gold pieces, were dug up in the vicinity of Greenway Court—buried, it is conjectured, by his lordship—this, however, is mere guess-

work—and a counter tradition declares the old nobleman's generosity: he would fill the ragged hat of a beggar with guineas, it is said. We leave the reader to sift the truth, only hazarding the conjecture that the troublesome times made coin preferable to scrip, which may account for the charge of hoarding the former.

Lord Fairfax seems to have addressed himself to his duties as landed proprietor with great assiduity, and to have been a very good citizen. He was

county lieutenant of Frederick, and took interest in every local proceeding. An amusing example of this is given in the contest which took place, about the year 1752, for the selection of a county seat. Lord Fairfax preferred Stephensburg which was near Greenway Court, and used all his influence to insure its adoption. He was defeated, however, by Col. James Wood, who preferred the village of Winchester. This gentleman secured the casting vote by treating one of the justices to a bowl of punch. Winchester was chosen for the county seat, and Lord Fairfax never afterwards spoke to Col. Wood.

We shall here insert, in a brief parenthesis, one or two things which will, doubtless, be of interest to a large number of the inhabitants of the region, who may not be familiar with these old events. Lord Fairfax conveyed to Col. Robert Carter—called "King Carter," for his great possessions—about sixty-three thousand acres of the finest land upon the Shenandoah; and this is now held by numerous respectable families, the connections or friends of the original grantee, who preserve all the old traditions of Tide-water hospitality and courtesy. Another tract of thirteen thousand acres, somewhat

lower down the valley, was conveyed to a gentleman who was afterwards forced to sell it, to pay debts contracted at the gaming-table, or upon the race-course. This was just before the Revolution, and General Washington being present at the crying in Williamsburg, advised Mr. Ralph Wormley to purchase it; which he did, for the sum of five hundred guineas. Mr. Wormley afterwards became dissatisfied with his bargain, and deplored it in the presence of General Washington. The General offered at once to take it from him at the price he paid, but advised him to retain it, declaring that no richer land existed in Virginia. The advice was taken—and the tract thus purchased for five hundred guineas would constitute, at present, almost a magnificent principality.

We have thus presented all the facts which we have been able to collect, relating to the eccentric old nobleman, with the exception of his death. This took place in the autumn of the year 1781, soon after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. As soon as he heard of this event, he called to his old body-servant, Joe, to assist him to bed murmuring: "It is time for me to die!"

His body lies in the old Episcopal church at Winchester—the ground for



OLD CHURCH.

the erection of which he had conveyed to the church—and a marble slab indicates the eccentric nobleman's last resting-place.

The interest attaching to his career consists, chiefly, in his connection with Washington. Having formed, as we have seen, in no small measure, the character of the boy of seventeen, he lived to receive the tidings that this boy

had overthrown forever the dominion of Great Britain in America, on the field of Yorktown. So had inscrutable Providence decreed; and the gray-haired earl, doubtless, felt that he was only the humble instrument in that all-powerful Hand. After Yorktown—after the supreme defeat of the proud English general by the boy whom he had trained—it was "time for him to die!"

Greenway Court still raises its old walls in the Shenandoah Valley, and the spring days envelop the belfries in fragrant leaves and blossoms, as when Fairfax made it echo with the barking of his dogs, and young Washington passed happy hours beneath its hospitable roof. It slumbers, indeed, far away from the whirl and the roar of the new life of our age.

The old house of Greenway Court, which we have looked upon, basking silently in the beautiful sunshine, is thus linked with the name of a man who will not let it die. The interest of the old place will increase, indeed, as the glory of the name of him, who tarried here for many hours of his youth, will grow and increase in *omne volubilis ævum*.



THE END.

TO LULIE.

I SAW a rose-bud on its bush,
Unconscious of its opening flush;
Yet reigning in its perfumed bower,
The pet of wind, and sun, and shower.

Again, a blowing rose I saw,
Whose beauty every eye did draw;
Yet shunned, or half allowed the gaze
Of homage, or of fervent praise.

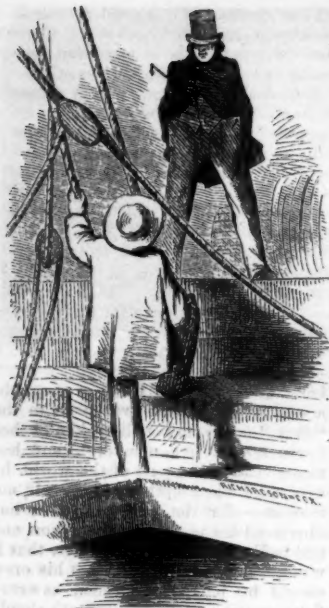
You guess the moral, Lulie—
The opening bud is thine;
But tell, ah! tell me truly—
Shall not the rose be mine?



LAST June, being out of health, I was advised, by some friends in C—, to try the virtues of a trip to the cod-fishing

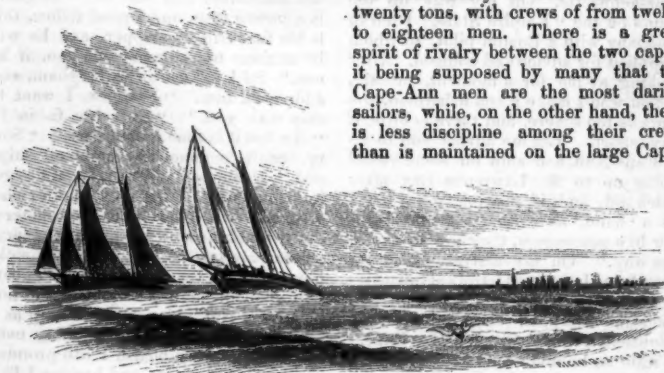
Banks off Newfoundland. Accordingly, having made the necessary preparations for an absence of three months, I started for Boston, where I supposed I could procure all requisite information in regard to obtaining a berth as a passenger on some one of the thousand cod-fishermen that were daily and almost hourly leaving from some port in Massachusetts. On my way up the sound on the "Empire State," I fell in company with a Boston pilot, to whom I applied for advice and counsel. After looking at me for a moment, he said, "You won't make a cod-fisherman, the work is too severe, and there is little, if any, sport. Let me advise you to go to Cape Ann, and ship on some vessel going up to St. Lawrence Bay after mackerel, and, if possible, get a berth as a 'hand,' as neither crew nor skipper like *passengers*, they are always in the way." On my arrival in Boston, therefore, I obtained letters of introduction to some parties in Cape Ann, and the same afternoon found me landed in Gloucester, the "City of the Cape." Within an hour after my arrival, thanks to my letters, I was in close communion with John Gott, a lineal descendant of the original Peter Gott (the founder of the American mackerel fisheries), and the skipper of the prettiest craft that ever sailed out of Cape Ann har-

bor. He inquired if I had ever caught a mackerel, or had ever been to the "Bay." On my telling him I had never *seen* a live mackerel, and had never visited that part of the world, he expressed his regret that he could not take me—for the reason, that he had chartered his vessel for the season, and had paid so high for the charter, that it was absolutely necessary that his crew should be picked fishermen, as every fish counted, and if a single berth should be filled by an inexperienced person, his investment might prove unprofitable. He recommended me to see the skipper of the "George Washington," a new vessel of about 83 tons, which was not chartered, and said he, "Brigham is a young man, and a good fellow, this is his first trip as skipper, and he will be anxious to accommodate you, if he can." So I walked up to Brigham, and addressed him. "Skipper, I want to ship with you." "Ever bin fishin'?" "No, but it is time I *should* go." "Sorry, can't 'commode, crew all shipped." "But now, skipper, I want to go, in fact, I *must*, either as a hand or passenger." "Never take passengers, crew tumble over them, hurt themselves, always in the way, get sick, have to bring them home, crew swear, trip spoiled, can't take passengers no-how." "But, skipper, I will ship as a hand, and if I don't do anything useful, I will pay my board, I will promise not to be in the way, and besides I like the appearance of your schooner, she looks trim and stiff, and can sail *some*, I fancy." This flattering notice of his vessel touched him in the right spot, and he replied, "Why, yes, I had her



A RAW HAND

built to suit me, and I guess she can sail a *leetle*. I will try and accomodate you, but you will have to share my



A FLEET OF FISHING SMACKS.

Cod men. Not having any personal acquaintance with the latter, I shall not seek to compare the merits of the two; but all fishermen know that rivalry and

berth, and fish 'way aft." "Oh! yes certainly, anywhere; when do you sail?" "Fifth July." "Do you want any help getting ready?" "Why, no, guess we can get along without you, we'll send you word when it's time to come aboard." And so I shipped on my first trip as a sailor and fisherman.

And now, while the rest of the crew are getting the vessel ready for sea, I will take occasion to say a few words on the "Fishery Question." Cape Ann and Cape Cod are the two points from which three-fourths of the mackerel-catchers sail, about one-third of the whole number of vessels hailing from the former port. There are two divisions of the mackerel fleet, one, the most numerous, but comprising the smaller class of vessels, follow the fish along the Atlantic coast, from the Capes of Delaware to the southwestern shores of Nova Scotia. These vessels are almost constantly together, that is, in sight of each other, and, throwing large quantities of bait, are generally more successful in raising fish than single vessels in the same waters would be.

About five hundred sail, ranging from seventy to one hundred and twenty tons, comprise the "Bay fleet," a totally distinct organization. Of these vessels, those owned in Cape Ann are the smallest, averaging from seventy to ninety tons, with crews of from ten to thirteen men, and those from Cape Cod are from ninety to one hundred and twenty tons, with crews of from twelve to eighteen men. There is a great spirit of rivalry between the two capes, it being supposed by many that the Cape-Ann men are the most daring sailors, while, on the other hand, there is less discipline among their crews than is maintained on the large Cape-

jealousy do exist, and, for aught I know, will always continue. As to the division of the catch, the pay of the crews, and whether there be any difference in these

respects between the two places, I cannot say, but will testify what I *do* know in regard to the Cape Ann customs. The fishermen receive no wages, but are entitled to one-half of the fish caught by them, deducting out of their share their proportion of the expenses for bait and cook's wages, and also the charge per barrel for inspecting, repacking and salting, ready for sale. This last item is about \$1.25 per barrel, and of course is only chargeable on the part of the catch belonging to the crew. I should think it safe to estimate each man's net receipts at a little over three-sevenths of the gross catch. The owners of the vessel furnish all the provisions, salt, hooks, lines, lead, pewter, etc., and generally reserve to themselves the right to sell the fish on the highest offer that can be obtained at any time before the vessel is ready to sail on her next trip. The crew, of course, can take their share of the fish, if they desire it, but they almost universally prefer that the owners should sell the whole, and then take their share in money. The mackerel are generally bought up by large dealers from Boston or New York, who make their offer to the owners, sometimes two weeks before the vessels come in, and generally to take all the fish, whether more or less, that may arrive, at certain prices for each kind, ones, twos, threes, and extra ones.

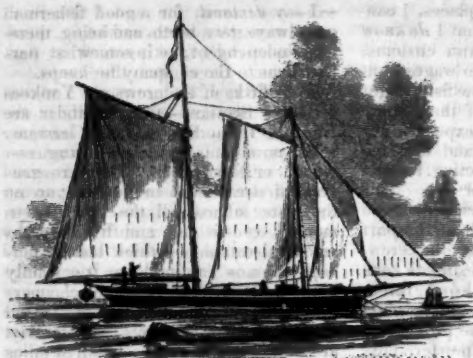
There are eight or ten fitting establishments in Gloucester, all owning a larger or smaller interest in each vessel that fits out at their wharf, and from appearances I should judge that very few of them are losing money. The stores furnished are generally very good—the best mess beef, pork, coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar, rice, molasses, butter, potatoes, lard, flour, etc.; for your mackerel fisherman has a very exalted idea of the necessity of living well, and he wants his hot bread fresh at each meal, and his pies, and *duff* (Anglice boiled flour pudding), and sweet cakes whenever he is hungry, and that is all the time. In fact, the cook is a personage of equal importance with the skipper in the eyes of these salt-water epicures, and the first question asked by one sailor of another is, "Who is your skipper?" and the next, "What kind of a cook have you?" and then, if the responses are satisfactory, and the questioner wants a berth, he straightway makes his demand in form

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—I say *demand*, for a good fisherman can always get a berth, and being, therefore, independent, he is somewhat particular as to the company he keeps.

Four-fifths of the crews are Yankees or Nova Scotians—the remainder are English, Irish, Scotch, and Germans, with, now and then, a Portuguese, Swede, or Norwegian. They are generally first-rate seamen; for they are on the water almost all the time—seven months cod-fishing and five months mackerel-catching—which last is perhaps the most profitable, as it certainly is the most agreeable. The schooners are fitted out in January for the Grand Banks, or for "George's;" which last are soundings about two hundred miles easterly from Boston, in the broad Atlantic, where there is no lee or shelter, and where they ride at anchor through storm and gale, hauling in cod and halibut, straining their backs, freezing their feet and fingers, and trying their powers of endurance to the utmost. It is no wonder that they are strong and hardy sailors, and that they are always welcome in the navy or in the merchant service—and it is no wonder, either, that so many of them die, long before old age overtakes them, worn out with toil and exposure. Those vessels which go to the Grand Banks are but little better circumstanced; but the trip is longer, and is preferred by many sailors on account of the greater certainty of profit.

In June these vessels generally assemble in port, and are painted, cleaned, and thoroughly overhauled, preparatory to making their first trip to the "Bay." Everybody employed, then, seems to be in high spirits, as the change from the Banks to the Bay is like that from close confinement over books and slate in school to the carelessness, happy hour of play. Almost all the schooners are painted alike—black, with a white streak—and masts scraped or stained yellow. They are rigged alike, also, carrying generally a main but no foretop-mast, jib and flying-jib, fore and mainsails, with gaff-top-sail and stay-sail, for light winds. They are all built to combine speed with stiffness and capacity—and the craft that can gain one mile in seven, over another, in working to windward, is a remarkably good sailer. To the eye of a landman all the vessels in the fleet; at a short distance, look exactly



THE POLLY ANN.

alike, but the fisherman, from long experience and practice, can point out a hundred differences in rig and hull, totally inappreciable by the "green hand." In fact I have often, with the spy-glass, seen on the horizon the peak of a mainsail, and perhaps a gaff-top-sail, and almost any one of the crew could say, for a certainty, where that sail was bent, the name of the schooner and her "hail," (i. e., where owned).

The vessels cost from \$3,600 to \$5,000 each, and are owned principally in and about Cape Ann, the skipper generally holding a quarter interest—the dividends on which, together with his per centage (from 3 to 5 p. c.) on the part of the catch belonging to the vessel, make the only difference between his share and that of the crew—and it sometimes happens that there are fishermen on board who make more out of the trip than the skipper himself, though such instances are rare, as it is one of the requisites for acting as skipper that he should be A 1 as a fisherman. His work is harder by half than that of the crew, as he has to be up at all hours of the night, when there are any indications of an increase or change of wind—besides which, he has to throw the bait, to keep the fish near the vessel, to stand at the helm while running into the schools of mackerel, and while going into and coming out of harbor—and, in addition to all this, he must be ever watchful of the vessel, to see that nothing about the rigging, spars or hull chafes or wears; in short, his life is one of constant anxiety, and, I think, inadequately recompensed.

The crew have no cares—each one keeps his watch in turn, and takes his "trick" at the wheel—beyond this, except when the fish bite or are to be dressed, they have little else to do but to eat, drink, and sleep. The schooners are so strongly manned—having three times the number of hands required for coasting vessels of the same class—that the working of the vessel is only sport; and we could weigh anchor and set all sail, if necessary, as quickly as any one of the English revenue

cutters that we occasionally fall in with in the Bay. Having premised thus much, I will now proceed to give some account of my doings in my new character of sailor and fisherman.

About 11, A. M., July 5th—as beautiful a morning as the sun ever shone upon—our skipper sent word to me to report myself at the wharf in an hour. Within that time down I trundled with bag and baggage, books, bed-clothes, boots, oiled coats and pants, and everything that I supposed could be wanted to clothe, comfort, and console me, on my watery pilgrimage. Our schooner lay in the stream, and I got aboard alone, in order to "take an observation" before the crew showed themselves. Matters looked discouraging enough; everything belonging to everybody lay promiscuously around on deck and down below; all was confusion worse confounded. The cook was in the fore-castle, arranging his small assortment of crockery and iron-ware; on seeing me he said: "Oh! you are the green hand, eh? guess you'll be sick enough this time to-morrow." Comforting—very. I had a small demijohn (not empty) in one hand and a box of cigars in the other, which I purposed using as my letters of introduction to the crew. I passed the former to my sympathizer, and desired him to give an opinion as to the contents. He took hold, "looked down in the mouth" a few moments, and, when he had regained his breath, expressed his entire approval. Got ashore again, and seeing nothing of the crew, went back to the hotel to dinner. But some way or



THE COOK EXPRESSING APPROVAL.

another I could not eat. I had seen so many curious things on board, and the ominous words of the cook rose so frequently to my memory, that my appetite was entirely destroyed. About 2, P. M., I went down to the wharf again, and found skipper and crew all assembled, and a better-looking set of boys I never expect to meet—almost all young, strong, and hearty, full of fun and jokes and all manner of curious absurdities. I thought to myself, "Well, I am glad I came." They eyed me narrowly, but said nothing—and when we had all signed the shipping articles, we got into our boat and sculled off to the schooner. Every one tumbled on deck, and in five minutes one asked me to take a cigar, and another suggested a little grog, and to my surprise they passed to me my own cigars and Jamaica, which they had fished out of the locker where I had stored them. Telling them to take hold, as I had intended both cigars and rum for them, I drank their health, and we were on the spot sworn friends and ship-mates. "Hoist the mainsail, man the brakes—some of you loose the fore-

sail—boy, loose jib and flying-jib;" such were the orders issued in quick succession by our skipper, as he took the helm. Great was the confusion, fearful the rush, and go where I would, I always managed to be exactly in the way. My hands *would* get into my pockets, as I did not know what else to do with them, till finally I seized hold of one of the brakes, rapped my knuckles smartly against the cable, developing the inner cuticle to some extent, and then concluded that I would look on a while and see how things were done on board ship.

As we rounded Eastern Point, the skipper passed the word for the crew to come aft, and draw lots for sleeping berths; this took about ten minutes, and then all hands set to work to make up their beds, stow away their bags, and clear up generally. Our bunk (the skipper's and mine) was *wide* enough for two, but when the bed was made, it left less than six inches space between our noses and the deck plank. There were accommodations for six in the after cabin, and seven in the forecabin. The space, exclusive of berth, in each *apartment*, was about seven by nine feet, and in the forecabin nearly all that was taken up by the table, lockers, and cooking stove—at that time I thought it impossible that thirteen persons could stow themselves away, much less be comfortable, in such narrow quarters, but within very few days I found I was mistaken as to both the stowage and the comfort. The after-gang was to mess first, and the others made up the second table.

About five o'clock the announcement "Supper ready, after-gang," came from the forecabin, and down we went, the subscriber last (a position he abandoned as soon as his sea appetite was established, and the importance of being early at table was demonstrated to his satisfaction), of course I descended the wrong way—instead of turning my face to the steps, I was walking down quietly in the manner I had observed was most in use on land, when presto—the schooner made a lurch, and I came down by the run, my head striking the foot of the foremast, which appeared to have been placed in that particular spot on purpose to prevent green hands from upsetting the table. A slight laugh, a few expressions of sympathy, and the encouraging assurance, that I would



"LEARNING THE ROPES."

soon "learn the ropes," reached my ears as I picked myself up, and took my place. Appetite I had none, although there was plenty to eat, and everything was good. After supper I turned in, and soon fell into a troubled sleep, interspersed with dreams, of which shipwrecks in every variety formed the staple article, and I awoke in the morning, anything but enchanted with a sailor's life. All that day I could see the crew watching me, looking for the first symptoms of sea-sickness, and ready, no doubt, to minister (in their way) to my wants. I was fortunate, however, in escaping an attack, although for three days I felt listless, weak, and chilly, and had not a particle of appetite. In the meanwhile all hands were arranging the watch, setting up the slack of the rigging, slushing the masts, overhauling their clothes, and gradually shaking themselves down into their new quarters.

On the following Saturday we anchored at Sleep Creek in the Gut of Canso, where we remained until Monday, taking in fresh water, catching lobsters, wandering about the country, and feasting on strawberries, which grow luxuriantly in that part of Nova Scotia, and are much larger and of finer flavor than the wild strawberries with us. The skipper and I visited the crew of a schooner, on her way home with a full fare of fish. They said, mackerel were plenty, but small, that they had

been only three weeks filling up, and that we would find a number of Gloucester vessels in the Bay.

On Monday we got under weigh, and soon after the skipper called us aft, and divided the lines, hooks, lead, and pewter. The lines are linen, white or blue, and about the size of heavy trout-lines. The fishing-berths were then marked off, and all hands drew lots for the choice of stations, with the exception of the cook, skipper, and the green hand (myself), whose places are the same on all vessels, that is, the cook has the forward berth, just aft the fore-rigging, the skipper the middle berth, just forward of the main-rigging, and the green hand the after-berth, being aft of all the rest, and reaching from his neighbor to the stern, very commodious, and, I found on trial, very appropriate, as in any other position I should have entangled the lines of the crew continually. In catching mackerel, all hands fish on the right or starboard side, the vessel laying to under foresail and mainsail, and drifting bodily to leeward, bait being thrown continually, which keeps the fish near the vessel.

And now I obtained my first insight into the mysteries of the business. I lay on the deck in the sun, smoking, and watching the proceedings of the crew with intense interest. The first thing was to fit out their several berths with cleets, for coiling their lines on, which was soon done. Next came the casting of the jigs, and for this purpose an iron mould is used, in which the hook is firmly set, leaving about one-third of the shank with the point projecting below the mould. The lead and pewter are then melted together and poured in, and when each one has cast all the jigs he wants, the mould is passed to the next—and in about three hours, all hands were seated around the deck, with files, rasps, sand-paper, and dog-fish skin, shaping, scraping, smoothing, and polishing the jigs, each one according to his fancy. I had made an attempt to run a jig, and succeeded in melting the material, and pouring some of it into my shoe, some on the floor, and a trifle into the mould. Seeing my awkwardness, "Tom" (my especial chum), and "Procter," who took a fatherly interest in my welfare, told me to "belay all that, and they would rig me out, as soon as they had finished their own." The next day, as I chanced to look along the

cleets, I found my own berth fully fitted out, lines, snappers, jigs, and all, in readiness for immediate use, and, on closer inspection, I found that my friends had bestowed far more attention on my tackle than on their own, and, in fact, that my establishment was more complete than any other on board.

As the crew were now prepared for business, and we were very near the fishing-grounds, the skipper announced the hours for meals, etc., as follows, breakfast at four, A. M. (unless the fish are biting, in that case as soon thereafter as they stop biting); dinner at 11, A. M. (with the same exception); tea at 4, P. M. (with the same exception); and supper any time from 8, P. M., until next morning (no exception to this, as mackerel do not bite after sun-down); and no card-playing (except when the anchor is down).

On Wednesday, the 15th of July, about four o'clock in the morning, I was sleeping soundly, when the cry, heard by me for the first time in my life, "All hands ahoy! Mackerel, here they gnaw!" awoke me with a start. I raised my head suddenly, struck the plank above, and dropped back to think it over; in the meanwhile every one had rushed on deck, and by the time I got there, the fish were flipping lively in the strike barrels, one of which is placed to the right and a little behind each fisherman. Mechanically I threw out my lines, thought I felt a bite, and drew in the lines of my next neighbor, cleared them, and tried again. Soon a large mackerel took hold, the jerk I gave caused the line to cut my fingers to the bone, besides tearing the hook out of the fish. Again and again I pulled, and jerked, and hauled, but all to no purpose. I could feel for a moment the weight of the fish, but straightway he was gone. Looking over the side, I could see the *animals* with their round big eyes, turned up towards me, and their mouths open, apparently on a broad grin. I glanced into my neighbor's barrel, it was half full. I was in despair—soon the flipping ceased, not a bite, fish all gone. The boys came and looked into my barrel, laughed a little, said I must not be discouraged, next "spurt" they would show me how.

About ten o'clock some one sung out: "Skipper, school of mackerel on our lee bow, about a mile off." We looked, and sure enough there was a ripple on



PULLING A NEIGHBOR'S LINE.

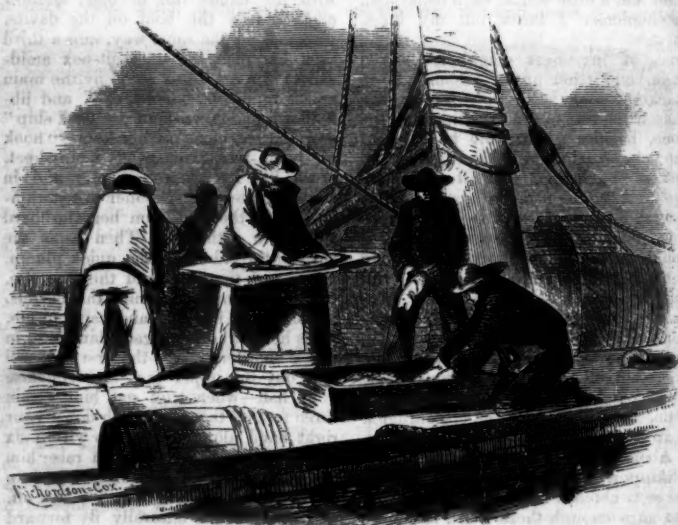
the water, easily distinguishable from the cats-paws made by the puffs of wind. The skipper took the helm, one of the men ran out on the jib-boom with his hands full of bait, another climbed into the boat on the davits, provided in the same way, and a third took his place at the bait-box amidships; the rest of us stood by the main and fore-sheets, boom-tackle, and jib-halliards and down-haul. "Tack ship"—round she came on her keel—"hook on boom-tackle, ease off main-sheet, down jib, let go fore-sheet," and in three minutes the schooner was stationary, with the water on her starboard side alive with fish. Then came the rush to the side, and the quick plump, plump, of the jigs, and the flip, flip, of the mackerel into the barrels. "Tom" left his lines and came to me. Says he, "when you get a bite, haul in quick but steady, so—the first jerk will tear out the upper jaw, and you lose your fish—when you get him within three feet of the side, reach down your right hand along the line to within six inches of his nose, so—then raise him quick, and with a jerk *snap* him into the barrel—that will tear his jaw off, and the jig will naturally fly forward

into the water, then go through the same operation with the other line." Tom caught half a dozen fish while giving his instructions, and then left me to shift for myself. For some time I could not get the "hang" of it, and I remember, the first mackerel I got safely over the side, I took hold of with one hand, and with the other took out the hook. I did not try it again, however, as the laugh that followed my first manœuvre satisfied me that *that* wasn't the right way, *no how*.

When the fish had ceased biting, we divided into four gangs for dressing and salting. These operations are thus performed: All hands put on their oil-clothes (except the skipper, who takes the helm, and whose fish are dressed by the gang nearest his berth), then the *splitter*, taking a mackerel in his left hand and laying it on a board, with the head from him and back out, draws a flat, sharp knife down from the head to the tail, close to the back-bone, then, with a turn of the wrist, he throws the fish into the *gib-tub*, a large wooden box, about three feet square, and six inches deep, on opposite sides of which stand the two *gibbers*. They take out the entrails—which is done by holding the fish in the left hand, and with the thumb of the right loosening the gills on each side, the whole of the gibs are

then extracted with one turn of the hand, and the fish are thrown into a barrel of water to soak: there they remain for an hour or so, when they are salted and put into other barrels: as soon as these are full they are headed up, marked with the owner's name, or in some other way, to distinguish them, and stowed away below.

The quickness and dexterity with which a "catch" of fish is dressed and salted, would surprise any one who looked upon the operation for the first time. It was my business to pass up the fish to the splitter, and after they were dressed, to the *salter*, and although I worked as hard as I could, I found it impossible to keep them busy all the time. Two good hands can gib as fast as one can split, and there is great strife always among the gangs to see who shall be through first, especially with the last or sun-down "spurt," as supper is the only meal at which all the crew assemble in the fore-castle—and, accommodations being rather scanty for twelve men, it is easily understood that "first come is first (and best) served." When all the fish are dressed and salted, the decks are washed down and swabbed, the barrels properly stowed so as to be out of the way, and we are ready to try them again. I may remark here, that were it not for water



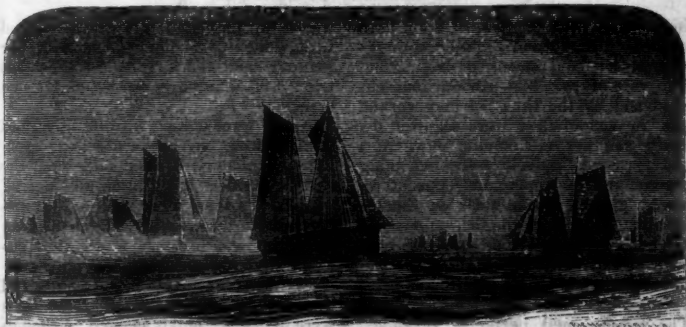
SPLITTING AND SALTING.

being so plenty, and so easily available, fishing would be *dirty work*; and even as it is, there are some kinds of business that are more cleanly.

There are few things more exciting than catching mackerel where the fish are biting fast. Every one moving his hands and arms as if his life depended upon his exerting himself to the utmost, the constant flip, flip, of the fish, as they fly from the water into the strike-barrels, and the short, quick, impatient cries—"keep lines clear," "whose lines these in my berth?" "there's a bloater" (extra large fish), "more bait here, skipper"—with now and then a strong expletive, indicating the breaking of a jig, or the parting of a line. The whole attention is absorbed in the business, and I have stood for nearly an hour, without stirring my feet or changing my position in the least; for any movement, or shifting of feet or body, will almost certainly embarrass the proceedings of our next neighbor, whose lines, while barreling in his fish, lie on the deck close to our heels. But now the bites are less frequent, only at long intervals a tinker (small mackerel) comes over the side, and every one draws a long breath, gets a leg over the rail, and sits down to rest. Then come the jokes and "sells," and loud and hearty laughter takes the place of the quiet that a moment before reigned supreme. Soon, however, we hear the

cook, away forward, sing out: "Here they are again, boys," and in an instant the dangling legs are all drawn in, every face resumes its gravity, the laugh and jest are hushed, and the business of the day is resumed. Sometimes the crew will stand at the rail for four hours, the fish biting fast and then leaving, at intervals, until perhaps our second strike-barrel is full, and the skipper says—"Haul in, boys, guess we'll *dress*—(not ourselves but the catch).

But we did not fish every day we were in the Bay, by any means. About the 7th of August, and when we had taken about half our fare, say 150 blbs., a succession of easterly winds with heavy fogs came on, and for three weeks we did not take a fish. We were in harbor frequently, and enjoyed ourselves hugely, in the various ways peculiar to sailors and fishermen the world over. We cruised along the Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada coasts, and up into St. Lawrence river, but all to no purpose; we could see plenty of fish, but they would not bite. We spoke with the skippers of some forty fishing-vessels, and the invariable answer to our hail of "Got any fish lately?" was "No; plenty all over the Bay, but they won't eat." Occasionally some schooner, distant perhaps half a mile, and heading on the same course with ourselves, would show signs of preparation for a race. First the



SMACKS IN A FOG.

peak of the mainsail would be swayed up a trifle, then they would take a pull at the jib-halliards, then she would yaw about and wait till we got abreast of her, when suddenly she would haul up and work away, beating up to wind-

ward. We always accepted the challenge—would take a pull on all the braces, hitch on the tackle to the fore and main boom, to draw the sails down flat as possible, and if there should happen to be a good fresh breeze, were

generally successful, after an hour or two, in leaving our friend away off to leeward.

At last, about the 27th of August, toward sundown, we raised a "school." They took hold voraciously. In less than two hours we had twenty strike-barrels, and it was really refreshing, after so long a spell of idleness, to have something to do. We worked slowly down to the North Cape of Prince Edward's Island, where we found about forty sail, mostly Gloucester vessels, and mackerel plenty and hungry. The weather all the time

was delightful, though somewhat cold, with an occasional breeze from the northwest. We filled up rapidly, when our skipper, one morning, as we were working into a school, sung out: "We'll turn her nose towards home to-morrow night, boys, if we have anything like luck till then." During that day we took eighteen barrels, and the next morning about seven o'clock, the other vessels being all close in shore, we saw, about three miles off, the largest school of fish that had been met with in those waters for five seasons. The sea was



THROWING BAIT FOR MACKEREL.

fairly alive with them, acre upon acre swimming round and round, seemingly without any fixed purpose or destination. The rest of the fleet saw our manoeuvres, and by the time we had worked into the school they were all after us, every sail set and coming down in a body. Strike-barrels were becoming scarce, and by unanimous consent we closed up the hawse-holes on the lee side, and struck off the fish on deck in one indiscriminate heap. And such fishing! I had supposed, on former occasions, that I had seen fast biting and fast fishing; but I soon found my mistake. The fish seemed perfectly ravenous. We shortened our lines to about eight feet, and for three hours the sport was kept up. But I am wrong; it was only sport for half an hour; the rest of the time it was work, and hard work, too. The jig could scarcely touch the water before the fish would seize it, and it was almost impossible to attend to two lines.

which on all former occasions we had little difficulty in doing. At last, our skipper said, and for the last time that trip: "Haul in, boys, we're full, let's go home."

As we were coiling up our lines and straightening our backs after our exertions, we looked around and saw the rest of the fleet lying to on all sides of us, none of them more than a mile distant, and the crews of every one working away for dear life. It was a very curious sight to see the quick and constant movement of so many hands and arms (we were so far off that the lines were invisible), and it seemed as though every man was gesticulating with frantic vehemence, ever and anon pointing to the water before him. Over eight hundred barrels were taken that day, by the fleet, out of that one school.

When we turned to, to dress this last catch, we found, and greatly to my surprise, that they were a totally different

body of mackerel from those we had previously been taking. They were large and lean, and had evidently just come into the Bay, perhaps from their spawning-grounds. However, by dressing them with great care, we managed to make them look pretty well, and those who get hold of them this winter may not notice any peculiarity in their taste, although we did.

Well, we had filled up everything—every barrel, half-barrel, and tub, and were off for home about four in the afternoon. We hoisted our bunting and lay to, as is customary, that any vessel might run down and speak us, and send word to their owners or others at home. At supper we were congratulating our skipper on his good fortune, a full fare, and not a rope yarn parted, or a dollar's worth of damage done to the vessel during the cruise. As I was standing at the foot of the companion-way in the after-cabin, filling my pipe, a shadow obscured the light, and, looking up, I saw, directly over my head, a jib-boom moving somewhat rapidly towards the main-mast. I had just time to tumble on deck, when one of the vessels that was bearing down to speak us struck our boat, which was hanging at the stern, smashed in her side, broke the davits, and spilled the oars, oil clothes and various miscellaneous articles that were stowed away in her. Fortunately, the boat was new and very strong, or the damage to our hull might have been serious: as it was, after a few pointed remarks by our skipper, we got under weigh, taking our boat in on deck, and thanking our stars that it was no worse. On Sunday, September 7th, we passed through the Gut of Canso, with the wind S. W. and heavy, allowing us barely to lay our course, close hauled. On Wednesday, we were becalmed, and on Thursday we had a terrible blow from the southwest. We double-reefed our fore and mainsails, and staggered along, the sea running very high, and for six hours our lee-bow was oftener under than out of the water. About 4, P. M., the wind lulled, and heavy clouds came up from the west. It grew darker and darker, and we furled everything, expecting every moment the squall would burst upon us. Soon the rain began to fall, slowly at first, but, in a short time, it came down in torrents, yet all the time without a breath of wind. In about an



STAUGGERING UNDER A SOU' WESTER.

hour, we felt a gentle air from the south, the heavy cloud lifted, the rain ceased, the sun shone brightly out, and, directly before us, every house and steeple tinged with the beauty of its setting rays, lay the city of Gloucester, not more than six miles distant. The breeze was fair and freshening. In a few minutes every sail was set, and before eight o'clock we were lying at our dock, and our cruise was done.

As I stood on the shore, watching her scudding away on her second trip, I could not but feel sad and lonely. She had been my home for nearly ten weeks, the happiest of my life. Her crew, rough and boisterous as they often were, I could count among the most sincere and warm-hearted of my friends, and her skipper, from first to last, had treated me like a brother.

As for the personal results of my trip, they were briefly these. I had visited scenes, and places, and people, of which I had scarcely heard before. I had obtained some practical knowledge of the great "Fishery Question;" had gained health and strength, and fifteen pounds of solid flesh, and when I left Gloucester the owners handed me a cheque for fifty dollars, as my share of the proceeds of the trip.

Verily, I can ask, as "Procter" did, one lovely morning in the Bay, when the fish were biting famously, and I had just got the "hang" of catching them, "Who wouldn't sell his farm and go a-fishing?"



HERE is the card of "Miss Caley." Back, into the box, the rest of you! Here is one "should give us pause!" This evening shall be "sacred to the memory of" Miss Caley.

Annie, wifelet, let me tell you of one of my foreign flirtations—one that I have never yet even hinted to you. If I had dared to guess the meaning of that last look you gave

me before I started for "abroad," I should never have had the pleasure of introducing you to Miss Caley, but I was a timid, hopeless lover, in those days.

Push me the alumettes. The smoke of Dio Seropyan's tobacco shall shut out the present from my sight; and turn the gas down just a little to hide my blushes!



THE AUTHOR TELLS HIS STORY.



HE "*Grand Hôtel de New York*," on the Lung'Arno, at Florence, attracts many American visitors. It is a very comfortable and pleasant *albergo*, and although it is quite as "grand" as its neighbor, the "*Grande Bretagne*," it is somewhat less expensive. The *milords* go to the *Grande Bretagne*, and fare sumptuously, I suppose, in a highly respectable manner; but mine host of the "New York" entertains, in addition to his American patrons, a goodly number of English people, among whom, when I was there, were gentlemen and ladies whose acquaintance I remember with pleasure.

I was sitting at the table, in the *salle à manger*, one morning, examining the concavity of my ultimate egg-shell, and deliberating on the programme of the day's wanderings, when there came in a gentleman and two ladies, who took



JOHN BULL AT BREAKFAST.

seats at the table directly opposite me. The gentleman was an Englishman, as I saw at a glance. I cannot well describe to you the peculiarities of English dress. Punch has given you some notion of them, and you may imagine this "party" to have been a middle-aged gentleman, with mutton-chop whiskers, and a florid countenance, and dressed à l'Anglaise. "Doudney Brothers" probably had the making of his gray suit. "Barclay and Perkins" undoubtedly gave the Rubens tint to his complexion, and Prince Albert set him the style for his "stunning" stud-din'-sails of whiskers. The two ladies, who sat on either side of—I'll call him "Doudney," if I write this out for Putnam, as I've half a mind to!—were alike in only one respect—they, too, were English, *sans* any *doute*; but the one was short and stubby, the other was long and limby (Now don't ask me to describe their dress; you know I never can tell whether a woman wears chintz or calico, alpaca or bombazine; they didn't wear silk—of *course* not, in the morning—I know that much)! and one was plump Mrs. Doudney (he called her "my dear;" *that's* why I knew it; now don't interrupt me any more!), the other was meagre Miss Caley; if she hadn't been so kind to me, I should have called her *scraggy*. I learnt her name, and guessed at the kind of life Doudney was leading be-

tween them, by the brief conversation to which I was made a listener before I rose from the table. Miss Caley was remarking, in a decided tone of voice, that they would *walk* to Fiesole that morning, and Mrs. D. was asserting that she positively couldn't do it, while Doudney listened to both of them in silence, but, with a side nudge to his wife, occasionally, as much as to say, stick to it! It's an up-hill walk of a couple of miles, Mrs. D.

They walked, as I learned afterwards.

As I left the hotel, and turned up the Arno, on my way to "The Uffizzi," I saw a baker's donkey coming over the bridge.

He staggered along under the weight of his two panniers, one of which was heaped full of plump little round loaves, the other with long ones (about a yard long, and as large around as my arm; *please* don't interrupt me again!); and I immediately compared him to Doudney—the two baskets: the two ladies:: donkey: Doudney. Poor donkey! Poor Doudney!

For several mornings we happened to meet at breakfast, and at so early an hour that we were usually alone. Of course, it was not long before a slight acquaintance was made between us. Doudney began it with meteorological and slightly axiomatic remarks—as good as anything to begin with—and, from these thin table-talks, our amity expanded into strolls and smokes along the Arno, after breakfast and dinner. “Miss Caley disliked tobacco,” and I must do Doudney the justice to say, that, when off duty, he was a good fellow, had opinions of his own, and expressed them well. One opinion was, that he was disgusted with Italy, and wished himself back in old England.

“I’ll own,” he said once, during the first of our acquaintance, “I’ll own that I am not an *amateur* nor a *connoisseur*, nor even an admirer of pictures, and they are about all that is worth looking at here. As for scenery, give me Westmoreland; in fact, I’d rather live in London smoke all my days, than to endure this fagging about among dingy, dirty, old pictures, with not a bit of decent beef or mutton for dinner, and these thin wines in the place of good, hearty beer. But my wife was getting rather stout, and Miss Caley was *dying*, and all that, you know, to see the pictures; so they packed me up, and off we came. I don’t know how much longer Mrs. D. will stand it, but for my part, I am heartily tired of all these galleries, and churches, and walks to Fiesole, and walks to San Miniato, and walks to the Cascine, and walks to—I’m sure I don’t know where! She won’t ride—Miss Caley, I mean—she was brought up in the north of England, and can walk like a postman. Ah! well, we must submit to the ladies, you know; and there’s only Rome to do now—for I am bound I won’t go to Naples; and then I’m back in Westmoreland, please God!” and my friend wiped off an

imaginary dew of perspiration from his brow.

Not long after this, I had told Doudney something of myself; we exchanged cards, and the next morning he gave me a formal introduction to the ladies, remarking particularly to Miss Caley, that I was an artist. Immediately, the eyes of that lady gave out a sparkle of interest in me. She said that she was pleased to make the acquaintance of any one who was fond of art; that she disliked to remain in the midst of such glories as surrounded us, with no one near her to whom she might express the feelings which crowded in her heart for utterance. “My good brother-in-law,” she added, *sotto voce*, “has very little appreciation of art, and my sister does not share my own enthusiasm; so, as you see, I am entirely alone;” and she sighed. Of course, I expressed commiseration with the lady, and made some sentimental remark, to the effect, that pleasures were doubled when shared with a sympathetic friend.

During our conversation, which took place while leaving the table, and lingering in the breakfast-room, Mr. and Mrs. Doudney were standing at some distance from us, and I could not help noticing that Doudney was indulging in an animated style of rhetoric, while Mrs. D. was endeavoring to restrain him from overt acts of jubilation. He frequently looked towards me with a beam in both eyes, and chuckled, and “washed his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water.”

The result of the acquaintance, which had thus briefly blossomed into full flower, between Miss Caley and me, was, that we planned an excursion for that morning, to visit the recently discovered fresco-portrait of Dante, in the Bargello. Mrs. D., on learning our intention, expressed her desire to remain in her room that morning, having letters to write; and Mr. D., to his seeming content, was not even asked to accompany us. As soon as the ladies left us—Miss Caley, to assume her walking attire—Doudney clutched my arm, and exploded upon me with,

“My boy, I am *uncommon* glad to have made your acquaintance! I value your friendship most heartily, I assure you! You are an artist, and all that, and are fond of hunting up these ‘old masters.’ I suppose now I’m not blessed with what my sister calls ‘an appro-

etation' of such things, and I confess, that I'm completely knocked up with conveying her around into all the dirty, dim, damp, old places in this blessed town, after paintings and frescos, and the-Lord-knows-what-all! You're just the man for her; just the man, sir! I

about six knots an hour, while I, who am not much of a sailor, was put to it to keep up. Gliding along through the narrow streets, steering dexterously past puddles and priests, dodging the dirt-carts and soldiers, slipping between astonished couples of citizens, on she went

with never a word, until we emerged in the clear space of the square of the Grand Duke, at which place I managed, by considerable exertion, to join her, in a state of perspiration and short-windedness. From thence to the Bargello, I managed to keep at her elbow, and we soon arrived at the door of the old prison.

Miss Caley's knowledge of Italian was limited to three words: "*andate* (go on), "*dove*" (where), and "*quanto*" (how much), and as my stock was much more extensive, I did the talking, which procured us admission to the interior. When within the room in which we found the fresco treasure, my friend showed symptoms of delight, as I prepared to make a sketch of the dim profile; she watched my

progress with many expressions of interest and pleasure; she admired

can see that she's hugely taken with you, already. And I don't mind telling you a little fact—just a piece of information, you know—is she coming? She's worth about forty thousand pounds, my boy! All in her own *name*, my boy! and—here she comes!

"Take good care of her, Mr. R. A pleasant morning to you. Addoo!"

I had no time then to think of the bait with which Doudney had tickled my nose, for Miss Caley was "under whistle," and was only waiting to take the pilot on board; so with an exchange of signals with Doudney, whose face glowed with intense satisfaction, we were off.

Did I compare myself to a pilot? I soon discovered that I was rather the little boat towed astern. With a double reef in her skirts, she still carried sail enough to make



MISS CALEY ENTHRONED.



COPIING FREScoes.

my ability, she said, and regretted that she had been denied the power which I possessed. As soon as I had finished the drawing, I placed my initials, and the date, on the back of it, and begged her acceptance of it. She received it with emotion. It was my first nibble at the bait.

But I will not spend time to tell of the events of that morning. We went from Dante's head to Michel Angelo's house, and thence to the Uffizzi gallery, and rounded to at the Hotel de New York about an hour before dinner-time.

Pour moi, I was glad to get to my room. I was tired—almost tired out; and, besides, I wished to reflect on the words of Doudney, which had, I confess, made a deep impression, and I was glad both of rest and time for a quiet ponder.

"Here am I"—said I, as I stretched myself on the lounge—"a poor painter, with just money enough to carry me through a brief tour of Italy and back to New York in the second cabin. When I arrive there, I shall have, as capital, a stock of paints and brushes, some little skill at using them, but not a paragraph of reputation, and hardly a single friend. She, who once inspired me to win fame and friends and her own sweet smiles, is heedless of the poor young artist: her father's wealth attracts suitors whom I can never hope to rival." (There, now, Mrs. R—, you spoiled a splendid paragraph with your ill-timed interruption! I am confident that if you had allowed yourself to—Well, well; we won't discuss that all over agin.) And I went on complaining to myself of the sad fate which compelled me to paint out my heart for bread and butter, and groaned to think of that last picture which was ticketed "for sale" in Williams & Stevens's window.

On the other hand, here is—well, here are forty thousand pounds and Miss Caley! Alas, the conjunc-

tion! And yet I have seen worse matches made. She is in excellent health (a "decline" would be preferable, however), and she is passionately fond of art, and she—might be older, and she—has forty thousand *pounds*! No more contriving, then, to spread the smallest possible amount of money over the broadest possible surface of time; no more of the drudgery of art; no more selling of the creations of weary hours for haggled pittance of dealers' prices; but—it was time to dress for dinner.

At table, it became convenient for me to occupy a seat next to Miss Caley; but we conversed but little, for Doudney was jovially voluble, and talked enough for all of us. He had made the acquaintance of a Mr. Brown, a splendid billiard-player, and he had taken a quiet turn up by the square of San Marco, and had a look through the Grand Duke's stables. "Splendid white Arab mare thur! Head finer than a bit of sculptuer! Eyes like a child's! Legs clean and straight, and *such* a pastern!"

After dinner, at Mrs. D.'s invitation, I accompanied my friends to their parlor, and when seated there, Miss Caley



A WELCOME GHOST.

assumed the lead in conversation, and, for some good reason, Doudney retired into ignoble silence. He ventured, however, to take out his cigar-case, and to indulge in semi-audible winks at me. Miss Caley soon noticed his actions, and, turning to me, remarked, very blandly,

"I have heard that you artists all smoke. Is it so? Doudney, offer Mr. R—a cigar. I often envy you gentlemen the pleasure you seem to take in smoking."

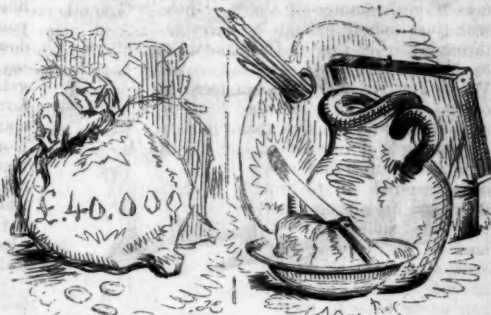
Surprise gave a momentary lift to Doudney's eyebrows, and he immediately came and pressed his case into my hands, winking, as he did so, "with the whole upper half of his body." It was as much as to say: There's for you, my boy! Go in and win!

Our cigars lighted, conversation became free and pleasant. Miss Caley eulogized, magnified, and glorified every-

thing pertaining to art, in a manner which reminded me of that lady whose epitaph recorded the facts that "She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious;" that "she painted in water-colors, and sent several pictures to the exhibition;" that "she was second cousin to Lady Mary Jones;" and that, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The tendency of her remarks was so laudatory of artists—"heaven-inspired beings"—that I was obliged to remain silent; to reply to her by even the usual "Yes," was more than my modesty would allow. With many of her expressions of opinion, I could and did heartily coincide. Florence was the home of her heart: I coincided. She wished that she might spend her life there: another coincidence chimed in from me. She must purchase a villa just out of the city, somewhere; spend her winters there; surround herself with the society of artists; have a gallery, and become a patron of art: (coincidence No. 3). She did not wish to think of Rome. Pecuniary circumstances enabled me to coincide fully with the last remark. But at this point Mrs. Doudney ventured to put in a word about Easter and the illumination, and Mr. D.

asserted that about the only thing (?) he cared now to see in Italy, was the Pope: and so the conversation turned on the execution of what had been their plan of going to Rome for the ceremonies of the Holy Week. Concerning going to Rome, I had nothing to say; for the question of my going was settled by the state of my account with Maquay & Packenham. To save myself from exposure, I turned the subject on Dante; whereupon, Miss Caley produced my sketch, and demanded the admiration for it of her relatives. I must have other sketches, she said, and, with a singular admixture of command and entreaty in the tone of her voice, she bade me go and bring my collection. I was only too glad to go; so I went to my room for my portfolio.

On the way, I cursed the fortune which forbade my accompanying them to Rome, and wished a small share of



PAINT VERSUS PELF.

the £40,000 already in my possession. And I thought—a villa on the road to Fiesole, with a studio in a room with a northern aspect; or, a home there, and a studio next to White's, near the garden Torrigiani; time and means to study in the academy, and to copy pictures in the galleries, and similar etceteras. In my abstraction, I nearly forgot to take from the portfolio a horrid caricature of Miss Caley, made a day or two after I first saw her at table. If I had left that in!

On my return, my sketches were examined with numerous exclamations of delight.

"Why, Mr. R—, you are a born artist! You must study here and at Rome, at Paris—everywhere. Your talents will raise you to the first rank

among modern painters. I never saw such happy effects in light and shade." And other adulatory and eulogistic criticisms.

A shade of sadness must have crossed my face; for I thought—ah! how sadly!—of what I *might* do, and of what seemed denied to me. Thoughts, too, of home and of you, Annie—despairing thoughts, crowded my aching heart. The inspiration of the love I had so long yet so hopelessly borne for you, had not yet entirely burned out in my brain. Yet, not for her, the proud, cold-hearted girl,

positively prohibited the smoking of one within the reach of her nose—rather a long one it is, and a sharp one, too. Come, now, none of this deuced melancholy! You are sure to win. My wife has a pair of eyes of her own, and from what she says, I see the villa, and all that—eh, my boy! all in a *lovely* perspective: and the summers up in Westmoreland, where she owns the *neatest* little place; and a month or so at Paris, at Meurice's, if you like; and everything, generally, all your own way (Doubtful, *that!* thought I). Yes,

my boy, it's as good as settled, and *you'll* do the walking hereafter. I'm discharged, thank my stars! I'll give you warning that you'll earn your money. You've had a taste of it; but it is very healthy exercise, and you'll need it after confinement in your studio, you know. Now we'll go down to Rome, by sea, I say, and as soon as the Pope gets through his grand performances, we'll get him to marry you, and then Mrs. Doudney and I will leave you to spend your honeymoon—you lucky dog!—where you like, and we'll get back to Westmoreland, please God, by the express train."

"My good friend, all this is—"

"Dence a bit of it! No nonsense about it! Go on to Rome with us, take her all over the city; I shan't be in your way. Talk pictures to her, make sketches for her, and all that."

"But, my friend, I can't *afford* to go to Rome. I am *poor*, I must tell you, and—"

"Poor? That's just the reason for investing what you have, in this stock. It's in the market for just such buyers as yourself. Take it at your own price."

"But listen to me! I must be frank with you. I have exactly three pauls in my pocket—for I have just paid my bill here up to this date—and until my next remittance comes—about a fortnight from now—I shall be living here on appearances. And when that comes, and one other, I shall have seen the



AGE BUYS BEAUTY.

would I win fame, but to show her that the poor artist she despised was one whom even she might care to recognize as gifted with genius, if not with wealth. I cannot put in words the emotions which made me silent and sad in the presence of my admiring friend. She must have noticed the seriousness upon my face, and my silence; for she closed the portfolio abruptly, and gave me an opportunity to wish her good-evening.

I had hardly left the room when Doudney joined me, and began, with "uncommon" earnestness, to shake both my hands, with alternations of patting me on the back vehemently.

"My dear boy, didn't I say so! Did you see me wink to you when I gave you my cigar-case? Upon my word, now, she never could *bear* a cigar before.

last of it. I must turn back towards Havre, and manage to save enough to get me home from there in the steerage of some ship or other. You see that my going to Rome with you, is out of the question."

Mr. D. made me no reply. His hands were plunged in his pockets, and his mind in thought. Suddenly starting from his reverie—

"I forgot," said he, "my wife told me to inquire about the washing. She has lost a night-cap, or something of the kind. Excuse me. I'll see you about this to-morrow morning. *Au revoir!*"—and I was left to my meditations.

I spent that night in strange thoughts, and stranger dreams. But I shall not inflict them on you, Annie. You will be anxious to hear the story, and as it is getting late, I shall omit several splendid opportunities for sentimental reveries, "and all that," as Doudney would say, and hurry on with the events.

The next morning, at breakfast, Miss Caley informed us that she had made

up her mind to proceed at once to Rome.

"For your sakes (turning to her relatives), I sacrifice my own preferences, for I should be content to remain here, and we will start for Rome as soon as possible.

"Doudney, my dear (very blandly), get us a vettura to-day or to-morrow—"

"But, my dear sister, the land route—"

"But, my dear brother, I have made up my mind. You can go by sea, if you choose, for I am sure that our friend, Mr. R——, will accept of a seat in our vettura, and give us the pleasure of his company" (A smile so very bland).

"Don't be a fool," said sense to me, "and refuse good fortune when it is thrown at you."

"With pleasure, Miss Caley, and with many thanks. I had not intended to go to Rome at present (winks between Doudney and me); but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of visiting that shrine of art with such a friend as yourself."



ROME! ROME!

Well: arrangements were made, and we were to start for Sienna next day, to take vettura from thence to Rome. I'll borrow a little from Doudney, thought I, and trust to luck; for if ever fortune seemed inclined to befriend me, she does now; she leads me on, and if I

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get into trouble, she must get me out of it.

The inland journey to Rome, from Sienna, may have attractions in summer, but during the month of March, my advice to travelers is, to go by way of Civita Vecchia. For five weary

days we toiled along, with rain, or snow, and wind, all day, and detestable quarters, in dreary old *alberghi*, at night. Early in the journey, I caught cold, while tramping in the rain with Miss Caley, to see the interior of some miserable village church—I forget where—and this grew into a fever. During the last two days I was unable to hold up my head, and when we entered the *Porta del Popolo*, and Miss Caley whispered to me, "We are in Rome," I raised my head from her shoulder, gazed one

suggest, or her purse procure. My nurse was an elderly *contadina*—you remember her portrait in my sketch-book, in Albanian costume. The Doudneys came in as often as they were permitted to. "Miss Caley regards you as her own property, my boy, and she guards her treasure like a miser, and all that," said Doudney, one day, when we were alone.

My feelings towards my benefactress, at that time—. Well, I see you don't care to hear about the feelings, and I'll go on with the story.

It was on a sunny afternoon, in early April, that Miss Caley and I were sitting on a turfy mound, near the grave of Keats, in the English burying-ground.

How pleasantly comes to me the memory of that Italian afternoon! A mellow haziness softened the tone of the grand old ruins around us, and the mild sunlight gave a rich golden hue to nearer objects. The lyre, with chords half broken, which hangs over the daisy-dotted grave of "poor Keats," made sad minor music beneath the flow of the harmony of audible light and fragrance, and my convalescent languor added to my susceptibili-



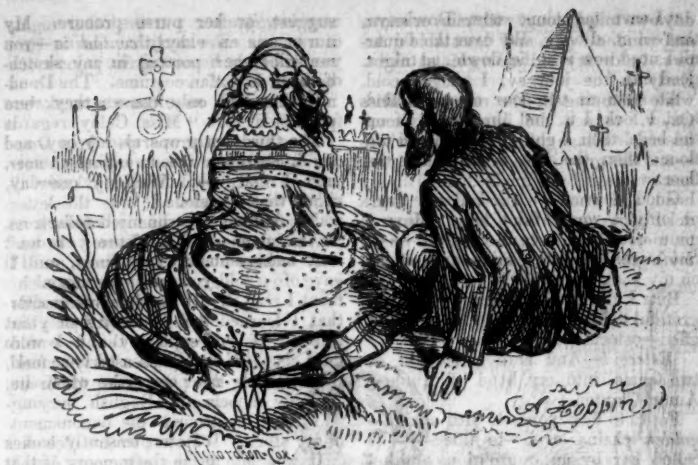
"TIRED NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER."

ties for the enjoyment of the peculiar beauties of the time and place. With all this, a consciousness of the tender debt of gratitude which I owed to the kind friend who sat by my side, affected my very heart, and you cannot wonder, Annie, that I took her willing hand in mine and—

Just at that crisis, up came the Doudneys. They had left us at the gate of the burying-ground, to continue their ride towards the aqueduct, and had returned at an interesting moment. As soon as they joined us, Miss Caley seized the arm of her sister, and they wandered off among the grave-stones. Doudney and I were thus left together, and he improved the occasion by indulging in a high degree of general congratulations.

"I need not dwell on the incidents of my convalescence. Indeed, when I think of all that happened during that Roman experience of mine, I am unwilling to speak of all the acts of tender, thoughtful kindness with which Miss Caley busied herself for me. Everything was done that her heart could

"I know all about it," said he, with a compound wink and a tenderish poke at



THE ENGLISH BURIAL-GROUND AT ROME.

my ribs. "I understand the matter perfectly, my boy! It was just such a foggy afternoon as this that Sarah and I mated in. There's no resisting them in the spring of the year. Give me your hand, my boy! I wish you joy, and all that. I do, 'pon my word, and no joking!"

"My dear Doudney, I am not by any means strong yet, and this enervating atmosphere—"

"Oh, yes! Certainly! The atmosphere, and all that sort of thing! I understand!"

"But really, Doudney, I wish you would call the ladies and help me to the carriage, for I feel faint."

"Faint! Oh, yes, faint! A good symptom, that! I was faint: you might have knocked me down with a feather. But you *do* look white about the lips! Come, I'll help you to the gate, and then I'll call the girls, and we'll drive home post-haste. Perhaps Miss Caley has some salts or something to relieve your kind of faintness. Come, lean on me."

I believe I fainted in the carriage, for I remember no more, distinctly, until I observed that we were riding rapidly towards home. My head was resting on Mrs.

Doudney's shoulder: Miss Caley sat opposite to me, and, as my eyes met hers, I fainted again, just a little, enough to serve as an excuse for saying nothing. I brightened up on our arrival at our hotel, took Doudney's arm at the door, and staggered up to my room.

"Poor fellow!" I heard Mrs. Doudney remark; "it has been too much for him."



THE SWOOP AND CAPTURE

"Leave me alone now, Doudney; that's a good boy. I'm over the faint; all I need now is to lie down and take a good nap."

As soon as the door closed behind him, I looked it, and threw myself on the bed; then I got up and walked the floor; then the bed again; then the floor.

Good Heavens! Am I a sane man, or only a weak, faint boy! Have I gone and sold myself to that —! Sold—yes! and the price-mark sticks on my back—£40,000!

But I do most certainly feel very grateful to Miss Caley, and I have great affection—esteem for her.

Esteem!—And here a thought or two came into my head of Annie—Annie Clayton.

Fool! to link yourself with chains—golden chains even—to this — (I called her by an opprobrious epithet then, Annie) while a hope remains—a whisper of hope!

Get thee gone! I will—I will—I will get out of this scrape, in some way!

But how? I am well enough to leave this cursed city; but I haven't a *baiocho* in my pocket; and, of course, it would be rather too mean to leave in debt to any one.

The bright thought just then came into my head, that my remittance might have arrived at the banker's. Our hotel was not far from the Piazza di Spagna. I threw on a cloak and very quietly stole out of the house. I found the excellent Mr. Hooker in his inner room.

"Has anything arrived for me?"

"Yes, sir; our house at Florence has received and forwarded these three letters."

You may imagine that I opened them eagerly. The first was from Duncan & Sherman, and contained £50. The second was from Charley B—. He wrote of home news, and these sentences made such an impression on me that I remember every word:

"She is well, and asked

very kindly after you the other night, at a party. She says that she is sure you will come home a great painter one of these days."

If that had only come a week before!

The third letter was also from Duncan & Sherman, and, to my great surprise, I read —. Well you know all about that, Annie. It was the letter which sent me three hundred dollars, as pay in advance for a picture. It was sent anonymously, you know, and I have often told you with what astonishment I read it. It was long afterwards that I learned the generosity of your father. Do you suppose that he would have sent it if he had guessed your feelings towards the poor artist whom he so nobly encouraged?

I must hasten on the denouement of my story. It's after twelve o'clock!

It was late in the afternoon, but I determined, if possible, to leave Rome the next morning, by the diligence for Civita Vecchia. Mr. Hooker undertook to get my *vises* for me, as far as Leghorn; and, after getting from him a twenty-pound note, which I knew would be sufficient to cover my indebtedness to Miss Caley, for the journey, hotel-charges, and everything, I returned to my room, undiscovered. That evening I spent an hour or more in writing to Miss Caley. I wish I had kept a copy of the letter; but you may



FOR DEAR LIFE!

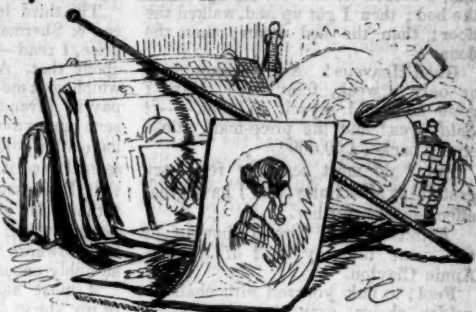
be sure that I wrote a very proper one. Sudden and unexpected news from home; regret at the necessity which tore me away; parting words undesirable; hope to meet again; the inclosed check to cover everything but my debt to her for kindness; love to the Doudneys; and "Yours most gratefully and sincerely"—that was the amount of it. I forgot: I bequeathed to her my portfolio of sketches, as a souvenir.

In the morning I was off by daylight.

That old portfolio in the corner is the one. It was forwarded to me at Paris by Mr. Hooker. I looked through it carefully for letters; but there were none. The

sketch of Dante was missing, however, and that is the "last link" between me and Miss Caley.

Almost asleep, I declare! Why, I thought it was a very interesting story Annie. An-nie!



MISS CALEY: A REMINISCENCE.

TO CRAWFORD'S STATUE OF "AMERICA."

FAIR daughter of the nations! Is it thou,
With mingled air of softness and command,
Who crown'st with stars thy pure and ample brow,
And hold'st an empire's guerdons in thy hand?
Grand is thy presence!—glorious with the grace
And vigorous freshness of thy morning prime;
And tender dreams of youth upon thy face
Linger 'mid dreams of power that dawn sublime.

Serene and clear, thy vision-lighted eye
Fronts the blue heaven that guards thy subject land,
'Neath whose wide dome thy trackless forests lie,
In whose pure air thy fortress mountains stand.

Thou hear'st far off the voice of either sea
Call to thine eastern and thy western shores,
And on thine ear the murmur vast and free,
Of winds that sweep thy wide savannahs, pour.

A regal virgin, strong of heart and will,
Whose lofty faith subdues her maiden fears,
Who bids the impetuous soul of youth be still,
And looks undaunted to the coming years.

Who with calm pulse surveys her vast dominion,
Trusts to herself and Heaven in danger's hour,
And bids her eagle, with half-folded pinion,
Lay at her feet the tokens of her power.

Rise, fair, prophetic marble! Lift thy head
O'er the broad realm whose type thou yet shalt be,
When, with auroral grace around her shed,
She stands, majestic, strong, serene, like thee.

When, empress of herself, she holds in sway
The exulting vigor of her fervid youth,
And lifts her pure young forehead to the day,
Crowned with the stars of honor, faith, and truth.

When deeds of living light her form enshrine,
Like star-gemmed robes; and when her steadfast eye
Forever seeks the eternal heavens like thine,
While idle at her feet her symbol arrows lie.

MEMOIRS OF GEORGE SAND.*

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN our previous article on the biography of George Sand, we left the studious child, at six or seven years of age, receiving the elements of a desultory education under the guidance of the inevitable Deschartres, and uttering an occasional protest against the pedantic tasks which formed the unsavory nutriment of her opening mind. She resided chiefly at Nohant, pursuing the same routine, until she arrived at the age of early womanhood. The only studies, in which she took a real interest, were history, geography, music, and elegant literature. Her teaching was of a singularly mechanical character. She was made to learn merely for the sake of learning, without regard to its effect on her happiness, or her moral improvement. Her affection for her grandmother led her to overcome her aversion to the insipid lessons which were forced upon her; she committed to memory innumerable verses of poetry, of which she could not comprehend the meaning; dived over the wearisome pages of Latin classics; studied the art of versification, which was like putting her natural poetic talent into a straight-jacket; and puzzled out interminable sums in arithmetic, which was so repugnant to her taste, that she could scarcely add up a column of figures without an attack of vertigo. As a sort of compensation, she plunged into the depths of history, and, studying it in her own way, made it a source of perpetual amusement. She regarded it entirely in its picturesque and romantic aspect. The lofty characters which it exhibits, the beautiful actions, the strange adventures, the poetic narratives, with which it abounds, inspired her with intense enthusiasm, and she found the greatest delight in clothing them with her own language, and repeating them for the edification of the family. In this way, she first got the taste of blood as a writer, first learned to enjoy the pleasures of composition. Her little historical recitals were highly satisfactory to her grandmother, who thought so well of their execution, that she ceased

to insist on their fidelity to the original. The incipient authoress, by degrees, struck out a path of her own, and, instead of summing up the volumes she had read, indulged in personal comments and descriptions.

"I was more philosophical," she tells us, "than my profane historians, more enthusiastic than my sacred historians. Yielding full scope to my emotions, without attempting to agree with the judgment of my authors, I colored my recitals with the hues of my own thought, and I even remember that I did not abstain from giving a little embellishment to the dryness of certain details. I changed no essential facts; but, when an insignificant or ambiguous personage fell into my hands, obeying an unconquerable impulse of ART, I gave to him such a character as I could naturally deduce from his position or station in the general drama. Unable to submit blindly to the judgment of the author, if I did not always justify what he condemned, I at least undertook to explain and palliate it. If I found him too cold towards the objects of my enthusiasm, I gave myself up to my own ardor, diffusing it over my narrative in terms that often drew forth a smile from my grandmother by their naïveté of exaggeration."

She pursued almost the same process in her musical studies. She faithfully performed the dry tasks enjoined by her teacher, learning, with care, the pieces she was to play to her grandmother; but, when she felt tolerably sure of success, she would arrange them in her own fashion, adding new phrases, changing the regular forms, improvising at random, singing, playing, and composing both music and words.

At about the age of twelve, she began to try her hand at writing, without the aid of her historical authors. She composed several descriptive pieces, in which moonlight and shady valleys played an important part. These won the applause of partial readers; but she was not to be flattered into any conviction of her own merits. Even at that

* *Histoire de ma Vie.* Par Mme. GEORGE SAND 13 tomes. Paris, 1853.

early age, she had an instinctive sense of art, which led her to judge her own productions by an ideal standard, and thus to become conscious of their imperfections. From that time, she felt the sentiment which she has never lost, that there is something more in the soul than can be embodied in form; that, as no art can represent the charm experienced amid the freshness of nature, so no experience can do justice to the spontaneous force of our inward emotions. Hence, she has never felt any complacency in her own literary efforts. "I have never been satisfied," says she, "with anything I have ever written, from my first essays when twelve years old to the productions of my advanced life. I say this from no modesty on my part. Whenever I have seen or felt any subject of art, I have hoped, I have pleasantly believed, that I could represent it as it had come to me. I have thrown myself into it with ardor. I have completed my task, sometimes with lively pleasure, and sometimes, in writing the last page, I have said to myself: 'This time, I have succeeded well.' But I could never read the proof without saying: 'This is not at all the thing. I have dreamed, and felt, and conceived this quite differently. This is cold, out of place, too much said, and not enough said!' And if the work had not been the property of a publisher, I should have thrown it into a corner, with the intention of revising it, where it would have been forgotten in the attempt to accomplish another."

Soon after her first attempt at original composition, she became the subject of a singular experience, combining artistic taste with religious sentiment, which shows the innate tendency of her character to pass the limits of conventionalism both in act and opinion. From her earliest childhood, she had felt the impulse to create an interior world of her own, a world of imagination and poetry; and this, at length, ripened into the wish of also constructing a religious and philosophical world for herself. In the course of her studies, she read the *Iliad* and *Jerusalem Delivered*. On finishing their perusal, she felt sad that they had so soon come to an end. The impression they made on her mind was deep and powerful. Not only the beauty and tenderness of those poems, but their religious significance, took possession of her imagination. They

awakened in her heart the need of a religious sentiment, if not of a definite belief—as she had never been taught a religion, she found it necessary to make one of her own. A dreaming, frank-hearted, solitary child, left, in a great degree, to herself, and already absorbed in the pursuit of an ideal, she could not imagine a world—an idealized humanity without placing an ideal being at its head. The sublime, creative God of the Old Testament, the sublime fatality, Jupiter, did not speak with directness enough to her heart. She perceived the relations of the Supreme Power with nature, but did not feel its presence in humanity. "I did then," says she, "what humanity had done before me. I sought for a mediator—an intermediate person—a God-man—a divine friend of our unhappy race." Homer and Tasso, who formed the crowning-point in her first studies of Pagan and Christian poetry, only caused embarrassment by their descriptions of so many great or terrible divinities. She was at a loss which to choose among such a number. She was preparing for her first communion, but the catechism was a perfect riddle to her. The Gospel narrating the divine drama of the life and death of Jesus, drew secret torrents of tears from her eyes. Still the atmosphere which she breathed could not fail to infect her mind with a taint of skepticism. Her grandmother, who was one of the strong-minded women of her day, carefully guarded her against all tendency to superstition, and thus she was led to doubt the received faith of the Church. But this only increased her wish to construct a religion for herself. "Since all religion is a fiction," she would reason, "let us make a romance which shall be a religion, or a religion which shall be a romance. I do not, indeed, believe in my romances, but they give me as much happiness as if I believed in them." Indulging in such dreams, one night a name and personal form came into her head. The name had no meaning, but was merely a casual combination of syllables, such as is formed in dreams. This became the title of her romance and the God of her religion. The phantom, thus bodied forth in her imagination, remained, for a long time, her religious ideal. He was the pure creation of her brain. Pure and charitable as Christ, radiant and beautiful as

Gabriel, he combined the grace of the nymphs with the poetic soul of Orpheus. Less austere than the Christian God, and more spiritual than those of Homer, he was clothed with every attribute of loveliness and strength that forms the ideal of humanity. At times, even, he appeared in the shape of a woman. "I wished," says she, "to love him as a friend, as a sister, while I adored him as a god." To complete the enchantment, it was necessary that he should not be entirely free from human errors and weaknesses. Hence, she clothed him with an excess of kindness and indulgence. His existence presented a series of trials, of sufferings, of persecutions, of martyrdoms. Each of the phases of his human existence formed the subject of a book or canto of her imaginary poem. In touching the earth, he became man or woman, and sometimes the supreme God, of whom, after all, he was only the heavenly messenger, placed over the moral government of our planet, would prolong his exile in the world as a punishment for his too great love and pity towards men. Without a line being written, this poem extended to more than a thousand cantos, and finally took complete possession of the young enthusiast, removing her from the sphere of the real world by its sweet hallucinations.

While in this state of poetic excitement, the mystic dreamer was placed in a convent in Paris, for the purpose of finishing her education, and gaining those accomplishments which were incompatible with her life of rural and almost wild freedom at Nohant. The English convent, a religious house established by the Catholic exiles from England during the commonwealth, was the institution selected for her temporary residence, and in due time she was installed as a boarding-scholar within its dusky walls. Everything was new to the young country-girl. She did not recover from her astonishment for several days. The superior of the convent was an English lady, between fifty and sixty years of age, but still preserving her good looks, although the amplitude of her person was in singular contrast with the delicacy of her mind. She had reason to pride herself on being a woman of the world, her manners were dignified and elegant, she spoke French gracefully, though not without an accent, and in her eye

there was a more decided expression of self-satisfaction and sarcasm than of holy contemplation. Her deportment was gentle and conciliatory, both towards the nuns and the pupils, and she thus acquired their confidence and regard.

In this novel scene, the young *Aurore* soon found herself at home, and was happier than she had ever been before. The confinement of the school, however, did not agree with her health. She suffered for want of the free air and woodland rambles at Nohant. The pupils were subject to the strictest rules of the cloister. They were allowed to go out but twice a month, and could not pass a night away from the convent except at new-year's. They heard mass in the chapel, received visits in the parlor, where, also, they took their special lessons—the teacher on one side of the bars, and the pupils on the other. All the windows of the convent, which looked upon the street, were not only grated, but furnished with heavy curtains. It was really a prison, but a prison with a large garden, and a numerous society. *Aurore* remained in the convent for three years, during which time, her moral nature underwent several marked changes. The first year, she was more the spoiled child than ever; the second year, she suddenly passed to an ardent and troubled devotion, while, the third year, she joined to this state of mind a feeling of calmness, repose, and serene joy. The transition from comparative religious indifference, to a deep sense of spiritual things, which took place in her fifteenth year, is what she calls her conversion, and forms the subject of one of the most curious episodes in her autobiography. Her soul was plunged into the depths of mysticism. The formulas of the Church, though rigidly observed, gave her no satisfaction. She would pass hours before the altar in the ecstasy of devotion. Her whole nature was absorbed in a sublime dream of eternal love. No subsequent intellectual delight could compare with the rapt sense of the Infinite which pervaded her being. The year thus passed away, leaving her in the most complete beatitude. Every Sunday she received the communion, and, sometimes, two days in succession. With unquestioning enthusiasm, she embraced the Catholic doctrine of identification with God in

this sacrament. She was taught that "God is in you—he palpitates in your heart—he fills your whole being with his divinity—grace circulates in you with the blood in your veins." She felt that the miracle was performed in herself. Like St. Therese, she glowed with a holy fire, she neither eat, nor slept, and was scarcely conscious of the motion of her body as she walked. No austerity was a trial. She was conscious of nothing in herself to sacrifice, or to change. She experienced no weakness from fasting. The rosary, which she wore round her neck, drew blood, but it gave her an agreeable sensation rather than pain. She was lost to the consciousness of the body—it no longer existed for her. She was discreet, obedient, laborious without an effort. It cost her nothing to bring her actions into accordance with her faith.

The hour of disenchantment arrived before she left the convent. After passing through many scenes which tended to destroy illusions, she found herself in a state of perturbation and uncertainty. One evening, upon entering the church, she could not pray. Her bodily health had begun to fail in consequence of protracted austerities. For several days she felt no access of her wonted fervor. She became a prey to lassitude and sadness. For the first time, since her conversion, she experienced a doubt, not of religion but of herself. She feared that the divine grace had abandoned her. Her ears rung with the fearful words, "Many are called, but few are chosen." She thought that God had ceased to love her because she had not loved him sufficiently. She thus fell into a state of gloomy despair. Tranquillity was at length restored, and she recovered her health both of mind and body. She had now become so much attached to convent life, that she wished to be received into the order, and take forever the veil of a nun. But this plan was entirely opposed to the views of her grandmother, who decided to remove her from the convent, and, much against her will, to take her back to Nohant.

Aurora had now arrived at the age of sixteen, and the failing health of her grandmother led her to wish the marriage of her child, before her own death, which she believed could not be far distant. Upon consulting the blushing girl in relation to the subject, the pro-

posal was received with aversion—almost with horror. Several persons were named as the happy claimants of her hand, but they were all rejected with so much disgust, that the whole project was postponed, at least for another year.

It was early in the spring of 1820 that she returned to Nohant. The trees were in full bloom, the fields were vocal with the song of the nightingale, the chant of the laborers was heard in the distance, full of tranquil poetical associations, and for the first time, in three years, she awoke in the morning, without the sound of the "angelus" bell. She felt a new sense of freedom, but it was not unmingled with melancholy thoughts. The unknown future, which opened before her, gave her a vague uneasiness, by no means in harmony with the fresh and confiding character of her age. But, after shedding some natural tears, for which she could never satisfactorily account, she began to enter upon the enjoyment of her new-born freedom. She was delighted with the gay rose-colored robe which was brought to her by the handsome chamber-maid, instead of the sombre uniform of brown serge. She could arrange her hair to suit herself without hearing the remark of a prudish nun, that it was indecent to expose the temples. The dinner consisted of all the delicacies which her grandmother was fond of, served with proper liberality. The garden was one immense bouquet. All the domestics, all the peasants, celebrated the return of the heiress. She embraced all the good women of the village, who thought she had greatly improved in her looks by growing more stout. The provincial dialect sounded in her ears like delicious music. Even the big dogs, with which she had been on the most friendly terms, but which had barked at her on the evening of her arrival, now recognized her again, and loaded her with caresses, which, by their frank and intelligent air, seemed to apologize for their momentary forgetfulness. Towards night, the immortal Deschartres, who had been absent on some distant visit, made his appearance, with his immense gaiters and his traveling-cap. The dear man had entirely forgotten that his little friend, from whom he had been parted for three years, must have grown in the interval, and while she

sprang upon his neck, quietly asked where *Aurore* was. He called her *mademoiselle*, and, like the dogs, did not begin to recognize her until after about a quarter of an hour.

For the first few days, she gave herself up to the physical delight of running in the fields, and revisiting the river, the wild plants, and the meadows in flower. The exercise of walking in the country, of which she had lost the habit, and the vernal air produced such an intoxication of her spirits, that she was unable to think. Such mental inaction, however, soon became burdensome, and she sought for means to occupy the abundant leisure which she enjoyed through the doting indulgence of her grandmother. She, accordingly, marked out a plan for the employment of the days, from which she did not depart as long as she was alone, and mistress of her own time. One hour was devoted to history, another to drawing, another to music, another to English, Italian, and so forth. But the moment for real self-instruction had not yet arrived.

The return of her brother, who had become an officer of hussars, gave a new variety to her life at Nohant. They had not met during her residence at the convent, and, at first, were a little afraid of each other. Their ancient friendship, however, revived in a few days, and they became almost inseparable companions. Hippolyte was a great lover of horses, and delighted in taming refractory specimens. From him, his sister acquired the taste for riding, which exercised no small influence, both on her physical health, and her mental habits. She gives an amusing account of his lessons in the art equestrian. The first time she mounted a horse, he impressed on her docile mind that the whole secret of riding was comprised in two things—"to fall or not to fall"—the rest would follow, of course. He naturally expected that, on her first attempt, she would fall, and, therefore, was desirous to select a place where she would not be much hurt by the catastrophe. The scene of the experiment was accordingly laid in a broad meadow, covered with thick grass. A little mare, named *Calette*, which had never been mounted, and fresh from the pasture, was destined to be the partner of her novitiate. After having led her around the meadow several times, Hippolyte

found her so gentle, that he thought she would behave well, and placed his sister on her back. *Calette* started off in a furious gallop, performing all sorts of astonishing but good-natured antics. Hippolyte called out: "Hold fast—cling to the mane if you will, but don't let go the bridle, and don't fall. Think of nothing but 'to fall or not to fall.'" The fair chevalier followed his advice, and resolved to stick to the saddle at all hazards. Five or six times she was nearly unhorsed; but, thanks to the Providence that takes care of crazy people and children, she was not thrown. At the end of an hour, lame in every joint, with disheveled hair, and in a state of glorious intoxication with the exercise, she completed the lesson, having gained the confidence and presence of mind necessary to her future exploits as a rider. *Calette* and she, from that time, became the best of friends, and lived and galloped in company for many years.

The health of her grandmother, which had been precarious for some time, now experienced an important crisis. A severe attack of apoplexy brought her to death's door, and left her mind enfeebled, and her body paralyzed. She continued in this state, with intervals of convalescence, for nearly a year, and died on Christmas-day, 1821. During the illness of Madame Dupin, *Aurore* was left, for the most part, entirely to herself. Her mother remained at Paris, occupied with the care of her other daughter, and declined the request of the family to come to Nohant. Deschartres gave up everything into the hands of *Aurore*. He made every effort to keep up her spirits, and prevent her from feeling too much the burden of her new anxieties. He encouraged her to continue her rides on horseback, which she had dropped since the afflictions of her grandmother. He accompanied her himself, and at the expense of many falls, until he was obliged to confess that she was the best rider of the two, in practice, though he still plumed himself on his superior theoretical knowledge of the art. Unable to stand the fatigue and danger of the athletic exercise, he surrendered his post, and intrusted *Aurore* to the escort of a little imp called *André*, who was as firm in his seat as a monkey on the back of a pony. Not a morning passed without scouring the country for leagues.

The boy André would not open his mouth during the ride, leaving her to the free indulgence of her favorite reveries. They would explore places usually deemed impossible, to the wonder of the admiring peasants. Sometimes the horses would stop at the roadside and browse, while Aurore was lost in thought—the perpetual change of the scenery; the absence of every object; the casual sight of flocks and birds; the picturesque or sombre features of the landscape; the sweet murmur of the brooks which flowed at the horses' feet—everything which met the eye or soothed the soul in these solitary excursions took absolute possession of her spirit, and awakened the unconscious sentiment of poetry.

At this period, the perusal of Chateaubriand's "Genius of Christianity," and Gerson's "Imitation of Christ" (Thomas à Kempis), produced a significant effect on her religious feelings. She was already acquainted with the latter work. Its lessons of humility, of renunciation of the intellect, of absorption in God, and contempt for human knowledge, had been eagerly studied and absorbed. She now read Chateaubriand for the first time. His book rekindled the pious ardor which had become somewhat chilled since her retirement into the country. It surrounded her faith with the prestige of romance. No longer a blind passion, it was felt as a centre of radiant light. The "Imitation of Christ" ceased to be her guide, and she yielded her whole soul to Chateaubriand as the high-priest of sentiment and enthusiasm. But this experience opened to her, for the first time, the path of free inquiry. She entered it, not like Dante, in the evening of life, but in the blossom of her days, and in the lucid splendor of an intellectual dawn. Perceiving the inconsistency between the doctrines of the "Imitation" and the views of Chateaubriand, her mind was thrown into a state of doubt and fermentation. On the one hand, she was taught the absolute annihilation of the intellect and heart in the pursuit of personal salvation; and, on the other, the development of feeling and sentiment in devotion to the common religion. She, accordingly, reperused the "Imitation" with trembling anxiety. It appeared to her like an entirely new book. She perceived the terrible consequences of its doc-

trines in their application to life. They urged the forgetfulness of every earthly affection, the extinction of every emotion of the heart, the disruption of the ties of family and kindred, and the complete absorption of one's nature in striving for the salvation of the soul. Her conscience was stung with remorse. She felt that she had done wrong in leaving the convent. She should have forsaken her family, and devoted herself to the religious life. She had made unworthy concessions, and was devoured with a sense of guilt. Everything seemed criminal in her conscience and her life. This must be the case, or her cherished manual of devotion was false. The choice was now between Gerson and Chateaubriand. On one side, the sacrifice of everything but the immediate contemplation of God; on the other, to glorify God by the assimilation of everything in the universe which can give force and beauty to the soul. The alpha and omega of the doctrine was: "let us be dust and ashes," or "let us be light and flame." "Examine nothing if you wish to believe," or "in order to believe everything, we must examine everything." Here was the dilemma. One of the books was absolutely heretical. Were there, then, two contradictory truths in the bosom of the Church? Chateaubriand proclaimed relative truth. Gerson declared it absolute. The young theologian was in great perplexity. Galloping on Callette, she was wholly with Chateaubriand. Seated by her lamp, she was wholly with Gerson. The evening reproached her thoughts of the morning.

But she could find no repose except in the enjoyment of entire mental freedom. Her spiritual director—a good Jesuit father named Prémord—made no attempt to restrict the exercise of her mind. He even advised her to pursue a liberal course of reading. For this she found abundant materials in the choice library of her philosophic grandmother. She plunged, at once, into an ocean of history and metaphysics. Mably, Locke, Condillac, Montesquieu, Bacon, Bossuet, Aristotle, Leibnitz, Pascal, Montaigne were grappled with in succession. Then came the poets and moralists, La Bruyere, Pope, Milton, Dante, Virgil, Shakespeare, and the rest. All without order or method, as they happened to fall into her hands.

She comprehended them with a facility of intuition, which she subsequently lost, as she was not naturally of quick perceptions. But everything was a question with her of life and death, as on the result of her inquiries it literally depended whether she should go into the life of the world, or the voluntary death of the cloister. Her decision can easily be anticipated. She lost her interest in the Catholic ceremonies, and her tendencies to an ascetic life—although the religious sentiment maintained its supremacy over her heart. A new horizon opened before her. She was filled with a sense of the divine love, animated by an enlightened faith, and combined with true freedom of mind. She experienced an interior confidence and security, and, from that day to this, as she declared, her soul has rested on an immovable foundation of faith.

A little episode, at this time, diversified the monotony of her life, and presents a curious illustration of her devotion to intellectual pursuits. She formed a friendship with a young man of the neighborhood whom she calls Claudius, and they were soon united by a taste for similar studies. His family belonged to the nobility of the country, and had once possessed a large fortune. The education of ten children had ruined his parents. Some of them had tarnished their escutcheon by a disorderly life and a tragic end. Claudius was the youngest of the family. He had a handsome face, and was not wanting in knowledge, talent, or vivacity. He intended to devote himself to the sciences, in which he afterwards obtained a certain celebrity. His poverty, at this time, which was caused by the sordid avarice of his mother still more than by his position, decided him to study medicine. Great privations and excessive toil had injured his health. He was thought to be in a consumption; but he recovered from it, and died of some other disease in mature age.

Deschartres, who had been intimate with his father, and who was interested in a nobleman devoted to study, had introduced him to the family, and even engaged him to give Aurore some lessons in physical science. With a view to aiding Deschartres, if necessary, in his surgical operations on the poor of the village, she had commenced the study of anatomy. He had often called

in her assistance in cutting off arms and fingers, setting dislocated joints, and dressing broken heads, and always found her prompt and skillful, in spite of the pain and disgust which she experienced. He early habituated her to suppress her tears, and abstain from fainting at the sight of wounds.

Claudius supplied the amateur surgeons with specimens for demonstration in the shape of heads, arms, and legs; and a physician of the village lent them the skeleton of a little girl, which was kept for some time in one of the drawers of Aurore's bureau. This skeleton, by-the-by, was guilty of certain mischievous pranks, which could hardly have been expected of so young a subject. One night Aurore dreamed that the skeleton had arisen, and was drawing the curtains of her bed. She awoke, and, finding it in the place where it had been left, went quietly to sleep again. But the dream continued, and the little dried-up girl performed so many extravagances, that she became quite intolerable. Once more getting up, Aurore placed her at the door, after which she slept very well. The next night, the same follies were repeated; but, as she was only treated with contempt, she made up her mind to behave discreetly for the rest of the winter in the bureau. Claudius was not so facetious as the skeleton, and, for a long time, his conversation turned only on the lessons. On making a visit to Paris, he was commissioned to purchase a considerable number of books, which led to a correspondence in regard to the choice of editions, and other matters of taste. His letters were sufficiently commonplace, until, at last, one arrived, commencing thus: "O, truly, philosophic soul, you are, indeed, right; but you are the truth which kills." Aurore was entirely nonplussed at this odd exordium, and, showing the letter to Deschartres, asked him what it could mean. After puzzling over it a great while, and reading it again and again, the ancient pedant naively replied: "I believe that this must be a declaration of love. What have you written to the lad?" Upon further reflection, they both decided that the expression referred to a previous conversation, in which Aurore had defended the doctrine of self-sacrifice and renunciation of the world. In other letters, Claudius frankly explained the resolution he had formed

since his acquaintance with her. She was a superior being, in his eyes, and had, by a word, cured him of all indecision. He had now no other object than science; medicine was but a secondary branch; he wished to rise to transcendental ideas; to cherish no other passion, and to seek of the exact sciences the final cause of creation. His letters were not without value, on account of their cold and blunt sincerity. Deschartres thought that this intellectual intercourse was a very good thing. Nothing seemed to him more natural than a serious correspondence between two young persons, who might have become smitten with each other in discussing Malebranche, Leibnitz, and harmonies. This was not the case, however. Claudius was too much of a pedant not to take a kind of satisfaction in not falling in love, in spite of the occasion. Aurore was too free from every feeling of coquetry, and, as yet, too far distant from the slightest notion of love to see in him anything but a professor.

In this, and in several other points, her life was preparing her for a course independent of the received usages of the world. Deschartres, far from restraining her, urged her on to what is called eccentricity, without either of them having the least suspicion of it. One day he informed her of a pleasant surprise which he had received on a visit to a neighboring count. He had been hunting with a young lad in a blouse and cap, and, on treating him a little too unceremoniously, was told by the count that it was his daughter. "I have dressed her as a boy," said he, "that she may hunt with me, and climb and jump, without being impeded by the clothes which disable women at the age when all their force ought to be called forth." The count loved to dabble with medical theories, and, in his opinion, this disguise was an admirable hygienic measure. Deschartres entirely agreed with him. Having never educated any but boys, he seemed anxious to fancy that Aurore was a man. Her petticoats wounded his gravity as a pedagogue, and, as soon as she followed his advice and donned the masculine frock, cap, and gaiters, his authority gained tenfold importance, and he taught her Latin with renewed violence, as if she could understand him better than before. Aurore found the new costume far more agreeable for running

than the embroidered skirts which were torn into tatters by every bush. Deschartres had a passion for the chase, and wished that Aurore should join him in the amusement. But she had no taste for clearing the bushes, which, in that region, were in great abundance, and covered with murderous thorns. She liked only to hunt quails with the bird-call in the wheat-fields. She was very successful in this pursuit, and was able to furnish birds for the table of her grandmother, whose delicate appetite rejected everything but light game. Her exposure, in this way, to the damps of the morning at length brought on severe rheumatic attacks, which were alleviated only by violent exercise on horseback. Deschartres was always anxious about her health, and the hero found a new reason for insisting on the masculine costume, which enabled her to take rude exercise in the open air.

Her mode of life seemed to follow so naturally from her unique position, that she felt no surprise at passing her time so differently from young girls in general. She was regarded as eccentric, but she was not so much so as if she had overthrown a taste for affectation and singularity. Left to herself in everything, subject to no control from her grandmother, pushed to absolute independence by Deschartres, free from every trouble of soul or sense, and always thinking of retiring into the convent, with or without monastic vows, in spite of the change in her religious ideas—what was called by those around her the opinion of the world, had, in her eyes, neither meaning, nor value, nor use. Deschartres had never looked at the world in a practical point of view. In his love of dominion, he admitted no restriction on his judgments, referred everything to his own wisdom—to his own all-sufficiency and infallibility in his own eyes, with the exception of Madame Dupin. Aurore and himself regarded the whole world as a mere dunghill. He was enraged by criticism, instead of laughing at it, as Aurore did. He uttered indignant invectives against the absurd people who blamed her for want of compliance with their customs. In his view Aurore was a piece of perfection. His admiration for her was even more intense than he had ever given to her grandmother, because he regarded her as partly his own work, and saw in her the reflection of his own excellences.

He had a great love of argument and discussion, and to this she sacrificed many hours which she would have preferred to give to her own studies. He deceived himself with the idea that he knew everything; but he did know a great deal, and had an admirable memory, and hence he was not tiresome, intellectually considered—he was only tedious by his character, on account of the exuberance of his vanity. With the most frowning face, and the most absolute language imaginable, he demanded his moments of relaxation and gaiety. His pleasantry was solemn, but he laughed heartily at the pleasantry of *Aurore*. He bore everything from her, and, while he took up a violent aversion to every one who did not admire him, he could not dispense with her teasings and contradictions. He was like a surly mastiff, who would bite everybody else, while he let his ears be pulled by the child of the house.

With such a cross-grained pedant for a tutor, and her own independent habits, it was natural that *Aurore* should scandalize the gossips of the village. At that time, no woman was permitted to ride on horseback, except on a pillion behind a servant. The costume of *Aurore* was an abomination; her study of dead men's bones, a sacrilege; the chase, an act of destruction; study, an eccentricity; and her gay and tranquil relations with the young men—sons of her father's friends, whom she always treated as the companions of her childhood, and gave them her hand without blushing and ruffling, like a love-sick turkey—were called effrontery, depravity, nobody knows what. Even her religion was a subject of comment and stupid calumny. Such astonishing practices, they said, were inconsistent with piety—some devilry lurked beneath them. She was a votary of the occult sciences. She had pretended to receive the communion, but had been seen to carry away the sacred host in her pocket-handkerchief. With *Claudius* and his brothers, she had made a target of it, and riddled it with pistol-shots. Another time she had ridden her horse into the church, and was driven out by the priest, just as she was caracoling before the high altar. Since that day, they declared, she had never been seen at mass. *André*, too, her poor little rustic page, was not clear from suspicion in the matter. Either he was

her lover, or a kind of assistant, whom she made use of in her conjurations. He could not be made to confess anything of her secret practices, but she went by night to the cemetery, with *Deschartres*, to dig up dead bodies. She never slept—did not go to bed for a year. The loaded pistols which *André* always carried in the holsters on their horseback-excursions, and the two big dogs which followed them, were something supernatural. Such were the almost incredible strictures which she was compelled to undergo from the malignant and prejudiced circles of village criticism. Every occasion was seized to subject her to petty humiliations; but she was never daunted by the spite of her enemies, and in the end had no lack of zealous and effective partisans. She still cherished the dream of entering the convent, although she was emancipated from an exclusive subjection to the Catholic rule. In the autumn of 1824, her health had become seriously impaired by her constant attendance at the bedside of her grandmother. She slept only every other night, and even this pittance of repose was often interrupted by some trivial demand of the invalid. The effect of such severe duty was not manifested in any physical weakness—for at her age she could easily adapt herself to a change of habits—but in a profound depression of spirits. The evil was increased by her insatiable reading of the most sombre poets. She identified herself with the characters portrayed, and suffered all the ills which were ascribed to them. The everlasting burden of human misery seemed to concentrate in her experience, and life was disenchanted of all its joys. She now felt a strong desire for death, and became familiar with the idea of suicide. In fact, this idea soon took possession of her mind, and held her in its gloomy fascination, until it made her the victim of a complete monomania. The sight of water, especially, exercised a mysterious influence over her spirits, and suggested a secret charm in death by drowning. She would walk nowhere but on the bank of the river, and found herself instinctively near the deepest places. Drawn as by a magnet to the spot, she experienced a feverish gaiety, and seemed to hear a voice saying to her: "It is so easy—you have only a step to take." At first this mania gave her a strange pleasure, but at length it

became so intense as to produce alarm. She could no longer tear herself away from the bank of the river. The fatal question, "Yes or No?" haunted her mind—tempting her to plunge herself beneath the transparent wave by which she was magnetized. Her religion led her to regard suicide as a crime. She, therefore, resisted the delirious impulse, by ceasing to approach the water. But her nervous excitability was so great, that she could not pass the curb of a wall without an uncontrollable fit of shivering. Still she believed herself cured, when, one day, on a visit to a sick person with Deschartres, they came to the bank of the river on horseback. They were to ford the stream by a narrow passage, a few steps to the right of which the water was twenty feet deep. She rode behind the ancient schoolmaster—the ford not being wide enough for two—when, on reaching the middle of the stream, she was suddenly seized with the passionate delirium for death—her heart bounded, her sight grew dim, the fatal "Yes" murmured in her ear, and, violently reining her horse to the right, was at once plunged into the deep water, seized with a nervous laugh and an insane joy. She owed her life to the sagacity of Calette, who, instead of drowning, immediately began to swim towards the shore. Deschartres made a terrible outcry, and prepared to rush into the rescue. Aurore had wit enough left to perceive that the old fellow, awkward and badly mounted as he was, would infallibly be drowned. She called out to him to keep still, and then thought of nothing but of saving herself. She found it no easy matter to leave the horse while swimming. Both horse and rider, however, behaved admirably. Calette was full of courage and vigor, and with desperate efforts reached the shore. But the great difficulty was to land. The bank was very steep. It was a moment of dreadful anxiety for poor Deschartres. He did not lose his presence of mind, and called out to her to catch hold of a branch of willow within reach, and let the animal swim. She thus succeeded in getting ashore. Calette was not so lucky; but, after throwing his mistress into a panic of terror at his danger of drowning, had the good sense to swim back to the ford, where the other horse was waiting for him. As soon as he saw Aurore safe, Deschartres flew into a ter-

rible passion, exhausting all the vocabulary of abuse on his helpless victim. At the sight of his livid paleness, and the big tears which ran down his cheeks, she bent her head to the storm, and refrained from contradicting him in his wrath. As he persisted in this violent treatment during their return, she determined to tell him the whole story, and consult him, as a physician, in regard to the strange fantasy with which she was possessed. She had no idea that he would easily comprehend her; but he expressed no surprise at the disclosure, and then declared that the malady was inherited from her father. He had been subject to severe attacks of vertigo, which were now reproduced in another form. Deschartres advised his pupil to combat them by a judicious regimen, and by religion—a word which she then, for the first time, heard pass his lips.

After this immersion in the river, she lost her passion for drowning; but the attraction of suicide in other forms still remained, in spite of the medical and intellectual assiduities of Deschartres. Sometimes she experienced a strange emotion in handling fire-arms, and sometimes the vials of laudanum, which were used as lotions for her grandmother, produced a new vertigo.

The death of Madame Dupin made an important change in the external relations of Aurore. By the will of her grandmother, her cousin, René Villeneuve, was appointed her guardian. He was a man of intelligence, cultivation, and refinement, about forty-five years of age, and equally fond of books, society, and the country. Free from the narrow prejudices of provincial life, he was not annoyed by what were called the eccentricities of Aurore. He fired pistols with her, leaped ditches on horseback, sat up reading and talking with her till two or three o'clock in the morning, and never laughed at her attempts in philosophy. On the contrary, he recommended her to write, assured her that it was her vocation, and that there could be no doubt of her success. By his advice she undertook a romance, but the experiment was unsatisfactory.

Aurore's mother, whom the death of Madame Dupin had summoned to No-hant, was indignant at the appointment of a guardian. She bitterly protested against the arrangement, and insisted that her daughter should return with

her to Paris, instead of residing in the family of her cousin at Chenonceaux. Aurore could not withstand her mother's violence. She yielded to her tears of passion, and left Nohant with a secret pang; Deschartres was filled with sadness at her departure, and remained alone on the family estate. Her situation in Paris was far from agreeable. The jealousies of her mother had alienated M. Villeneuve, who resigned his trust, and left his cousin to her fate. She was now beset with numerous proposals of marriage, some of which were of a highly satisfactory character, according to the estimate of the world; but she refused them all, and with sufficient address not to irritate her mother. At length she made the acquaintance of M. Dudevant, to whom she was introduced by some of her most intimate friends, who gave him the highest character. He was the natural son of a military officer, and a young man of refined appearance and agreeable manners. It was not long before he solicited her hand, though without professing to be violently in love. Aurore was pleased with the sincerity of his language and bearing. He said nothing of love, acknowledged that he had no turn for sudden passion, for enthusiasm, nor the power of expressing himself in an attractive manner. He spoke of a friendship that was proof against all trials, of the tranquil happiness which he could confidently promise. Aurore was in a state of mind to be more strongly influenced by this calmness than by the most ardent declaration of passion. She was yet undecided between the convent and marriage. Her heart was unconscious of any want. She would have been frightened at any extravagant professions of attachment. She therefore listened to M. Dudevant with sympathy, and finally decided to accept his addresses. The marriage took place in the autumn of 1822, and after devoting a few days to the reception of bridal visits, Madame Dudevant and her husband, accompanied by her brother Hippolyte, departed for Nohant, where they were welcomed with solemn joy by the worthy Deschartres.

The ensuing winter was long and severe. The ground was frozen hard, and covered with deep snow. M. Dudevant was fond of the country, and had a passion for the chase. His wife was, accordingly, left a great deal to herself,

and occupied her leisure with needle-work, in preparation for an expected event. She had never before been accustomed to the use of the needle, but she now took it up almost with enthusiasm. Since that time, she tells us that she has loved the employment, and found in it a recreation to which she was passionately attached.

M. Dudevant and Deschartres, who now gave up the stewardship of Nohant, became good friends. The new master had been warned of the absolute and and irascible disposition of the faithful old retainer, and promised to adapt himself to his peculiarities. He offered Deschartres a home in the family during the remainder of his life, and was warmly seconded in this proposal by Madame Dudevant. It seemed as though he could live nowhere else; but he promptly declined the arrangement, assigning as the reason, that he had been the sole, absolute master of the house for twenty-five years, with none to control him but women, and that it would be impossible to submit to the administration of his successor without annoying him with comments and contradictions. No one could reason the poor pedagogue out of his illusions, and in midsummer he quitted Nohant for a little farm which he had purchased with his savings, in the vicinity.

The family, meantime, had taken lodgings for the season at Paris, and in the course of the summer, Madame Dudevant gave birth to a son. "It was the happiest moment of my life," says she, "when, after an hour of profound slumber which succeeded to the terrible sufferings of that crisis, I awoke and found this little being asleep on my pillow. I had dreamed so much of it in anticipation, and was so weak, that I was not sure but I was still dreaming, and feared to move lest the vision should disappear, as heretofore."

In the midst of these excitements, old Deschartres made his appearance at Paris. He was completely boxed up in his old-fashioned bottle-blue coat, with gold buttons, and his head was filled with vast projects of making a fortune at farming. He had such a decidedly rustic air in his superannuated dress, that people stopped to look at him as he walked in the streets. But he paid no attention to this, and passed on in his majesty. He examined the new-born Maurice with attention, turned him over

on every side, endeavored to find something which he could correct or criticise. He gave him no caress—indeed he had never been known to give a caress or a kiss to any human being—but he held him sleeping on his knees, and contemplated him attentively for some time. At last, being satisfied with the sight of the child, he repeated several times that it was time he should now live for himself.

The autumn and following winter were passed at Nohant. The whole attention of the young mother was, of course, given to Maurice. In the spring of 1824, she was seized with a violent attack of low spirits, for which she could not account. The cause was everything and nothing. Nohant was improved, but thrown into confusion. The old mansion had changed its arrangements; the garden had new aspects: there was more order and less inconvenience in the domestic organization. The rooms were better kept, the avenues were straightened, and the inclosure enlarged; the dead trees had been burned up; the worn-out dogs put to death; the old, superannuated horses sold—in a word, everything had been renovated. This was, doubtless, a great improvement. It occupied and gave satisfaction to the new proprietor. But the transformation impressed Madame Dudevant with a profound melancholy. She no longer felt herself at home. She missed the old familiar objects to which she had been accustomed from childhood, and suffered so deeply from this sinking of the heart, that life again became a burden. Her husband ascribed the difficulty to their residence at Nohant, with its gloomy associations since the death of her grandmother, and expressed the wish to change their abode. They agreed to make the trial, and, accordingly, made arrangements with some friends to be received into their family at a country residence called Le Plessis. They passed a delightful summer at that place. The master and mistress of the family were charming persons, and cherished an ardent friendship for Madame Dudevant. The house was filled with guests, and amusements of every description were the order of the day. They acted comedies, hunted in the park, took long rambles in the woods; and with such a variety of visitors, no one was at a loss for congenial companions. Madame Dudevant was

most attracted by the youngest portions of the society. Including the children and young girls and boys, connections and friends of the family, there were about a dozen in all, and the number was still further augmented by the young people of the farm. Although not the eldest of the party, she was the only married person among them, and the government of the respectable company naturally devolved upon her. They played all sorts of games, in some of which the very youngest, even Maurice, creeping on all fours, could engage; planned great excursions in the park and the immense gardens, and gave themselves to the indulgence of the wildest gayety. M. Dudevant, like many others, was astonished to see his wife become so lively and frivolous all at once, in a situation which seemed so contrary to her usual melancholy habits. Some of the guests thought her very eccentric; but her husband, more indulgent, made up his mind that she was an idiot.

Upon the approach of winter, they took a small house in the vicinity of Paris. Their income was not sufficient to enable them to live with ease away from Nohant; but they dreaded a return to the family estate; partly, no doubt, from a secret sense of the incompatibility of their characters, which by this time had manifested itself so decidedly as to leave no room for mistake. Without wishing to conceal anything from each other, they were unable to come to a mutual understanding. The wife had a great antipathy to discussion, and no wish to encroach upon the opinions of others. She tried to see everything with her husband's eyes, to think as he did, and to act in accordance with his wishes; but the moment she found herself in harmony with him, she was so out of harmony with her own instincts, as to fall into a state of the most profound depression. "My husband, probably," says she, "experienced something of the same kind, without being able to explain it. He entered warmly into my views when I spoke of enlarging our circle and engaging in amusement. If I had possessed the art to establish an animated external life, if I had been a little more flexible in my nature, if I had had a taste for varied society, he would have been sustained by his intercourse with the world. But I was not at all the companion which he

needed. I was too exclusive, too self-concentrated, too free from conventionalism. If I had known the source of the evil, I might have found a remedy; I might, perhaps, have succeeded in changing myself into another being; but I did not, in the least degree, comprehend either him or myself."

They remained but a short time in their dwelling in the environs, and soon took apartments in a pleasant situation in Paris. Here they were surrounded by a gay society, but Madame Dudevant relapsed into her accustomed melancholy. At this period Deschartres had become tired of his agricultural projects, and was living alone in the city. He now had some grand commercial speculations in his head, and, with a confidence foreign to his nature, became the dupe of unknown adventurers, who contrived to get possession of his money. In the spring of 1825, the family returned to Nohant, and hearing nothing of Deschartres for three months, sent for information to his lodgings. Poor Deschartres was dead! His little fortune had been entirely lost. He maintained a perfect silence to his last hour. No one knew anything about him. No one had seen him for a long time. He left his furniture to the washer-woman, who had faithfully taken care of him. Besides that, not a word of remembrance, not a complaint, not a message, not an adieu to any one. He had entirely disappeared, carrying with him the secret of his blasted ambition, or his betrayed confidence. His death affected Madame Dudevant more than she was willing to acknowledge. She at first experienced a sort of relief in being freed from his wearisome dogmatism, but soon felt that she had lost the presence of a devoted heart, and intercourse with a mind in many respects remarkable. Her brother, who had hated him as a tyrant, lamented his end, but did not regret his loss. For herself, to whom he had filled a large portion of her life, had been associated with all the recollections of her childhood, and had furnished the principal spur of her intellectual development, she felt that she was a little more an orphan than before. The secret of his death was never brought to light.

From 1825 to 1831, with the exception of several journeys, the family resided at Nohant. Although there was no end to domestic chagrins, no serious

rupture between husband and wife took place until the last-named date, when Madame Dudevant perceived the necessity of taking a decided course. She determined to separate from her husband by mutual consent, and establish herself at Paris, with her little daughter, who had been born about three years before. It was arranged that she should have permission to reside three months at a time at Nohant. Her son, Maurice, was left under the care of a private instructor, who had been in the family for two years. It was her intention, in coming to Paris, to devote herself to writing as a profession.

Her state of mind, in the interval, is feelingly described in her own words: "I had lived over an immense space during those few years. I seemed to have lived a hundred years under the influence of one idea, so weary had I become of gayety without heart, of a home without intimacy, of a solitude which the noise of intoxication made still more intense. Still I had not to complain seriously of any immediate bad treatment; and even had this been the case, I should have endeavored not to see it. The disorderly conduct of my poor brother, and the comrades whom he led away with him, had not proceeded to such a pitch that I could not inspire them with a sort of fear, which was not condescension, but an instinctive respect. On my side, I had exercised the greatest possible forbearance towards them. So long as they did nothing but drivel, bluster, and annoy, I attempted to laugh, and even accustomed myself to support a tone of pleasantry which was really revolting; but when my nerves were placed on the rack, when they became gross and obscene, and when even my poor brother, so long submissive and penitent under my remonstrances, grew brutal and malicious, I became deaf to everything, and, as soon as I was able, without making any pretense, retreated to my little chamber."

She had now become an inhabitant of Paris, with limited means of support, with little experience of the world, but with an undaunted spirit, and a resolution to rely upon herself in her struggle for independence.

She was eager for improvement, desirous to emerge from provincial narrowness, and to gain the level of the ideas and the forms of her time. She

was prompted to this no less by necessity than by curiosity. She was conscious of her ignorance, though well schooled in the world of books. With the exception of some of the most celebrated pieces, she had seen nothing of modern art. She was almost a stranger to the theatre, although greatly interested in it. But she perceived that it was out of the question for a poor woman in Paris to indulge in any fancies of that kind. Still she saw her young friends, whom she was intimate with in the country, living on as little as she had herself, and not neglecting any means of intellectual pleasure or improvement. They went everywhere, and saw everything. She had been a great walker at Nohant, but on the Paris pavement she was helpless as a boat upon the ice. Her fine shoes split out in two days, she could not learn to hold up her dress, she got bedraggled, fatigued, took constant colds, and found her wardrobe going to ruin with frightful rapidity. Before coming to Paris, she had often asked her mother how she could live on her moderate income in that expensive city. "At my age, and with my habits," was the reply, "it is not difficult; but when I was young, and your father wanted money, he thought of dressing me up as a boy. My sister did the same, and we went everywhere on foot with our husbands, and thus saved at least one-half the expense of the family." Madame Dudevant recalled the conversation, and the idea struck her as a good one. She had dressed like a boy when a child, and it did not seem strange to resume a costume to which she had been accustomed. She, accordingly, had made for her one of the long, gray frock-coats, which were then much worn, and pantaloons and waistcoat to match. With a gray hat, and a large woolen cravat, she was completely transformed into a young student of the first year. Her new boots gave her the greatest delight. She could almost have slept with them, as her young brother did when he had his first pair. With their iron heels, she stood firm on the pavement. She almost flew from one end of Paris to the other. She felt as if she could make the tour of the world. Her dress was afraid of nothing. She went out in all weather, returned at all hours, and sat in the parterre at all theatres. No one took any notice of her, or suspected

her disguise. This costume, however, was assumed only for a temporary purpose, and was then laid aside, although it has been said that she wore it for many years, and that, even ten years afterwards, her son was often taken for herself.

With regard to the adoption of the pseudonyme, George Sand, she gives a natural explanation, without attempting to make a mystery of what, at the time, seemed to her a quite insignificant circumstance. When her novel, "Indiana," which had been written at Nohant, was ready for the press, her mother-in-law, the Baroness Dudevant, who had heard of her intention to "print a book," protested against the family name appearing on the title-page. She reassured the stately matron by the promise that her aristocratic blood should not be thus scandalously compromised. Accordingly, she determined that her book should appear anonymously. She had sketched out the plan of a former work, which was afterwards finished by Jules Sandeau, and published under the name of Jules Sand. This became popular, and another publisher made proposals for a new romance with the same pseudonyme. She wished that "Indiana" might appear under that name, but Jules Sandeau modestly declined to accept the paternity of a work to which he was an entire stranger. But this did not meet the views of the publisher. With the eye to prosperous traffic, characteristic of his tribe, he insisted on retaining the name. After talking the matter over with some of her friends, a compromise was agreed on, and it was decided that George Sand should be announced as the author of the forthcoming novel. From that time, Jules and George, who were unknown to the public, were regarded as brothers or cousins, who bid fair to attain a distinguished reputation in literature. After her writings became known in Germany, it was supposed that the name implied a relationship to Carl Sand, the political enthusiast, and the assassin of Kotzebue—and she often received letters from persons in that country requesting an explanation of the affinity. It has also been taken for granted that the pseudonyme, at least, was a proof of her sympathy with secret societies and political assassinations. This she expressly disclaims, declaring that nei-

ther are in accordance with her religious principles nor her revolutionary instincts. As to the name itself, she acknowledged that she might have changed it if she had thought that it was destined to obtain any celebrity. But, until the time of the publication of "*Lelia*," when she was the subject of the most severe criticism, which attacked even to her pseudonyme, she had expected to pass without notice among the crowd of obscure writers. Seeing that, in spite of herself, this was not to be the case, she clung to the name, and continued her work, believing that the contrary course would have been cowardly. The adoption of the name was an accident. "Whatever it now is," says she, "I have made it myself, by my own labor, and that alone. I have never used the toil of another. I have never taken, nor bought, nor borrowed a line from any one whatever. Of seven or eight hundred thousand francs, which I have gained in twenty years, nothing remains; and now (1854), as twenty years ago, I live from day to day on this name which protects my labor, and on this labor, of which I have not reserved to myself a penny. I do not feel that any one can reproach me, and, without being proud of anything (for I have only done my duty), my serene conscience sees nothing to change in the name by which it is designated and personified."

Before the publication of the novel, her husband paid her a visit at Paris. He did not stay at her house, but dined with her every day, and took her to the theatre. He appeared satisfied with the arrangement which, without quarrel or question, had made them independent of each other. She returned with him to Nohant, which she no longer regarded as her own. She criticised none of the changes which had been made in her absence, and, though she found much that was displeasing, she had nothing to say, and said nothing. Returning to Paris, she devoted herself to writing, where she lived on the productions of her pen, making occasional visits to Nohant, and always sacrificing herself for the welfare of her children. A legal separation was afterwards effected between her husband and herself. By the judicial decree she was reinstated in the possession of Nohant, and intrusted with the care and education of her children. She thus became

both father and mother of a family at once. With only a moderate income, and partly depending for a livelihood on the precarious gains of authorship, she found her position one of perpetual anxiety and fatigue. But, with increased demands upon her efforts, she was inspired with a higher and more devoted love of her vocation as a writer. The moment that it became not only a personal need but an austere duty, she pursued it with fresh enthusiasm, and derived from it unflinching encouragement, amid many trials. Her state of mind, under the painful complications into which she had been thrown, is sketched in one of the frank confessions with which she often challenges the sympathy of her reader: "What various solitudes for a head without very ample resources; what extremes of life I was compelled to experience simultaneously in my little sphere! The respect for art, the obligations of honor—the moral and physical care of children exceeding everything else—the details of a household, the duties of friendship, of charity, and of courtesy! The days are all too short to prevent the affairs of the house, of the family, of business, and of the brain, from falling into disorder. I have done what I could. I have done only what was possible to resolution and faith. I was not sustained by one of those marvelous organizations which embrace everything without effort, and which pass without fatigue from the sick bed of a child to a judicial consultation; from a chapter of a romance to an examination of accounts. I have taken far more pains than any one would imagine. For many years, I have allowed myself but four hours' sleep; and, for many other years, I have been subject to terrible headaches, which even caused me to faint over my work. Still, things have by no means always gone according to my zeal and devotedness. Hence I conclude, that marriage should be made as indissoluble as possible; for, to conduct so fragile a bark, as the happiness of a family, over the troubled waves of modern society, a man and a woman are not too much—a father and mother mutually sharing the task according to their respective capacities."

The position of George Sand led her into friendly and intimate relations with many of the most distinguished characters of the age. She took a deep inter-

est in political discussions, as well as those relating to literary and social questions. No portion of her work is more attractive than her personal sketches of several celebrities among the circle of her acquaintance. Her wide experience gives value to her opinions, and her comments on society, as the results of her observation, are not without a certain pensive grace. "I have been conversant in my time," she says, "with the extremes of society in various relations—with opulence and misery, with the most conservative ideas and the most revolutionary principles. I have loved to trace out and to comprehend the different impulses which act upon humanity, and which decide its vicissitudes. I have looked on with attention, have often been deceived, but sometimes have seen clearly. After the despondencies of my youth, I yielded to too many illusions. My morbid skepticism was succeeded by too great benevolence and ingenuousness. I was a thousand times the dupe of the dream of an archangelic harmony between the opposing forces in the great conflict of ideas. I am still sometimes capable of this simplicity, proceeding from a fullness of the heart, although I ought to be cured of it, for I have bled much. The life which I here relate has been good

on the surface. I have enjoyed the pleasant sunshine which was on my children, my friends, my labor; but the life which I do not relate has been embittered by frightful grief."

In closing the imperfect narrative of her history, as set forth in the ingenuous disclosures of these volumes, we have no wish to disguise or palliate the errors which have given George Sand an unenviable notoriety before the world. She is even more conspicuous for her systematic independence of the wholesome regulations of society than for the splendor of her genius and the boldness of her artistic creations. Nor is this the place to criticise her career or her productions in an ethical point of view. We have endeavored to illustrate the circumstances amidst which her character has received its distinctive impression, the natural traits which have blossomed out into such peculiar development, and the mental experiences which have made her life a perpetual alternation between the most strongly-marked extremes. Her strange, eventful biography, which has not yet reached its denouement, awaits the verdict of the age. In pronouncing the final decision, let the stern behests of justice be mingled with the tender pleadings of Christian charity.

TO THE KING.

A HEALTH to the king! my king!
But not in the ruby wine!
Too pale for the name I sing!
Too weak for such love as mine!

How shall I pledge thee, my king?
What nectar shall fill the bowl?
Hebe herself cannot bring
A wine like that in my soul!

Then, take for my pledge, oh, king!
My life, which is wholly thine;
And quaff from thy cup, my king!
A soul—not the ruby wine!

A SLAVE'S STORY.

[— COUNTY, VIRGINIA,
February 23d, 1857.

To the Editor of Putnam's Monthly.

SIR:—I send you a sketch of a slave who died lately at my house, and who was once my property.

The slave-question is becoming more and more prominent, and I have thought it well to give a simple, faithful narrative of a slave's experience and views. The sketch has not been gotten up for effect, but has been written as an authentic illustration of the results, moral and physical, of the system. Though the owner of slaves, I have always advocated some plan of gradual emancipation by our own state, and, therefore, have no motive for concealing anything in relation to the effects of slavery. I have given, exactly, Ralph's narrative—many facts in which I could myself establish, and verify others by unquestionable evidence.

Your obedient servant,

— — —]

I WAS born about the year 1794, on a large plantation, thirty odd miles above Richmond, Virginia, and was descended, in the third generation, from imported Africans, and, probably, from some of the darkest of the native race; for my parents as well as myself were pretty black—more so than slaves generally are now. My parents belonged to a gentleman supposed to be wealthy, residing in Williamsburg, who had been a member of the King's Council, and afterwards of the House of Delegates. Of course, he seldom visited his distant estate, but intrusted it—comprising more than six thousand acres, and slaves enough to cultivate it—to the management and the honesty of an overseer. As in most other cases, the overseer managed very well for himself, but not so well for his employer; and, at the death of my parents' master, his debts and legacies encumbered his estate so much, that his only son, who then removed to the lands before-mentioned, and whom I designate as my master, found himself compelled to sell immediately a portion of the slaves.

My parents and their five children—including myself, then an infant—were amongst those sold. But their kind master did the best he could for them, and sold the whole family, privately, to some man very near or beyond the mountains. The contrast between their new situation and the mild government of their young master, soon rendered my parents greatly dissatisfied; and, after a few months, they both absconded from the purchaser, leaving their four elder children, whom they never saw again, and taking me with them. They found their way back to their former neighborhood, and, for a summer and part of autumn, were concealed in a large body of woods on their former master's premises. Of course, all the neighboring slaves soon knew their lurking-place, and supplied them with food, and often with shelter. At length the young master was informed, in some way, of the circumstance; and, with that kindness which distinguished him through life, he repurchased my parents and myself, at considerable loss and inconvenience.

The running away of slaves, that is, their concealment on or near their master's premises, or sometimes at a distance of several miles, is inevitable. The exercise of arbitrary and irresponsible power will produce a determination to counteract or escape from its effects. In almost every instance, the fear or the infliction of bodily punishment drives the slave to the woods. Few of those who lurk about the neighborhood abscond, because such a life is preferable to that on the plantation, and many resort to it in the hope that the master's desire for them to return to their labor will induce him to overlook a fault which the slave persuades himself does not deserve stripes. A few, repugnant to labor, or rendered desperate by harsh usage, will resort to almost any expedient to escape. In one instance, I knew two men to live more than a year in a cave, in a large wood, about a mile from their master's house. The stock on the adjacent farms supplied them with meat, and bread was easily gotten from their fellow-slaves—for, in almost every such case, regular communication is kept up

between the fugitive and his class, always in the night, and the runaway often visits the adjacent cabins. This is done with all possible precaution, lest some white person detect them. But they never fear a betrayal by one of their own race; nor will the hope of reward or the fear of punishment generally extort any information that might lead to the capture of the fugitive. The cave of the two men was discovered by means of the smoke issuing from its mouth, and they were carried to their owner. Yet even these never resorted to such a life again. One was sold about twenty years afterward, to a neighbor; the other died at a great age, the property of his master's grandson. Many slave-owners feel such compassion for the runaway, upon the general ground that he has been *driven* to the step, that they will make no effort to capture him. I knew a gentleman to come suddenly upon one fast asleep in a large wood. He awoke the man, asked him a few questions, and, after advising him to return to his master, with a request from himself not to punish him, he left him.

My earliest recollection of myself is, as a little, black, dirty, uncombed, and unwashed animal, scantily covered with odds and ends of cotton or woollen garments in cool weather, and in the warm season neither having nor desiring any other covering than my own dark skin. And this was universal amongst children, whether male or female, until nine or ten years old. The truth is, the whites in that locality were in a remote situation, at a distance from the frequented roads, and far behind most parts of the state in intelligence and improvement. Raising tobacco was the one sole object in life. They ate tobacco—they breathed tobacco—they talked tobacco—and they worked tobacco, all day long, and often far into the night, from the beginning to the end of the year. A crop, occupying so much time, and requiring so much attention, compelled both whites and blacks to neglect everything else; and, generally, the former were ignorant and exacting, the latter debased and barbarous, with scarcely a want fully satisfied, and with little more intelligence than the beasts that perish. Since the period I speak of, the march of improvement has reached even that secluded neighborhood, and the condition of all classes has greatly improved.

I sat in the ashes, or made dirt-pies in the sand, or hunted for berries or birds' nests, until old enough to carry a pail of water on my head; and then I was made, by my parents, the carrier of everything not beyond my strength. I have heard of Indians called Flat-heads, because of the shape given to their skulls by pressure. But, if pressure *can* flatten the human head, my race should all be thus deformed; for, in childhood, our heads are the universal vehicles of transportation. It may be that our skulls are mercifully fashioned a little thicker than those of the whites or Indians, in anticipation of this drudgery. A year or two later, I became the carrier of water and food to the hands in the fields; and then was advanced to the post of cow-driver and attendant on the dairy-maid. Now I began to be noticed by my master, and came gradually to be considered in his employment, and began to plow and attend to horses.

My young master, being a bachelor, was much from home; and as soon as I could manage a horse pretty well, I became his attendant—his *body-servant*, as such were called—on his journeys; he on one horse and I on another, with his portmanteau, as large as myself, strapped behind my saddle. I was now in that privileged station, from which I looked down with contempt, not only on most of my own race, but on all poor white folks, as we called all who had not a fair share of property or intelligence. My position as attendant on a gentleman-bachelor of large property, who traveled a good deal, and was at all times kind to his dependents, was, perhaps, the most pleasant that slavery can exhibit. If my master thought it necessary to reprove me, 'twas always more in kindness than in anger, and to blows he never resorted. In fact, I was too much indulged to fulfill properly my duties as a slave. When at home, I now became the waiter in the house, and a kind of doer of all work about the premises, and, consequently, avoided altogether subjection to the overseer. My master intrusted the management of his lands and field-hands too much, perhaps, to overseers—those dreaded and despised obstacles between slaves and their owners, who commonly have no bowels of compassion for the slave, and little care for the interests of the master. Overseers are fruitful causes

of disturbance and resistance. Most slaves submit at once to the most unjust treatment from the master, but shrink with horror from the overseer's hands. They think correction belongs of right to the master, and they know the overseer cares nothing for them; nor do they ever expect his justice to be tempered with mercy. It is true, the severity of the overseer's rule is usually in the ratio of the master's requirement; so that, if the latter be considerate, not in haste to be rich, he overrules the overseer and protects his negroes pretty well. This was remarkably the case with my master.

When I was beginning to be, or to think myself, a man, I deemed it necessary to take a surname, not that assumed by my father—slaves' family names rarely descend to another generation. But I thought the name Roberts would sound very well after the Ralph, and I became Mr. Ralph Roberts. My master, at this time a bachelor of about forty-five, now married a widow-lady, the mother of half a dozen stout children, and the daughter of a former governor of the state. This circumstance entirely changed for the better the condition of the servants. Before this time, our master, when at home, gave no great attention to the wants and necessities of his slaves; such things being generally intrusted to the overseer. But, as soon as we had a mistress, we knew to whom to go in our perplexities. If any favor were to be asked of the master, application was almost always made through the mistress or one of her children. And thus it ever is. The mistress and her children seem to be the connecting links between the stern reserve of the master and the humble submission of the slave. Woman's kind nature prompts her to hear, and encourages the slave to offer, the request; and the more equal intercourse with the children elicits an unreserved expression of their wishes. And the children are uniformly willing to prefer every request on behalf of the slave: they have not yet learned to look upon the slave as property.

Our new mistress and her children began, in a short time, to teach the young slaves to read, and to commit hymns to memory; and if any adults desired to learn, they were instructed also. But none of the latter, I believe, made any material progress. I am

sorry to say that I never made the attempt. I began to prefer the society of the most disorderly of my race. I got into the habit of running about a great deal at night, for purposes of plunder or excess; and, occasionally, did not hesitate to ride one of my master's horses many miles during the night. And this is often done, in defiance of orders and of the patrol; and in one case I knew a young negro man to take a horse that had been used during the day, ride him more than twenty-five miles to a little town, and get back just after daylight, in a short summer's night. The teaching of our slaves has been continued to the present time; so that all of two generations have been taught more or less, according to their aptitude to learn; and many of them, chiefly females, can read as well as their instructors. This has had a marked effect upon the general character of my master's slaves, and they are, to this day, considered amongst the best to be found.

A material circumstance in my life now occurred. My master's father had emancipated an elderly negro, named Joe, before such acts were prohibited, and had conveyed to him about sixty acres of land, part of my present master's estate. This old man and his wife now brought from Williamsburg a young female relation named Sally, with her husband and one or two children, who were all free. Sally was one of the most beautiful of women. I have never seen one of her color I thought comparable to her. I soon became madly in love. I knew that what is called the marriage tie is usually of little obligation amongst slaves; and that free negroes, being no better taught, if as well, were probably not more virtuous. And how can the slave be expected to observe the marriage vows? In most cases they make none—plight no troth—have a sort of understanding that their agreement shall continue until one or both choose to form some other tie. And even if wishing to continue faithful unto death, they know their master deems their vows null and void, if he choose to separate them; and he often does thus without scruple, by selling one or both. When their superiors disregard their slaves' obligations, the slaves will think lightly of them, too; and this utter contempt of the whites for the sacredness of marriage amongst

slaves, has done more to demoralize and brutalize the slave than all the other personal wrongs he suffers. This brings them all, the good and the bad, to a common level. A common lot befalls them all. The *sentiment* that should exist in marriage, is excluded or crushed by the necessity of their condition; and the tie becomes a mere *liaison*, founded upon the instinct of the brute. But to proceed: I determined, if possible, to get Sally from her husband, and make her my wife; and, after much delay, and more that cannot be told, I found she was not superior to her race or her condition. For a good while, she might be said to have two husbands; but finally her first husband went back, with his own children, to Williamsburg, in company with old Joe, who had sold his land, and Sally became my acknowledged wife. My master strongly disapproved my conduct; but, always kind to the unthankful and the evil, he permitted me, as he did his other men, to build a cabin on the margin of the forest, and thither I carried Sally. And now, after the lapse of more than thirty years, and I am tottering on the brink of the grave, I cannot say that I feel any great compunction for having taken another man's wife to be my wife. So common has destiny or necessity made it, that we think it sanctioned by custom, and that our masters are responsible for whatever of wrong there be in it.

Sally bore me several children, and in a few years I had a large family to maintain. My wife and children were free, and my master, after giving them a house and patch of ground, fuel, and a supply of meal weekly, and having more than enough of his own slaves to provide for, could not be expected to give them more. Sally, I regret to say, was too much given to sloth and improvidence—those plague-spots inherited from our ancestors, and fostered by our condition here. Most of my time, during the day, being given to my master's interests, necessity compelled me to resort to expedients, to which my own depraved nature and the example of other slaves already tempted me. There were, in our vicinity, plenty of *poor white folks*, as we contemptuously called them, whom we cordially despised, but with whom we carried on a regular traffic at our master's expense.

I became a constant dealer in grain and tobacco with certain white men,

who purchased grain at a few cents or a pint of whisky per bushel, and tobacco at about the same rate. My master, I now believe, suspected that he was unmercifully robbed; but with a Christian forbearance, as rare as it is injudicious, preferred suffering wrong to punishing the wrong-doer. The overseer had tact enough to know that he should not be more vigilant than his employer required; and thus we could carry on our operations by night, almost without fear of detection. Most of my master's men cultivated a few square yards in corn and tobacco, merely as a pretext for reaping a large crop, and I followed the example. Tobacco was our favorite crop. Its value, compared with its weight, was much greater than that of grain, and a man's shoulders could bear off, in one night, what would bring a sum sufficient for a week or two. Sometimes a daring theft would provoke a general search throughout the neighborhood, and those so unlucky as to be detected, were severely punished. On one occasion only this was my misfortune. A neighbor discovered some stolen tobacco in possession of one of his men. To this man I had intrusted some, to be carried with his to Richmond. This we had permission to do. But the man had, at least, received some stolen tobacco, and 'tis probable I had added to my store in the same way, though, at this distance of time, I cannot be sure. We were both carried before a magistrate, and punished with forty stripes, save one, most vigorously applied.

But these little mischances never long interrupted our operations. We thought—and slaves will always think—they have a right—of the kind which the whites call a *moral right*—to a fair proportion of the proceeds of their labor, and that any means are excusable towards securing that portion. Hence, theft from the master is generally deemed a light offense, if not strictly justifiable. They think the master defrauds them publicly, and they will steal from him privately, and that the secret act is no worse than the open injury. In fact, slavery not only renders the slave dishonest, but it makes the poorest whites dishonest, too. The facility with which they can make enormous profits by their trade with slaves, and the impunity afforded by their legal privileges, tempt them beyond what their feeble

moral sense can bear, and they become the most vicious and despicable creatures upon earth, whether black or white.

My children, as they became large enough to be useful, were placed in the surrounding families, or I should have found it impossible to support them, by fair means or foul; and after all, my family lived poorly enough. After some years the neighboring whites began to demand the removal of this family of free blacks, either because they suspected it to be the centre of the nocturnal traffic, or because their presence might render the slaves dissatisfied. This demand soon became general and loud; and my master, thinking it best to yield to the increasing discontent, advised Sally to move elsewhere. She was about to set off to Williamsburg, when she was taken sick, it was never known of what disease—some thought it brought on by grief—and after a few weeks she was snatched from me by a greater, but not more inexorable, power than the white neighbors. I was then more than forty years old, and had some of our younger children with me. They were placed with my mother and other women on the plantation, and I found myself a lonely and discontented man. I believed myself to have been cruelly wronged in some way, I could not clearly decide whether by the neighbors, or by the world, or by the laws of the land, and I became morose, quarrelsome, and vengeful. Like Cain, my hand was against every man, and every man's hand against me. I avoided much communication, for several years, with my fellow-slaves, and became careless and reckless. I could not then perceive, in my wife's death, a just retribution and requital of her first husband's wrongs. I could not perceive that justice was meted to me as I had measured it to him. But now I hope I can say, that whatever may have been my actual *guilt* in winning her, I deserved to lose her.

Now, sole occupant of my cabin, I was too much engaged out of doors to render it comfortable, nor did I care how dirty or untidy it was. I disregarded the little luxuries coveted by some slaves. A stool or a broken chair sufficed for a seat; a rude bedstead of undressed boards, with some old clothes or blankets, ministered adequately to my rest; and a gridiron, a skillet, and

old hoe, a small pot, and one or two plates, supplied an abundant kitchen apparatus. In cold weather, the numerous crevices between the logs, which I was too careless to fill with clay, admitted such draughts of air that the only comfortable spot was the corner in the ample fireplace, and there, on my rough stool, with my shins almost in the fire, I passed the night—when not on some secret expedition. I raised a few fowls and a pig, annually; but the permission to have the latter is not often granted.

My master had an only child, a daughter, who was now about to be married; but, a few weeks before that event, he died, after a painful and lingering illness. He had all his life been embarrassed by his father's debts, and had sold, from time to time, at least five-sixths of his land, and many slaves. The remaining slaves felt a painful interest in their master's death, and the marriage of their young mistress. They were about to fall into the hands of a man of whom they knew little, and who, they thought, could not be as kind and forbearing as their old master. None were sold to pay debts, and we all came, almost imperceptibly, into the possession of the young mistress's husband, and soon found it necessary to be more regular in our duties. I had so long done much as I pleased, that I was still headstrong and heedless; but not many months after my new master assumed authority, I paid so little regard to some directions, that he instructed the overseer to chastise me. This astonished, but subdued, me. I had not had stripes inflicted since the affair of the tobacco; but, somehow or other, I felt that I deserved correction, and I believe the significant hint had a salutary effect on all the slaves. Our master was neither exacting nor unkind—indulgent as far as he thought reasonable—but requiring a fair performance of the various duties and labors of the farm. I now became more regular at my work and in my habits, and in a year or two took another wife, a slave, on a plantation five or six miles distant. I say I *took* a wife, for we literally *took* each other, the *taking* constituting the marriage. This time, also, I took another man's wife, but he had been dead a year or more. I had the usual permission to go to my wife's house every Saturday afternoon, and return on Monday morn-

ing. I still had my cabin at home; but it became, if possible, more uncomfortable and more neglected than ever, because I was content to make any shift for five nights in the week, relying upon the rest and repose of the other two to relieve the strain on my faculties.

A few years after I got my second wife, and when I was about fifty-five years old, my master removed to what is called the Valley of Virginia. Nearly all my living children were in Richmond, and, at my request, I was permitted to go thither, to be hired. But I had other views. I thought, after my master's removal to a great distance, I might, with my children's help, live uncontrolled in Richmond. I therefore took care neither to be hired, nor to return to my master. After a while he understood my device, and made a deed of gift of me to a relative of his wife, who lived in the neighborhood he had left. This cousin, finding I was lurking about my old home—for I was afraid to remain long in Richmond—requested me, through some of his slaves, to come to him. Afraid of being apprehended, I thought it best to comply; but not believing that I owed service to any but the master over the mountains, I neglected my duties, and, in truth, was unmanageable. After a short trial, this, my third master, sold me in Richmond, for fifty dollars. I now found myself condemned to harder labor than ever before. I was required to do more than my age or strength could bear, was scantily fed and clothed, and was often punished. I now bitterly lamented my folly in not going with my second master over the mountains, and, for a long time, I tried to mature some plan for reaching him. I got, from one of his men, who had been to the valley, and was then hired in Richmond, some little information about the route; and, at length, after undergoing, for five or six years, more hardships than in my whole previous life, one night, in the month of May, I fled from Richmond and my hard master, and began, on foot, a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, through a country, the greater part of which was entirely unknown to me. I traveled almost wholly at night, because I knew there was great danger of being apprehended as a runaway. I had only a few cents, and provisions for a day or two—was in rags—and weak and ema-

ciated from age and the excesses of my early life. But the belief that, if I could reach my best friends, I should be treated with kindness during the little remnant of life, encouraged me to struggle on. When my means were exhausted, I occasionally begged a little food from other slaves, and sometimes got directions for the way. Once over the mountains, I found nobody molested negroes, and I traveled more by day; and, at length, worn down with weariness and want, I knew I must be near the desired haven. A house was pointed out, by a passing slave, as the home of my former master; but, even then, I was afraid to approach by day. At last, towards night, I ventured up to a house which, I was confident, was occupied by slaves. As I reached the door, I was met by a young man with a light, whom I remembered as a boy some eight years before. To his inquiry—"Who are you?"—I made no reply; when he held the light to my face, and immediately shouted: "Why, if here ain't our Ralph." I had thus safely accomplished what very few slaves could hope to do, and what my fellow-slave in Richmond asserted to be impossible.

I was kindly received, and my pressing wants were at once supplied. My flight from my legal owner was soon known. My protector well knew he was liable to prosecution for harboring a runaway; but I was infirm and nearly past labor, and he was too humane to take any steps to restore me to my owner, or to refuse to support me. He never inquired the name of that owner, nor do I believe he ever knew it. After some time, finding no warning of my flight in the Richmond papers, he inferred that my master did not care to recover me, and permitted me to work in the garden. I was not required to do so, and what I did was done willingly. My protector would sometimes tell me, in jest, that he must inform my master where I was concealed; but I believe he said it only as a means of putting me on my good behavior. I soon discovered slavery to be entirely different in that part of the valley. Almost universally slaves are abundantly fed and clothed, and corporeal punishment is rare. They are civilly treated by all classes of whites, and are very seldom required to show a pass. In this farming and grazing country, the labor is light, except in harvest and in thrashing; and

nowhere in Virginia is slavery so tolerable as in the valley.

And now, after enjoying, for more than two years, that rest which my feeble old age requires, I find myself hastening to the grave; and in what frame of mind? Many of the slaves, with whom I was brought up, were members of the Baptist church, and, I now believe, were consistently pious, according to their knowledge. But I had always scoffed at religion and the religious. I loved too well the wages of iniquity to think of a hereafter; or, if I did, it was in a way common to many of my race—that a merciful God would not punish us here, and in the next life too—that, after a life of slavery, he would give us our reward. But, with death close at hand, my blindness and ignorance are, I hope, a little dispelled. In my imperfect, and, I fear, improper, way, I try to ask God's mercy, and to put my trust in the Saviour; but 'tis all dark before me, and I fear that, in a

little while, it will be said of me, he died as a dog dieth. Weak to prostration, and with the swollen frame of dropsy, I can only wait till my change comes, often crying out, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Very soon after the above was written, the old man died, somewhat suddenly. When he reached his last home, it was evident a great change had taken place in him—a change so remarkable as to excite the surprise of his fellow-servants. Though he had been notorious for his harsh, turbulent disposition, and his utter disregard for the rights of other slaves, he was now quiet and gentle, and always ready to do little offices of kindness. He was occasionally heard to pray; but, having become deaf, he spoke but little. We have no doubt he is embraced in the divine rule of justice, that "to whom little has been given, of him will little be required."

CITY AND COUNTRY SPRING.

COUNTRY.

I BRING the flowers—the bright and graceful flowers—
The fresh and fragrant flowers, that scent the morning air.
I've the snowdrop peeping chilly, with the valley's drooping lily,
For the bride to twine a wreath of, to deck her golden hair.

CITY.

And I bring the bonnet—the tasty little bonnet—
The airy, jaunty bonnet, with its streamers long and fair;
And the pretty girls that don it, and the Paris blossoms on it,
Far outlast your fleeting beauties, that would fade if they were there.

COUNTRY.

I bring the birds—the gay and joyous birds—
The proud, rejoicing birds, with their carols loud and high;
And they swell their little throats, as they trill in merry notes,
And smooth their plumage down, for a voyage through the sky.

CITY.

My birds are soaring kites—not chicken-eating kites—
But pleasure-giving kites, that our jolly boys let fly;
And I'll bet a silver shilling, if your ladyship is willing,
That their tails are longer far, and their colors full as high.

COUNTRY.

Nay, 'tis I who bring the sports—the children's lively sports—
The noisy, healthful sports, on kind nature's grassy floor;
Rolling hoops and bounding balls, in your vast and roofless halls,
Give far more life and gladness than your pavements ever bore.

CITY.

Is it you who talk of hoops? Surely, I have monstrous hoops—
 Yes, vast, encroaching hoops—ladies wearing each a score.
 We've had our balls already—it's time now to grow steady;
 But wait till Lent is over, and I'll give you one ball more.

COUNTRY.

I bring the leaves—the young and tender leaves—
 The green and fluttering leaves, waving through the forest old,
 Reviving mother earth, who rejoices at their birth,
 And clothing with new verdure branches stripped by winter cold.

CITY.

And I bring the dresses—the exquisite spring dresses—
 The lovely, perfect dresses, formed in fashion's newest mould;
 And they trail along the ground, with a dignity profound,
 And still return to dust again, 'mid mortal things enrolled.

TOGETHER.

But we both bring the hearts—the kind and gentle hearts—
 The brave and loving hearts, with a faith serene and clear,
 That in ever-blooming youth, by the light of trust and truth,
 Are constant as the seasons, moving through their earthly sphere

And the winter cannot chill them, nor summer's parching kill them,
 Nor autumn's faded leaf be of them the type austere;
 But, with beauty ever vernal, in a spring of joy eternal,
 We shall see them bud and blossom through the soul's unchanging year.

WITCHING TIMES.

A NOVEL IN THIRTY CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXII.

RACHEL finally told her aunt how much she was pestered by Noyse's persevering courtship. The sensible woman expressed little surprise at the story, and, indeed, felt little; nor did she hint at the suspicions of darker misdoings which, to her mind, may now have gathered over the elder. She only said: "Rachel, you must put an end to these confusions. Get married soon. It was your father's last desire, you know."

Mark heard of no postponements, the next time that he talked of immediate matrimony; and it was decided that the wedding should take place somewhere near the end of November. But there were divers difficulties to be overcome, before these Puritanic lovers could reach the celestial city of wedlock. They had to run for it, by a sort of underground railroad, with Elder

Noyse in close pursuit, on a "special," and Deacon Bowson watching to throw them off the track. Before a couple could be married in those good old days, it was necessary that their intentions should be cried three times in some public place, with a week between the announcements. Furthermore, if a young man made a "motion of marriage" to a young woman, without the consent of her parents or guardians, he fell under condemnation of the law, and could be fined if agreeable to the offended parties. To be sure, Mark had the consent of Rachel's father, written as well as verbal; but, that father was dead, and his memory lay under the imputation of a hideous crime; so that it would not, perhaps, have been difficult to get his decision set aside in the courts. Then, too, Deacon Bowson, who hated Mark worse every day, was now Rachel's guardian, and had, at least, a

plausible right to interfere. Finally, the young people could look for no assistance from public opinion, which, on the contrary, would be sure to abuse them soundly for talking of weddings in the midst of such a tragedy as then raved through Salem; one of whose latest and most memorable incidents had been the execution of Rachel's father. All these phantasms of difficulty frightened the two women, and made them falter on the brink of action. Mark argued, teased, and coaxed, but could not get permission to act boldly, and call in the town-crier. Mrs. Bowson first wanted to lay siege to her husband; and so she cannonaded him from a distance with hints, suppositions, and suggestions; and, finally, summoned courage to marshal her forlorn hope, and make the assault. It was ingloriously repulsed: the deacon got into a rage at the proposition—she could hardly dissuade him from laying the matter before his minister. What a worrying old lunatic he was to Rachel for a week after. In fine, matters looked much more like a deadlock than a wedlock.

But powerful assistance was approaching from a most unexpected quarter. Sarah Carrier, aged eight years that fall, thought it high time that Rachel should get married. She wanted to see the ceremony. She considered weddings very interesting spectacles, and liked their immediate results in the way of cakes and wine; nor would she have objected to being married herself, if any one would have agreed to furnish the necessary raisins and ribbons. We shall not be astonished at this singular taste in Sarah, when we remember that she was a very little girl. She probably, like most of womankind, outgrew such ideas when she got older. But just now, her small head being full of Rachel's betrothal, and the pretty wedding which was to follow, and her own share in the new housekeeping, she was quite impatient to see somebody stirring in the matter. One day, therefore, as the two lovers were dolefully discussing improbabilities by the kitchen fire, Sarah said, for perhaps the hundredth time: "Rachel, when are you going to get married?"

"I don't know," replied Rachel.

"She thinks she can't get married," added Mark, rather impatiently.

"Why can't she?" was the natural question of a little girl.

"You musn't tell, Mark," said Rachel.

"Yes, yes, tell me!" screamed Sarah, stamping with impatience, just like a little girl who had the devil in her.

"Why not tell her? she won't tell anybody else," observed Mark.

"No, I never will, as true as I live and breathe," affirmed Sarah, in a tone of awful solemnity.

"Well then," said Mark, "she doesn't get married to me, because Uncle Bowson wants to have her marry Elder Noyse."

"I don't want to have her marry Elder Noyse," responded the child, with overwhelming positiveness. "If she ever marries Elder Noyse, I never'll come and live with her; jest as true as I live I won't."

"Why not?" asked Mark, a little amused, and even a little comforted, by Sarah's judgment upon his rival.

"Because he's always a makin' prayers, and a readin' the scripter to me, and a askin' me the catechism, and sich like," said the child.

The conversation lasted a long time, and resulted in giving Sarah as complete an idea of the case as her small head could possibly contain. She was made to understand, also, that if she said a single word about it to Deacon Bowson, the pretty wedding would be postponed all the longer, if not rendered forever impossible. Behold Sarah, therefore, a sworn fellow-conspirator with Mark, and Rachel, and Mrs. Bowson; and, under the circumstances, she was worth more than the three others put together.

The very next day there was such a row in the deacon's house, that the whole neighborhood would have rushed thither had not people been perfectly certain that it was only the devil to pay with Sarah Carrier. The few fragments of looking-glass remaining tacked up against the walls were demolished by an insurrection of pewter mugs and platters. Bricks came through the window panes, and dropped softly on the sill, with the air of having merely wanted to get inside and be quiet. Turnips, beets and cabbage-stalks, scrawled, in two or three instances, with the initials of Noyse, galloped down the stairways as if ridden by some impish General Putnam. An image, dressed in a cocked hat and black cloak, so as slightly to resemble a minister, was

found in Rachel's bedroom. Voices, curiously vibrating from shrillness to hoarseness, called, "Noyse! Noyse!" sometimes from the garret—sometimes from the cellar. The deacon was pelted with paper wads, which, when unfolded, were found to be scribbled over with unknown characters, here and there interspersed by the name of the aforesaid elder. In the mean time Sarah Carrier had fits of the most contortionate and uproarious character. She squirmed about, Bowson said, as if she were a whole nest of rattlesnakes; and then she squealed and grunted as if the herd of bedeviled swine had entered into her; while mewing, barking, crowing, cackling, howling, and spitting gave variety to the entertainment. At last the devils began to talk through her, and made such revelations as were certainly very imprudent on their part. "We'll have Noyse," said they, in all sorts of tones, gruff and squeaky. "He wants to marry Rachel!" yelled a puppy devil from the top of Sarah's windpipe. "We want to have him marry her," croaked another, of the bull-frog sort, who had apparently secured a place in her stomach. And so it went: "Master More's king of hell; Master More wants an elder to marry Rachel!" and so forth, and so on.

It was all dreadful, of course; and the deacon sweated at the evident peril of his minister. After infinite trouble, he so far succeeded in praying out the devils that Sarah could talk connectedly. With tears of sorrow in her innocent little eyes, the interesting child told him that dear Elder Noyse was nigh upon being carried off to the lake of brimstone. "All the devils want him to marry Rachel," said she; "because then Master More's spectre will have a grip on him, and can drag him off to Satan. Only they hain't got all their plans ready; but they'll have 'em all ready in a week, and then they'll be sure to take him."

There was so little time to spare, that the deacon rushed out hatless, and ran through a pelting rain to the house of Noyse. How horribly the elder would have been tempted to laugh, had he been there to hear the story; and how shockingly true it was that the devil was indeed baiting him on to perdition by means of Rachel! But he had gone to preach at Andover, where the witch-fun was now fast and furious;

and he would not return before Monday or Tuesday. Deacon Bowson went home on a canter, not that he was afraid of the rain, but because he was in the frightfullest of hurries. He commenced a letter to the minister on this detected conspiracy, and the policy necessary to balk it; but so vast and hideous was the subject, and so confused were his poor brains, that he could not have finished that letter had he lived to the present day. He had written five or six lines by dint of an hour's labor, when a brilliant idea diverted him from his ink-bottle. Rachel should marry Mark Stanton; thus she could not marry Noyse; thus More would have no family claim on the elder; and thus the latter would escape the bottomless pit.

He shouted for Sarah, then for Mrs. Bowson, and commanded the former to narrate, *da capo*, the fiendish conspiracy against Noyse; and a precious long and bugaboo story they made of it, by dint of interrupting each other and talking both together. "Wife," said Bowson in conclusion, "I see my duty clear. Rachel must marry Mark right away. Tell her so; and tell her not to make any bones about it either."

And here he burst into tears, probably at thought of the peril of his spiritual shepherd. What could sister Ann reply to such stark credulity, such unreasonable gibberish? At first, very naturally, she was about to deny indignantly that her brother was fellow-monarch with Apollyon; but she reflected that her arguments, if successful, would only put an end to the hopes of the young people; and so she remained silent, and let her husband carry out his fortunate caprice. It must be confessed that she even felt a little triumphant mischief in her brain, as she thought how whimsically Elder Noyse was being tricked out of his game.

Rachel was a good deal frightened when she found that the great event was so unexpectedly near; so much so, indeed, that she thought she would rather wait a month or two, at no matter what risk. But Mark was joyous, grateful, decided, and so energetically prompt, that it almost vexed her. He wrote out the publication at Bowson's table, and ran off immediately to put it in the hands of Elder Higginson. But it was an awful moment even for his

nerves, and vastly more so for Rachel's, when, on the morrow, that little paper was read from the pulpit before the congregation. How the people stared, and wondered, and frowned, and were grieved and were scandalized! Rachel More to be married, and her father not yet three months in his grave, and all Salem dripping with blood and tears, and trembling on the brink of the pit!

It seemed like a dreadful thing, to be sure; and the gossips of our day also would be severe on such an impropriety. But why did not Rachel give her reasons! Ha! ha! Who would believe them? Who would take the word of the wizard's daughter against godly Elder Noyse? Well, Mark and his little girl felt very red and uncomfortable all that morning, and suffered severely during the noon-spell from a hundred tongues as long as cart-whips. But what they endured was nothing to the anguish of Noyse when he heard of the publication. He did not hear of it very soon; for as he was riding out of Andover his horse threw him, and he was carried back with bruises which kept him bed-ridden for a fortnight. When he reached Salem, three weeks after, on a Monday sunset, the notices had been duly cried, and only two hours were lacking to the wedding. Bowson accidentally met him, as he rode up to the parsonage, and was the first to inform him of his late spiritual peril and lucky escape. The listener had some difficulty in comprehending the confused and extravagant story. One point, however, was plain enough; it was sharply, cruelly, stunningly clear: it almost tumbled him out of his saddle, like the shock of a lance. "Rachel going to marry! Going to marry this evening!" he repeated, advancing fiercely on the deacon, who backed in dismay into the angle of a fence. "Are you a fool?" continued the minister, shaking his whip with a trembling hand and gasping for words. "Oh, Elder! Elder!" whimpered Bowson, "you see it yourself. You see what a delusion has gripped you. Oh, it was high time to do something. Oh, it was, truly."

It was in vain that Noyse stormed at him, reasoned with him, implored him; for the deacon was stark mad on that one point, and his madness made him mulish. Noyse, himself, was so demented that he wanted, even at this late hour, to put off the marriage—to

forbid the banns—to do something—anything—no matter how reckless. But his friend was the craziest of the two, and struggled with the undesired energy of a Newfoundland dog, bent upon saving a would-be suicide from his watery grave. Nearly choking with grief and rage, Noyse abruptly turned his back upon this affectionate simpleton, and walked into the house, locking the door after him. He would take no supper, and retired directly to his chamber, with a face full of such anguish as can torture only the wicked. It is not worth while to listen at his keyhole; there is nothing to be heard there but incoherent mutterings and restless pacings to and fro.

In the mean time, the windows of Good-wife Stanton's keeping-room glowed through the deepening twilight, ruddy with the flush of a roaring fire and six tallow-candles. Deacon Bowson stared at them from his kitchen door, and thought that he could see the forms of demons gliding to and fro behind the white linen curtains, and busy, doubtless, in preparing the marriage feast. He would not hear a moment of the wedding being celebrated in his own mansion. "They may get married just as quick as they are a mind to," he said, in reply to his wife's talk about a proper place. "But let 'em go somewhere else to have the chore done. My house is too good for a wedding, where, for all I know, devils will be sitting in all the empty chairs. Send 'em off to Widow Stanton's."

Accordingly they were sent off to Widow Stanton's, and a great deal of wine, cake, and sweatmeats was sent there, also, while Widow Stanton herself did the handsome thing, in the way of raisins, nuts, pies, game, ale, and cider. What a perfect heaven of delight little Sarah Carrier was in as she surveyed the six candles, the rows of chairs, the great table, and its glories of cake-plates and decanters. Not a solitary devil troubled her throughout the length of that enchanting evening.

The assembly was small; none but relatives had been invited; so much respect was due to public opinion. Deacon Bowson refused to be present, and remained at home, glowering over the kitchen fire, and fashioning imaginary fiends out of the lurid coals. Rachel begged him piteously to come in, if it were only for a few minutes;

but he muttered some incoherent reply which he would not repeat, shed a few childish tears, and told her to go away. How sadly changed he was from the kind, cheerful, jolly uncle who had loved and petted her a year before! Who would then have better enjoyed such an occasion? How he would have shone out for an entire evening as the most talkative, frisky, hilarious old Puritan alive; praising the plum-cake as heartily as he ate it, and toasting the bride in the sincerest of brimming bumpers.

In those days of Yankeedom, a wedding was usually an occasion of unrestrained joviality; the entire day, even in the gravest families, being often devoted to merry-making, rural games, eating, and drinking. The spirits of the population, corked up all the year round by grim laws and a stern faith, naturally burst forth in noisy effervescence on every such permissible holiday. Clergymen sometimes preached loudly against these jubileations; all the louder, ill-natured people said, because they were seldom called on to officiate in marriages; for, early in Massachusetts history, the office of joining persons in wedlock had been taken from the priesthood and conferred on the magistracy. In 1686, indeed, this restriction was removed; but fashions changed slowly among a grave, simple people; and, for long afterward, most hymeneal knots were tied by the justice of the peace.

Mark and Rachel, however, had called in their kind old pastor and friend, Elder Higginson. There he stood, tall and dignified, mechanically brushing back the white hair which curled over his temples, his kindly eyes fixed on the bride, and his face beautiful with a mild solemnity. It was with an evident flutter that the two lovers rose and faced his venerable composure. I decline to countenance the very natural supposition that they were handsomer at this moment than they ever were before or after. I think that Mark was altogether too red, and Rachel too pale. To Aunt Ann they were lovely; but she did not see them very distinctly; her eyes were too much blinded by tears. Well might she weep; for what had happened since this love-match began? Where was the bride's father—her own and only brother? Was not his face whiter than the face of that girl who stood there trembling in the last hour of her maidenhood? Oh, what foun-

tains of tears were upspringing in the bygone summer! The evil that threatens may not fall; but who shall deliver us from the evil that is past?

While Aunt Ann was wiping her eyes, and trying to lift up her heavy heart, Elder Higginson pronounced Mark and Rachel to be wedded man and wife. Then he kissed the bride, and received an inaudible kiss in return; after which came a row of kisses from the company, intermixed with hand-shakings of a very energetic character. But people were a little in the dumps, as Cousin Jehoida Mix phrased it, until the ale and canary had circulated pretty freely. These liquors melted a funny story out of young Mix; after which Good-wife Stanton related some wedding reminiscences; after which several persons related anecdotes in a pleasant chorus; after which Goody Bowson cackled a psalm-tune, and Frisk gave a yell of sympathy; and, generally speaking, folks made themselves as merry as could be reasonably expected. Sarah Carrier, with a pocket full of raisins, a huge piece of cake in one hand, and half a glass of canary in the other, had evidently quite forgotten that she was one of the afflicted children. At nine there was a sudden search for cloaks and hats; and, in half an hour thereafter, everybody was at home and abed.

At last, then, at last, Mark! Well, we will not say a word to you about it now, my good fellow. You have somebody else to talk to you; or, rather, somebody else to whom you can talk; for the little girl who sits beside you is strangely silent. But I really wish, Mark, that you had lived in our day, so that you could have read the song of songs—the Bridal of Gerald Massey—

"His arms her hyacinth head caress,
And fold her fragrant slenderness,
With all its touching tenderness."

"And now she trembles to his breast,
To make it aye her happy nest,
And proudly crowns his loving quest."

"Dear God! that he alone hath grace
To light such splendor in her face,
And win the blessing of embrace."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE agony of Noyse at the completion of this marriage was indescribable, and almost puzzles comprehension. It was a paroxysm of mingled shame, re-

morse, disappointment, jealousy, revenge, and hatred, so dreadful that it seemed as if his eternal wailings and gnashings had come upon him before their time. The last struggles of a goaded and heavy-laden conscience formed no inconsiderable element of his wretchedness. He was like those unfortunates of ancient days, out of whom devils were cast, but who were left torn, foaming, and wallowing; only in his case it was not the evil angel, but the good one, who, with convulsive struggles and moanings unspeakable, was dragged from his soul. His housekeeper, Goody Bibber, who by accident occasionally listened at his keyhole, declared that she heard him wailing over some lost sinner as David wailed over Absalom. She never could have guessed who that lost sinner was. It was not many days before that same reverend sinner had occasion to learn that he was unable to resist the nakedest, the coarsest of temptations, and could be persuaded to stick his head frankly and fairly into the collar of the devil.

All this while, just as if to spite the miserable minister, Mark and Rachel were uncommonly happy. Even the griefs of the past and the anxieties still remaining in the present, seemed to sail far away and become hazily distant, like clouds receding in a golden sunlight. We will not prate much, however, on this subject, because it is apt to be a sickening one to all but the parties concerned. It rather hurts our vanity to think that two people can be so supremely blissful, without any thought of us, or any need of our good wishes. I dare say also, that there may be a young bachelor or so among the readers of this history, who is disgusted that Rachel did not wait and marry him. I have had such feelings about various unattainable ladies, real or imaginary, and I can readily excuse them in any other lord of creation, provided he is still under twenty-five. After that he ought to have a flesh and blood lady of his own.

Aside from the pleasures common to brides, Rachel felt a sense of positive enjoyment in getting out of the house where she had borne so many sorrows, the vilest of evil tidings, sickness, the persecutions of Noyse, the teasing of her uncle, and the uproarious plague of Sarah Carrier. She could not miss her aunt, for she saw her many times every

day, and made her a visit, or got one from her, every evening. They could talk to each other across the garden, or help each other draw water at the well; for Rachel was able to draw water and do a great deal of tough household lifting and pulling of other descriptions. Indeed, she had such a Junonian pair of arms as one does not get by tossing fans or lifting champagne glasses. It was a pleasure to see how stoutly they could wash, and how round and sound they were through the fragile lacework of soap-flakes. A thorough good housewife she was, as well as a sweet, loving girl; and Mark was perfectly right for the present in considering himself the luckiest fellow in Salem.

Good-wife Stanton was as proud as a peacock of the girl's beauty, breeding, cleverness, and education. I have observed that mothers are apt to be over-sweet on their daughters-in-law at first, and terribly peckish on them afterwards. Ma is delighted to have John marry—vain of his success in winning such a nice girl as Susan—pleased to think that Susan will relieve her old self of the cares of housewifery. But pretty soon she finds that Susan is her successful rival in John's heart; that John will stick to his wife, even against his much wiser and more affectionate mother; and that Susan is either no housekeeper at all, or else wants to manage everything in her own way. The consequence is, that hardly a day passes without its spat; the two women mutually throw each other into dismal tears, and John's happiness is riddled horribly between the opposing broadsides.

But of Good-wife Stanton it could never be discovered that she got in the least tired of her daughter-in-law. She was not one of your sharp housekeepers, nor one of your astonishingly decided and strong-minded women, nor even one of your stiff, angular, feminine pillars of the Church. Who but a Socrates, by the way, would ever desire to wedlock himself with one of those Caryatides of orthodoxy? No; Mark's mother was a slow, easy, kind creature; a little slipshod, it must be owned, in her domestic affairs, but ever ready to watch with a sick person, or lend her best power to a neighbor. "Everybody has their own way," she used to remark; "and Rachel has hers, naterally, and a pooty nice way it is, a'most always."

Sarah Carrier was very eager to patch

up her modest duds, and move in with the newly-married people—Rachel and Mark were quite willing to receive her, and Good-wife Stanton consented to the proposal, although she winced a little when she thought of her great looking-glass in the keeping-room. "But," said she, "the looking-glass can be locked up safe in one of the closets, and there ain't much else about the house to hurt. Also Sairy hain't done a mite of damage under my roof as yet, and like enough she wouldn't be so taken if she could git away from the deacon's, where, to be sure, she has fits, and breaks things at a most awful rate."

But our unhappy deacon was as perverse in holding on to Sarah as Pharaoh in keeping fast hands on the Israelites. He had an idea that, by her means, he should eventually worm out the whole plot of the devils for overthrowing religion in New England, for which reason he vetoed the proposition for removing the child, and got quite angry at the very natural urgings of Mrs. Bowson. Thus Sarah remained when Rachel left, from which day the devils persecuted her with such vehemence that for a week the house was almost uninhabitable. The deacon was delighted with the new vigor of the manifestations; they excited him, kept him on the look-out and filled him with hopes of a discovery. No cat, watching a mouse-hole, no puppy, tugging at a root, could be more persevering and eager. Such zeal, such steadiness of search, obtained its reward; and this amateur detective soon ferreted out a good deal more than he hoped, or even wanted to. It was on the second Thursday after the wedding, at nine in the evening, that he returned from a prayer-meeting at the parsonage. He was restless, feverish, more than commonly wild in his talk, and wanted to sit up by the fire all night, for fear the wizards would steal his hospitality by coming in through the keyhole and warming themselves over the smouldering coals. His wife coaxed him into going to bed, and Rachel, who was there on a visit, set to work cheerily to brew some herb-tea, potent for provoking perspiration and killing off colds. The deacon swallowed it, complained that it was bad-tasted, and allowed himself to be gallanted to the bedroom. Rachel and Mark then ran home through the garden, and danced into Good-wife Stanton's, glowing with

the fresh winter wind and their own young happiness.

Two or three hours afterward the deacon awoke, shrieking from a frightful nightmare. A hideous, black visage, seamed and horny, and blistered, from the eternal fires, appeared bending over his own, its bloody eyes fixed on his, its claw-like hands holding him by the throat, and its baked lips chattering in his ear some damning formula which he must repeat or die. Ever the hands pressed harder, and the diabolical mutterings grew fiercer, while towards him swept a figure like Rachel, bearing in one hand a bowl, and in the other a torch that flamed high into the heavens. On the verge of strangulation he burst away from the monster's clutch, and rolled with a loud shriek upon the floor. Mistress Bowson awoke at the noise and found her husband in a swoon, under the bedstead. She lighted a candle, flung some water in his face, and presently saw him open his eyes and glare affrightedly round the chamber. The dreadful illusion had vanished from his senses, but not from his belief. He repeated Rachel's name with a shudder, and then muttered some incoherences about a damned brother-in-law, hell-broth, devil's covenants and witch communions. He would not be quieted; insisted upon dressing himself; knocked Teague up, and sent him off after Noyse. In ten minutes the somnolent Irishman was banging at the minister's door, swearing in a soliloquy at the poor prospect there was of making anybody hear him in a hurry. But Noyse, neither asleep nor sleepy, sat alone in his study, cowering under a dim fire, frightful to him in that its fitful flames wrought endless mirages of the lake of brimstone. He ran to the door, and, cautiously opening it, peered out on the untimely visitor. "Be ja—! bless your riverence," said Teague. "Sorry to trouble ye at this time o' day; but Masther Bowson's found the divil at last, an' he wants yer riverence right away. Not the divil, I mane to say, but Masther Bowson," he added, rubbing his eyes, and blinking at the minister's candle.

Several confused questions and answers made Noyse comprehend that something extraordinary had happened at the deacon's house, which made his pastoral presence there immediately desirable. He put on his cloak, lighted a tin lantern, bored with holes like a pep-

per castor, and rejoined Teague. A cold wind furiously shook the bare trees in front of the house, whistled scoffingly among the projecting roofs of the gables, and tossed a few wandering snow-flakes in the faces of the two pedestrians. The village was dark in slumber, and the night starless and moonless, no light being anywhere discoverable but the glimmer of the lantern. They reached the house and found Mrs. Bowson, dressed, in the kitchen.

"What is the matter?" Noyse asked.

"I think my husband has had some dream," she said. "I truly think that is all. But he is feverish, and would not be quieted without seeing you. I pray you not to believe there is anything serious in the matter."

"Where is he?" inquired the elder, biting his lips as if vexed at being disturbed for such a trifle.

"He is in his bed-chamber," Mrs. Bowson replied. "I will show you in. But keep on your cloak, sir, for it is cold."

She led him up stairs, and presently returned to crouch in a corner of the fireplace, while Teague sat at the other end of the great cavity, watching her in silence. "If ye'll please to excuse me, maam," he finally said, "I am just a thinkin', maam, that it 'ud be well for yiz to be up there loikewise. I'm afraid Mather Bowson has got a good bit ahead of his wits to-night, and wud be just as loikely as not to ask somebody to chop his head off or do somethin' else that isn't reasonable. I hope ye'll please to excuse me for bein' so bowld."

"He sent me away, Teague," replied Mrs. Bowson. "He said he must talk with the elder alone. But I trust Master Noyse will see his condition, and know how to take his wild fantasies."

Meantime, the reverend visitor questioned Bowson, who, wrapped in a white blanket, paced up and down the chamber in a ludicrous agitation. "Oh, what a dreadful thing, Elder Noyse!" he said at last. "Oh, that I should be a cold professor, and follow the world to that extent that Satan could get a grip on me and marry me into a family of witches!" He went on to describe his frightful dream; the burnt and charred visage; the clutching hands; the demoniac chatterings; the figure of Rachel with her bowl and torch. "Oh, Elder, my punishment is greater than I can bear!" he whined. "Why should it

come upon me so like a thief in the night! I have prayed to God. I have sought him lustily with tears, but he has no pity on me. To think that I should marry the sister of a wizard, so that he could have power to come up out of hell and tempt me! It was Henry More—I know it—I know it too well. Oh, if I had repeated what he muttered at me, I would have been lost forever! And Rachel, too, with her witch-broth, which she wants to have me drink, and so drink damnation to myself! Those were witch-yarbs that she stewed for me, I know they were. Oh, I wonder if they made me a wizard! I wonder if I am lost!"

And so he went on, raving, crying, wringing his hands, and occasionally dropping on his knees to mutter inaudibly. There was no pity for Rachel in what he said—no doubting of caution or mercy in her favor—no shadow remaining of the love and pride with which he had once regarded her. And now a fiendish temptation held out its evil hand to the bruised, festered spirit of Noyse. He might use this semi-madman, use him with perfect safety, to work out the most complete vengeance that man could desire. He, too, fell on his knees and prayed; but it was a crazed, wicked prayer; a supplication half to God, and half to Satan; and it was Satan alone who heard and answered it. When he arose, he dared throw his arms around that pitiable fanatic, and tell him that Rachel Stanton was a witch dangerous to his soul. He wept copiously as he talked, though from what emotions he could not have told. The tempter and the dupe came out of the chamber with the same intention. Both were nearly frenzied: the one by superstition acting on a weak intellect, the other by bad passions acting on a weak moral nature. Noyse made no explanations to Mrs. Bowson, but led the deacon hurriedly away to his own house, and, putting him to bed there, kept him until morning. Bowson slept a little, holding fast to the minister's hand; and the latter sat by him most of the night, dozing now and then, to wake abruptly from ghastly dreams. He tried to collect himself and mature his plot, but his mind remained painfully excited and confused. It seemed to him as if he could not answer for what any coming moment would see him do or say. A strange disposition to laugh haunted

him, even when he thought of the court, or of his sermons; for, in comparison with his huge misery, with his deformed conscience, every other grave thing seemed trivial and ludicrous. What were they worth, these oaths and testimonies, and solemn judgments, and long prayers, and pious discourses? He was about to make a mock of them all now; to render them a matter of laughter to devils; to show that there was nothing serious in the world but his own enormous wickedness. At the same time he felt, by comparing the present with particular hours of a month or two months before, that remorse had less power on him than formerly, in proportion to his guilt. It was no longer so terrible to look back upon slow apostasy; to look down into a hateful heart; to look forward into the mysterious future. He was growing hardened to it, he thought; his conscience was as an eel that was getting used to skinning; and he laughed here, for it struck him that the comparison was very amusing. His merriment was increased, perhaps, by a quantity of rum, which he took in frequent sips from a stone flask. The liquor, too, steadied his brain, and gave him a boldness of thought beyond his nature. Indeed, as he drank on, his speculations in theology and ethics became decidedly skeptical. Who could tell whether, after all, there was not a great deal of exaggeration in the common opinions about holiness, sin, the reward of one and the punishment of the other? He had surely been a Christian, if there was such a thing, and what was he now? He had been fooling himself; that was as clear as the broadest noontide; and it was more than probable that his brother professors were fooling themselves also; only they, unlike him, had not yet trampled hard enough on the thin crust of deception to burst through it.

Well, he mused a long time; came to no conclusion; had cat-naps occasionally; took fresh sips of rum after each waking; laughed at the poor fool who lay before him; laughed several times as he remembered the trials and the convulsions of the witnesses; stamped his feet and clenched his fist, as he thought of Mark and Rachel in innocent slumber; and started up at the first whiteness of daylight, excited still, but resolute, vigorous, unrelenting. He roused the deacon, and hurried him off immediately to

the house of Justice Hawthorne. The magistrate had just built a fire in his keeping-room, and set himself down before a table strewn with legal papers. He stared immensely when his minister and one of his deacons asked him to write a commitment for Rachel Stanton. He was evidently about to remonstrate, but Noyse commenced the story of last night's adventures; Bowson broke in with piteous whinings and endless repetitions; and Hawthorne, dumbfounded, almost angry, was obliged to listen. When the pair had ended their statement, he seemed still undecided; said it was strange, passing strange; Rachel had borne a blameless character; she was young, and a sweet lass to look upon; not a soul among the afflicted had cried out upon her. The elder sternly replied that he might be at ease in doing his duty; for that full evidence of the woman's guilt should be forthcoming.

"Well, Master Noyse," said the justice, "I can but commit her. If she is not culpable, I hope it will be proved. The Lord have mercy on all innocent persons."

He made out the necessary papers, and said he would hand them that morning to Herrick. The accusers then retired, leaving the magistrate to a more unpleasant reverie than had fallen to the lot of his clear, cool, self-possessed nature for many days previous. Noyse instructed his puppet to keep silence on the occurrences of the morning, as he wished to see justice done on the guilty, and to disentangle himself from the toils of the wicked one. Bowson promised all, with a faith which would have held good at the stake.

The first act of the minister, on finding himself alone in his study, was, to take another draught from the stone flask. Then, after eating a hearty breakfast, he had family service, as usual, and, returning to the study, sat down in a moody meditation. In half an hour or so, he seemed to have settled on some plan; for he put the stone bottle in his pocket, ordered his horse, and rode rapidly away. Dismounting at the door of a lonely, dilapidated hovel in the outskirts of the town, he entered without knocking, and stood face to face with a woman, apparently half Indian and half negro. She was a ragged wretch, short and squat in form, with a broad, heavy visage, bloated and caruncled by liquor. The single room of

the hovel was furnished with a couple of blocks for seats, an iron kettle and a bed of straw and rags; while some half-finished, gayly-colored baskets lay about, indicating how the mistress of the house earned at least a portion of her living. Drawing the bottle from his pocket, Noyse said: "Morning, Santy. I have the wherewithal to warm you, in this frosty weather."

The savage creature's black eyes sparkled, and she took the bottle from his outstretched hand with an indescribable eagerness. Picking up a wooden cup which lay on the floor, she half-filled it, and swallowed the contents at a few ravenous gulps. "Tankey, elder," she said, "very good rum."

"Keep the bottle," replied Noyse, "it will cheer you up. Poor creature, you are thirsty. I will bring you some more rum when that is gone."

The squaw expressed her thanks in a gibberish, half English, half Indian; and declared that she would serve him to the death, no matter what he desired. He waited until she was clearly under the influence of the liquor, when he introduced the subject of witchcraft, and inquired about her woeful sufferings from the white man's devil. Santy was ready to bemoan herself, and to agree with her charitable visitor in any view of the subject that he chose to offer. Taking an encouraging draught from the flask, he proceeded to tell her of the commitment that had been issued against Rachel Stanton; and he went on clearer and bolder, until the half-drunken but still cunning vagabond saw that he was anxious for witnesses against the new victim. She was prepared for him; she burst forth immedi-

ately with her grievances; she had suffered night and day, for a month, from this Rachel: she was ready to swear to it any day, before any court of justice. What a wonderful cunning he showed in his replies. How dexterously he guided her to a plausible tale by his leading questions. How carefully he avoided committing himself, so that his infamous accomplice could ever accuse him. And when, at last, she had stated all that was necessary for his purpose, with what audacity he told her that she must never recede from these confessions, or he would have her hanged as a denier of the truth, and a fellow-worker with sorcerers. The man actually seemed to be inspired for evil. He had a facility and adroitness which astonished even himself. When he left the cabin, they perfectly understood each other, and Santy knew her part and her reward.

Not half an hour after Noyse reentered his house, Sheriff Herriek knocked at the door of Good-wife Stanton. We will not go in with him. We have witnessed, and shall yet witness, enough of painful scenes, without being present at this. Let us hurry as lightly as possible over the plagues that remain, possessing our souls in patience in view of the deliverance at the end. I must once more beg the reader, however, not to be surprised at the number of hateful people who appear in this narrative. Such a storm as agitated the community of Salem, would necessarily bring the mud and lees of society to the surface; and even those who were generally pure now showed colors more foul than at any other time would have been thought possible of them.

JUNE.

THROW open wide your golden gates,
O, post-lauded month of June,
And waft me, on your spicy breath,
The melody of birds in tune.

O, fairest palace of the three,
Wherein Queen Summer holdeth sway,
I gaze upon your leafy courts
From out the vestibule of May.

I fain would tread your garden walks,
Or in your shady bowers recline—
Then open wide your golden gates,
And make them mine, and make them mine.

COLLEGE LIFE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IT may, perhaps, amuse the college-students of the present day, and the fathers, too, who foot the bills at vacation, to know something of how this business of going to college was managed a century ago. For their amusement, in good faith, and with no austere design to create invidious comparisons between the bald and niggard simplicity of those far-off times and the elegances with which parental indulgence and princely wealth have enabled the young students of our time to embellish the journey of Parnassus, we propose to lay before them some portion of the contents of a small manuscript that has fallen to us. In short, we meditate a review of an unpublished work, the title of which has never yet been settled; for the author, unsuspecting of the honorable notice at which it has, after more than twenty lustrums of obscurity, attained, erased from it the name of "Diary," and inserted no other in its place to follow his own Christian and surname left to indicate himself as the proprietor of the volume.

As we have no precedents at hand for reviewers spending much money of their publishers, or time of their readers, or headwork of their own, in settling titles upon books which authors have left destitute of them, we shall, omitting to name our book, proceed to give some account of its contents and of its author.

This gentleman was born in May, 1732, at Waltham near Boston, and his name is consequently found written at length in Dr. Boyd's "Family memorials." It appears also in the lists of several of the continental congresses, and in the first six congresses under the Constitution. In short, it may be found written and printed in so many honorable categories, and attended with such honorable mention in historical articles and so forth, that it will be sufficient here to know it by its initials only, "S. L."

His birth having taken place at so remote a period as 1732, we may, in conformity with the notions which then prevailed, and by throwing ourselves and readers back into that distant era, evading any prejudices that may now exist against the use of adjectives denoting quality applied to that event in man's

existence, permit ourselves to say that it was a *good* birth. That is, it was caused or originated by a line of respectable ancestry seated in the place of his nativity, enjoying competence at home and consideration in the vicinity. His father was a grave and respected magistrate by the commission of a royal governor, and what still more decidedly bespoke the confidence and esteem of his contemporaries, a colonel in the Massachusetts militia. These facts all appear, or most of them, in the little book, and are confirmed in the larger work of Dr. Boyd. His home is now, and has long been, the very elegant residence and valuable estate of one of the richest families of Boston.

In the year 1751, it seemed fit in the eyes of this worthy gentleman that his son should proceed to college, and preparations are made for his departure. Why he did not go to Cambridge, which was within four miles of his father's house, fully appears in our book, but need not here be stated. He is bound to the distant seat of Nassau Hall in Newark, N. J. For a young gentleman of his rank to present himself among strangers, so far from his home, without evidence of the consideration in which he is held by his neighbors, and with no claim to favorable reception at the college, but the examination and the fee he tips at his entrance, was not to be thought of. The reverend clergy, honorable magistrates, merchants in credit with correspondents at New York, each in his way, came forward with credentials that were to place the son of their honored neighbor upon the clearest footing as regarded character and credit.

Of one of these letters of recommendation we shall make an extract. It is to his Excellency Jonathan Belcher, formerly governor of Massachusetts, and now of New Jersey:

"May it please your Excellency:

"Sir,—After due salutations, and wishing you health, and prosperity, and a peaceful government, these are to request you to accept the bearer's humble desires of your regard.

"Your Excellency will excuse this freedom, when I assure you, sir, I have still a sense of the peculiar regards shown me in the little acquaintance I had with you before you left

New England, and the high esteem I then had and still have of you as a patron of learning.

"Mr. [S. L., jr.] visits Newark college in order to qualify himself for ye work of ye ministry, and to obtain academical honors from that college, which, I doubt not, his piety and learning will soon merit . . .

Hoping his conduct may merit him a character good in your esteem, and yt. he may be an honor to his own province, concludes me at present,

"Yr. Excellency's most obt.

"Most humble sert.

"Chelsea, Sept. 9, 1751. N. OLIVER, jr."

We must give an extract from another. It is from the Rev. William Clenechan to the Rev. Mr. Burr, President of the college and the father of Aaron Burr.

"Rev., Hon., and respected sir.

"The bearer, Mr. [S. L.], engages me, however unworthy, to address you on his behalf. He waits on you for admission into your society, and when you shall think he merits it, for ye honors of your college.

As he has lived with and near me, and taught in the town's school for upwards of a year past, to universal acceptance and edification of our children, as an overseer of said school, and as a friend engaged by his merits, I can't refuse granting his request of recommending him to your nearest esteem.

"As I doubt not his learning and piety will soon convince all acquainted with him of his just deserts, if God shall increase those graces, which seem fast-rooted in his breast, I shall say no more of his merit, being called suddenly to this task in great haste.

"As I think, sir, you may safely depend on his veracity, I shall leave him to give you a narrative of the particular reasons for travelling so far for those honours wh. some persons might think should be conferred nearer home."

.....

These letters and others of like import, the young gentleman, not willing that such testimonials of his good character and mementoes of the regard of the great and good men who gave them should be lost, carefully copied into the little book before us, to which we are wholly indebted for their preservation.

HOW THE STUDENT TRAVELED FROM BOSTON TO NEWARK, AND OF HIS POSSESSIONS ON SETTING OUT.

On these heads we copy from the book :

Sept. 6, 1751. Possessed of 5 dollars, one moyer, 3 guineas.

Sept. 10. Laid in for the voyage to New York, viz. :

5 quarts West Ind. Rum	£1 17 6
½ lb. Tea, a 48s.	12 0
Canister.	6 0
1 doz. fowls.	2 10 0
2 pounds loaf sugar, a 8s.	16 0
1 doz. and 8 lemons.	1 9 0
3 pounds butter.	12 0
Box 5s.	5 0

£8 7 6

The above computation is in the currency called old tenor, at £2 5s. to the dollar. And as, in the extensive journeys through which we shall follow our student from Boston, in Massachusetts, through the provinces of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey, or parts of them, we shall find him computing in various currencies, it may be as well here, and once for all, to remind the reader that the value of the dollar was as follows :

New England currency.	£0 6 0
Light or Newark.	0 8 8
Proclamation.	0 7 4½
New York.	0 8 0
Old Tenor	2 5 0

Thus we find that his rum was about 16 cents a quart; butter 8½ cents a pound; tea about a dollar; his fowls a little more than a dollar a dozen; and the total of his outfit for the VOYAGE something short of \$4.

We hope that our readers will refer to the letters of introduction, and consider the high promise and purposes of the party undertaking the voyage, and refrain from any reflections upon the disproportion of the first article in the inventory to some of the others. It certainly reminds one of the bills found in Falstaff's pockets.

The journal proceeds :

Sept. 5, 1751. Put on board ye sloop Lydia, Capt. J. Van Wagener, master, viz. : a chest in w^c: Two close coats, 1 great coat, 2 jackets, 13 shirts, 7 pair of stockings, 6 caps, 4 cravats, 3 handkerchiefs, 1 pr. breeches.

Books, viz. : Bible, Latin and Greek Testaments and Grammars, Latin Dictionary and Lexicon, Ward's Introduction to Mathematics, Gordon's Geography, Virgil, Tully.

A voyage so long as from Boston to New York, could not, of course, be made without touching at an intermediate point; and we find a memorandum of expenses at Newport, where the young scholar supplied himself with a penknife, a corkscrew and a buckle-brush at a cost of £25, O. T.

But the long voyage had an end at last, so that he was able to pay the captain £1 8s. on the 24th day of Sep-

tember, 1751, in full for his passage, as appears by Capt. Jacob Van Wagener's receipt of that date. This must have been York money, and amounted to \$3 50, as appears by an entry in these words: "York money, dollar 8s."

It is easy for a young student to imagine what impulses moved the heart of this young gentleman on finding himself in the city of New York. The memorandum proceeds:

12 yards best Russell a 4s. 6d.	£2 14 0
2 Duke of Cumberland handk'fs	5 4

[The field of Culloden that gave the name to these elegant articles of dress, did it ensanguine them, also, with the hues of battle?]

8 yards plaid a 5s. 6d.	£2 4 0
3 pairs worsted stockings a 10s.	1 10 0
Paid Mr. Barns for entertainment, viz., 1 day.	4 10 0

Equal to 60 cents. Who will show us the "St. Nicholas," or "Metropolitan," of 1751, that fobbed that reckoning? Its attractions could not divert our Telemachus, or detain him beyond a single day from his purpose, and he proceeded on the 24th, at an expense of 18½ cents, to Newark, leaving, however, with Mr. Ennis Graham, the materials to be made into a gown. For this he afterwards sends, with 5s. 6d. York, by Clintock, his chum.

Also paid Dr. Turner for 5 days' board, the washing of 5 shirts, and bringing up my chest, etc.	£0 5 0
A pair of snufflers.	0 1 0
Oct. 3. A gallon West Ind. Rum.	0 5 0

[5 quarts gone since the 10th of September.]

How he spends money at college, on dress, etc.

Oct. 3, 1751.	
Paid Mrs. Crane, viz.:	
For 21 lbs. candles, a 10d per lb.	£0 17 6
Oct. 4. To a fountain pen of Mr. Gordon.	0 1 9
Oct. 7. To Mr. Sol. Davis, for bringing up my gown from York.	0 0 6
To pr. garters for a gown-string.	0 1 2
To 3 yds. flannel, a 3s. for pr. waistcoats.	0 9 0
To 2 doz. buttons.	0 1 2
To making ye waistcoats, a 2s. a piece.	0 4 0
To 5 yds list.	0 0 6½
To J. Canfield in boot for exchange of Lexicons.	0 7 7

Newark or Light £2 3 2½

Three months we will suppose devoted to the ordinary routine of college

exercise, and that the health and spirits of the student required the gown, which Sol. Davis brought up from New York, to be laid aside, while a few days should be spent in "seeing the year 1752 inaugurated with proper solemnities and festivity into the place of the old one." Accordingly we find as follows:

Jan'y. 8, 9, 10—1752.	
To expenses in a journey to N. York, slay-hire, etc.	£1 0 6½
To postage of a letter from my father.	0 1 8
To Martin's dictionary, 15s.; calendar, 4s.	0 19 0
To an almanac, 9d.; sand-box, 6d.	0 1 3
To ink-powder, 1s.; sealing-wax, 6d.; grinding razor, 6d.	0 2 0
To a jacket.	3 6 10

These articles in York currency, £5 11 3½

It may not be necessary to copy more of this part of the book in course, but we shall make a selection of various items of what seems to us of most significance.

And what Jersey-man will not read with pride, in the first that follows, the evidence of the antiquity of a branch of industry that now reflects honor upon his state from all parts of the country!

March, 24. To E. Crane, for a barrel of cyder.	£0 14 0
Horse and chair to the Falls.	0 8 0
I. Sheppen, 40s. York, toward the bottles.	2 3 4
For mending my button.	0 1 0

This last article puzzled us for a moment, and in sadness we were on the verge of renouncing our omniscience as a reviewer. What button, in the name of all that is ancient, was that which, being capable of being mended at all, could have required for its repair, in labor and materials, the sum of eleven and a half cents?—a sum which, to judge from the price of fowls at \$1 10 per dozen, or butter at 8½ cents a pound, would have purchased, at least, three times as much as the same sum would purchase to-day. Was it a single button omnipotent to confine the waistband of those breeches which he brought from Boston? Did it figure as an auxiliary to those "garters," which he bought for a gown-string? Was it a stud of gold or silver, doing alone the duty of the three required on the plaited bosoms of the moderns? Thus each article of ancient wear was called, when, at "BUTTON-MAKER, RISE," a

cocked hat of imperishable felt exhibited upon its front, in embroidered silk, the article in such earnest question. And here is the hat itself:

May 21.
To a hat, - - - - - £2 12

And now for the board bill:

William Camp, cr. To board from
March 20, to June 20, 1752, at 7s.
per week, - - - - - £4 11 0
Sept. 23, N. S. To 12 weeks and 6
days' board, - - - - - 4 10 0
Jan. 20, 1752. $\frac{1}{2}$ cord of hickory
wood, a 14s. - - - - - 3 6

This brings the board at 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents a week, and hickory wood at \$1 62 a cord! Let us go to Newark and save our money!

August 29, 1752. Lent the President £8, York currency, - £8 0 0
Sept. 26. Paid Mr. Burr for my degree (Proclamation), - 1 10 0
To materials for breeches, - 1 8 9
Making sd. breeches, - 0 6 0
Class, June 17, 1752. Presented Mr. Preses silver can as gift, pr. hands Mr. Wright. Cost £7 10.

18th. Revd Pres'd. by short orat. returned his thanks.

24th. Examination. Hebrew, Testament, Homer, Tully's orations, Horace logio, Geog'y, Astronomy, Nat. Philosophy, Ontology, Rhetoric, Ethics.

August, 31. Paid towards the horse, £7 16 0
To Bill Camp, for putting my chest on board, - - - - - 0 6 6

These last two items admonish us that we approach the time for

TAKING LEAVE OF THE COLLEGE.

A small item for wine, with several for limes, sugar, and rum, about the same period, enable us to understand that the pains of leave-taking might have been assuaged by convivial sentiment, and that festivity derives a charm from sorrow, while it lightens its burden. The songs which that wine inspired were not the mad chants of Bacchanalism, but the wasting perfume of flowers. The flowers fade, indeed, and youth, with its peculiar pleasures, passes away; but not without hope, and leaving the heart to ripen.

The "chest" is placed on board a craft, whose name is not preserved to us; but, we trust, a good craft, that safely discharged its freight of gowns, breeches, jackets, and "Duke-of-Cumberland's," to become, in time, the admiration and envy of the belles and beaux of the remote province of Mas-

sachusetts Bay. Our adventurer bays

HIS JOURNEY HOME.

The bachelor of all arts, by the diploma of Nassau Hall, was, by his own achievement, a master of the important and gentle science of the horse; which, with a genuine prowess, he reduces to practice on this occasion.

Let us trace him, with the aid of his journal. His fine face—for his portrait still exists—shaded by the hat he has bought for the handsome sum of £2 1s. 2d.—the mending of the button of which cost him a shilling; his full breast, throwing forward to the air and light the ample jacket or waistcoat that cost him £3 6s. 1d. What were its colors or materials? We know its liberal form and pockets descending to the hips. Was it plush of scarlet, velvet, corduroy; or what texture of long-forgotten name, and of manufacture among the lost arts?

His horse carries him the first day to Harvard, where the night is spent. On the next, he proceeds through Bolton and Lebanon, to Leavenwell's, in Norwich, where he sleeps again. Thence, by Volentown and Scituate, to Angell's, in Providence; where, after a ride of fifty miles in the saddle, let us hope he had refreshing cheer. Thence, by Attleborough, Wrentham, and Dedham, where, for some cause, he prefers Gay's inn to Ames'—he did not know of whom that Ames was to be the ancestor—he arrived, after another ride of fifty miles, at his father's house in Waltham.

Of the expenses of this journey we are not informed; but, fourteen years later, he performed nearly the same route, on horseback likewise, when he expended about \$1 50 per day. On this last occasion, his practice was to ride about fifty miles a day, stopping three times between morning and night, for purposes requiring the outlay of from sixpence to two shillings lawful, or 8 cents to 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents, at each time of dismounting. He expended, upon his journey home from college, probably, from four to five dollars, in the four days he was upon the road.

Without assuming to be perfectly accurate, we may, upon the authority of the little book we have examined, conclude that our young gentleman left home with about twenty-five dollars

in his pocket. In the twelve months of his absence he received—

Upon Mr. Wendell's letter of credit,	\$ 40
From his father,	100
From some one, through one E. S., about	20
Making, with the \$25 first-named,	\$185
Of this there went for clothing,	\$43
Board, at 80¢ cents per week,	42
College Bills,	20
Amusements,	6
Rum, \$3; Cider and Bottle, \$3,	11
Traveling Expenses,	12
A Horse (part payment),	20
Sundries—Embracing wood, at \$1 62 per cord; candles, 10 cents; barber, etc., etc.,	11
	\$165

Thus, we have a pretty fair notion of the college expenses, for twelve months, of a young gentleman of respectable birth and connections at that time, whose habits appear to have been liberal, and whose outfit was upon such a scale as to enable him once to accommodate the president with a loan, and, at another time, to unite with his classmates in a complimentary gift to him.

In dismissing the little book from this review, the imagination lingers upon the scenes through which it has carried us. The myriads who have since thronged the paths he trod, and, without leaving a memorial of their individual existence, have resigned, to succeeding generations, the shadows they have pursued, even the generation that now toils in

the harness, all pass away, to give place to the adventurer whose little travels and brief sojourn we have thus become acquainted with, and the people among whom we trace him.

The country itself, thus "repeopled with the past," owned the feeble sway, under George II., of the Duke of Newcastle, in whose horizon its dim outlines were but little known, and which he describes as "the island called New England." The country must have been, much of it, a wilderness, permeated with roads, so little deserving the name and answering the purposes of such accommodations, that, nearly forty years later, our traveler habitually passed over them on horseback, sending his luggage by sea. The almanacs of that and even a much later period, gave most of the space after the calendar to registering the names and places of the principal inn-keepers, with the distances between.

It was in the very month of September on which our student left college, that Lord Chesterfield's famous bill, establishing the new style of the calendar, took effect. Washington, who was of the same age with our hero, was surveying in Virginia. Earl Bute was intriguing at Leicester House, and the future Chatham nursing, in the impotence of subordinate official station, the terrors that, in a few years, were to burst upon the two great powers of continental Europe.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.*

THE recent completion of a second edition of Johnston's "Physical Atlas," enlarged and improved, induces us to give our readers some account of this comprehensive and very valuable work. The original design of the "Physical Atlas" was, to convey, by the aid of charts and diagrams and a series of carefully-written explanatory essays, a clear conception of the great facts and general truths of the wide and noble science of physical geography. This very extensive department of modern

knowledge embraces every branch of the earth's natural history in its largest sense, which takes cognizance of the objects and phenomena of our globe in their geographical distribution. It comprehends, indeed, all the space-relations of the things visible upon the earth's surface, as well its insensate stationary rocks and ever-moving fluids, water and air, as its vital organic beings, plants and animals, and man. Whatever possesses a fixed habitation on the earth's surface, or has ascertain-

* *The Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena.* By ALEX. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., etc. A new and enlarged edition. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. Sold by Bangs, Brothers & Co., New York.

able limits of partial diffusion over it, or a traceable path of motion on it, whatever is susceptible of geographic definition, belongs legitimately to the wide domain of physical geography. It pays regard, therefore, to all the physical features of the external rocky crust; the shape of its lands and waters; the relief or solid modeling of its planes, slopes, and mountains; the configurations of its shores, and every thing that pertains to its orography and external geology. It treats of the waters of the globe in all their aspects, not simply in the areas they occupy, but in the wonderful functions which they perform—tracing them in their drainage across the lands, and in their great systematic circulation throughout the seas, where they constitute an important part of the mighty wheel-work of this earth's never-resting mechanism. It tracks the waters from the atmosphere where they float diffused a universal ocean; measures the relative amounts of nourishment, in the shape of rain and snow, which they sift upon the earth; traces the water-sheds which divide their flow over the surface, estimates the part which evaporation lifts back into the atmosphere, and gauges the remainder which flows forward into the ocean. Within the sea, this science watches the movements of the waters as the physiologist studies the organization and functions of a living thing. It sounds their depths, finds the shape of the undulating floor over which they float, and, by the plummet, maps out the planes and slopes of the vast lands below the floods, as full of life and as influential, by their configuration, as the lands above the sea-level. Noting the oceanic circulation, and the conditions which control it, it aims at studying the temperatures of the sea in all its parts, and is fast attaining a clear conception of the distribution of the many climates which are hid under the waves, and to each of which belongs a separate, populous world. Looking at the mere dynamics of the sea, it observes its currents, marks their wide rotations, traces their limits, notes how they sweep from shore to shore, carrying to the lands they invade the climates and even some of the products of the zones they leave, and governing the distribution, not merely of the aquatic forms of life, but of the races of all the oceanic borders of the continents. Not content with producing

to the mental eye, through description and graphic illustration, this whole beautifully-regulated play of the constantly-flowing waters, and showing them in their climatal reactions, it undertakes to measure and depict the march of the great tidal wave, which twice, between one passing of the moon and the succeeding, moves round the globe, a swift though soft pulsation, carrying to all its shores the nourishment of an incessant washing. To its province, called hydrography, it assigns the task of representing all these and still other phenomena of the earth's waters.

Physical geography discusses not only the geography of the land, and the geography of all the earth's waters, but *the geography of the air*. Considering the atmosphere as a universal ocean, resting on the land and the sea as its diversified bed, and as maintained in never-ceasing circulation by inequalities of weight derived from unequal heating, by the rotation of the earth beneath it, and by disparities of frictional resistance incident to the nature of the surface upon which it moves, it finds that the fields of air divide themselves up into a most complex geography; that the globe is belted with winds, some as constant as its own rotation, some oscillating and periodic, some intricately interlaced, yet all susceptible of being defined in their limits, tracked in their course, and pictured to the mental vision, by the art of chartography. In the same way, it takes note of all the other elements of climate, ascertains, by a thousand coördinated observations, the distribution of heat over the whole globe; telling us not only the average warmth of the year for any given spot, but the average temperature for each season or each month. It shows us within what extremes the actual degrees of heat and cold are known to fluctuate, and by what gradations the seasons pass into each other, and to what extents and wherein the multitudinous climates of the earth disagree. It sketches to our eyes the belts of average annual warmth round the globe, and displays how widely these deviate from the circles of equal latitude, and descends so far into detail as to show us all localities possessing the same temperature for any particular part of the year, even a given month, over the whole circuit of the hemisphere. It is fast accomplishing,

in regard to moisture, what it has been doing in respect to heat, showing us the *geography of the world's rain*, describing and mapping not only the rainy and the rainless countries, but the limits of the different areas enjoying an identity in the amount of atmospheric precipitation.

Of all the aims contemplated by the great science of meteorology, in its aspects as a branch of physical geography, this, of ascertaining for each climatal region of the globe its annual and seasonal rain-fall, is palpably the most important. We can find no terms whereby we can adequately convey our conception of the momentous value, to all human interests, of a just knowledge of the general facts or laws which regulate the distribution of rain. The conveyor of all nourishment, itself a chief nutrient element for everything that grows and lives, the atmospheric water is, in conjunction with temperature, the measure, the coefficient, of the food-producing or life-supporting capacity of every district of the globe. Where it is absent, or in stinted quantity, the earth is desert; where it abounds, all vital actions are at their *maximum*. And it is no less indispensable for some of man's most important industrial operations. In agriculture, it is nature, seldom man, who provides and applies the moisture without which there is no harvest, and, therefore, we advert not to this, the art of all arts. But water is almost as indispensable an agent in the great art of mining, or drawing from the earth her invaluable mineral bounties. A perfectly arid country can have no mines, and it is not going one step beyond sober truth to say, that the ultimate limit of mineral productiveness of any region will be determined by the amount of its atmospheric moisture, or, more strictly, by the extent of its natural irrigation. This applies, in a striking manner, to the extraction of gold and all those metals and ores which can only be got by *washing*. Even now, the gold-fields of California and other gold-bearing countries yield their crops of wealth only at those seasons and in those localities which are visited by a sufficiency of rain to supply water for the separating process. Indeed, it is not too much to say, that the ultimate supply of bullion to the commercial world will find its limiting conditions in the limits fixed by the Creator to the

rain which fall in the gold-containing countries.

Another important branch of physical geography is that which ascertains and exhibits the geographical distribution of plants. Botanical geography, as it is called, is, indeed, but a department of this great composite science—but one wing of the vast and beautiful temple—and how marvelous are the pictures which it discloses. It shows us the whole *pattern of the great green carpet* with which the earth's floor is clothed; points to where the forests shade its soils; defines to us the limits of its open grassy pampas and flowery prairies and the spaces forever given over to verdureless sterility.

An equally instructive division of the science is that which contemplates the geographical divisions of the various tribes of animals; which tells us, for example, within what limits different species and genera of the mammalia roam; what boundaries confine each description of bird and fish; and to what areas, in fine, each race, both terrestrial and aquatic, is restricted as to its appointed home upon this earth. The entire domain of positive science discloses no one province more full of wonderful and beautiful relationships, more expressive of the divine harmony which reigns in the material world; more suggestive of infinite intelligence in its complex adjustments, than this superb field of research, which takes note of the geographic distribution of life in all its thousand forms. Each type or pattern of living animal has its own allotted province, and each group of types its appointed district upon the earth's surface; and it has been one of the noblest triumphs of the generalizing spirit of natural history, that it has furnished the world with this lofty class of facts relating to the diffusion of life. The geography of animal life is, indeed, the noblest of all the departments of physical geography.

Under this province, which, from its human interest, may be dignified as a separate science, ranks the whole interesting field of recently accumulated knowledge which is called *ethnology*, or the science of the distribution of the varieties of the human race throughout the globe. In the department of man, physical geography embraces more, indeed, than technically defined ethnology. It includes all the phenomena

of mankind which exhibit geographical variations, are confined to geographical limits, or are susceptible of chartographic delineation. It has cognizance, therefore, of the distribution of language as well as of race—of the distribution of disease, stationary or in motion—and, passing the confines of the physical world, to enter that of the mental and moral, it pays regard even to the geography of religions and the geography of education and of crime.

In fact, this noble science takes within its embrace all phenomena, whether objects or the functions of nature, which seem to possess a local geographic diffusion—that is, an allotment in space upon the surface of our globe.

Let us now briefly review the superb work, "*The Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena*," by Alexander Keith Johnston," assisted by his many able collaborators, and see in how successful a manner the high ideal of physical geography, which we have here sketched, has been approached.

The present enlarged edition of the "*Physical Atlas*" comprises altogether forty-two colored engravings, thirty-five of which are charts and drawings of the size of a large folio sheet. The illustrative text occupies 145 folio pages of letter-press; an admirable key to which, and to the charts, is supplied in a very copious index, including more than sixteen thousand independent references. This text consists of a series of carefully-written treatises on all the departments of physical geography above alluded to, some of them by Mr. Keith Johnston, others by several of the ablest writers in the ranks of European science. Each of the more elaborate essays, fully illustrated, as it is, by its admirably-engraved and tinted chart and drawings, is an independent work, embodying an immense amount of valuable fact and large general scientific induction, in usually a very condensed and accessible form. The whole work is fairly entitled to take rank as an encyclopædia of physical geography, so comprehensive is it in plan, so full is it in detail, so generous is it in illustration, and so well methodized in the distribution of its parts. The numerous essays with their plates are grouped under six primary divisions, into which the whole subject has been arranged.

The classification is: 1st, *geology and orography*; 2d, *hydrography*;

3d, *meteorology and magnetism*; 4th, *botany*; 5th, *natural history or zoology*; 6th, *ethnology and statistics*.

The first division includes ten subjects, illustrated by eleven large charts. First we have the *geological structure of the globe*, treated in an able and comprehensive essay, by Professor J. P. Nichol, of Glasgow, and illustrated by a beautiful geological map with drawings, contributed by Ami Boué, and corrected to 1855. Second,—*the physical features of Europe and Asia*, showing the mountains, table-lands, planes, and slopes. This admirably clear and expressive orographic map of Europe and Asia is accompanied by several profile sections, and by a geological map of Java; another of the volcanic kingdom of Luzon, and a third explaining the upheaval of the island of Reguain—the whole elucidated in two folio pages of explanatory letter-press. Third,—*the mountain system of Europe*. This is an uncommonly beautiful and instructive map, constructed on the basis of contour lines from the drawings of Professor Berghaus, by A. K. Johnston. With it are two pages of illustrative notes. Fourth,—*geological map of Europe*, by Sir Roderick Impey Murchison and Professor James Nicol. This is a beautifully executed geological chart of the entire surface of Europe, exhibiting the different systems of rocks according to the most recent researches, and in edited materials the subject is expounded in four pages of descriptive and illustrative letter-press. The eminent abilities and geological learning of its authors are patent to the whole scientific world. Fifth,—*geological and paleontological map of the British Islands*. British geology, for its extent the most interesting province of the geology of the globe, is here admirably set forth in two very gracefully tinted and clearly illustrated sheets, including tables of the fossils of the different epochs by the late Professor Edward Forbes, who has contributed, in explanation of this beautiful subject, eight folio pages of illustrative and explanatory letter-press most skillfully arranged and condensed, so as to constitute, indeed, almost a full treatise on this fascinating subject, paleontology. Sixth,—*the physical features of North and South America*. This finely-executed plate exhibits the mountains, table-lands, planes, and slopes of both North

and South America in beautiful distinctness; it is accompanied by large maps of Trinidad, Quito, Bolivia, etc., all done by A. K. Johnston, and there are two geological sections for North America, by Professor H. D. Rogers, of the United States. The letter-press, which is full, consists of an essay on the physical features of North America, by Professor Rogers, and another on South America by Johnston. Seventh,—*geological map of the United States and British North America*, with a copious illustrative essay, both by Professor H. D. Rogers. This is a beautifully-colored and carefully-executed geological map of the United States, embracing the entire breadth of the Continent. It has been constructed from the most recent documents, and is the first attempt at a clear delineation of the strata from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It aims at displaying, among other things, the true limit of the coal-fields of the country, even to the lesser isolated ones west of the Rocky Mountains. The text, comprised in six closely-printed, double-column folio pages, gives, besides a general sketch of the geology of the United States, a history of the progress of geological research in the country. The map is accompanied by a carefully-drawn section, and by a tabular key showing the equivalency of the American and European formations. Eighth,—*glaciers and glacial phenomena*. A beautiful chart of illustrations of the glacier system of the Alps and of glacial phenomena generally, with a valuable essay on the subject, in four folio pages, all by Professor James D. Forbes, of the University of Edinburgh. This able essay, with its admirable drawings, conveys, in a condensed form, a large mass of highly interesting information upon the attractive subject of glaciers; their geographical distribution, the rate and cause of their motion, and their former greater extension, besides showing the distribution of permanent snow on the earth's surface. Ninth,—*the phenomena of volcanic action*, & clearly-drawn and tinted plate with four pages of descriptive notes, showing the regions visited by earthquakes, and the distribution of volcanoes over the globe. The plate contains enlarged maps of earthquake districts of India, Lower Italy, the United States, Iceland, the Canary Islands, Santorini, etc. Tenth,—*comparative views of re-*

markable phenomena. This is a series of detailed maps, plans, sections and views of volcanic and other interesting geological formations, embraced in an exquisitely-engraved folio sheet, and illustrated by two pages of explanatory letter-press.

The second division of the work is devoted to hydrography, and especial attention has been given to those portions of the subject interesting to navigation and inland commerce. The plates in this division comprise, First,—*a physical chart of the Atlantic Ocean*, showing the shape and direction of the currents, the distribution of heat at the surface; navigation and trade-routes, banks, rocks, etc., illustrated by six folio pages of descriptive letter-press, including a chart of the basin of the Atlantic, from soundings made by the American navy under direction of Lieutenant Maury, also a general sketch-chart of the oceanic currents, and a chart and description of the Arctic basin, by Professor H. D. Rogers. Second,—*a physical chart of the Indian Ocean*. This exceedingly clear map, which is illustrated by two pages of descriptive notes, all by A. K. Johnston, indicates the temperature of the water; the currents of the air and of sea; the directions of the winds; zones traversed by hurricanes; regions of monsoons and typhoons and tracks of commerce, etc. Third,—*a physical chart of the Pacific Ocean*, showing the currents and temperature of the ocean; the trade-routes, etc., explained in two pages of descriptive letter-press; also by A. K. Johnston. Fourth,—*a tidal chart of the British seas*. This map, designed to show the progress of the wave of high water, the hour of high water in Greenwich time at new and full moon, and the depth of the sea, has been constructed under the direction of J. Scott Russell, who has added two pages of explanatory notes, including a tidal chart of the world. Fifth,—*the river systems of Europe and Asia* are explained in a beautifully-colored map, and in two folio pages of letter-press, by A. K. Johnston. Professor H. D. Rogers has here added notes on the salt lakes of continental basins. Sixth,—*the river systems of North and South America*, similarly illustrated and described, are, like the preceding map, from designs of Professor Berghaus, improved upon by A. K. Johnston. The chart contains enlarged

maps of the delta of the Mississippi, the bifurcation of the Orinoco, etc.

The third division of the work, assigned to meteorology and magnetism, consists of six maps, with descriptive letter-press. First,—*a chart showing the distribution of heat over the globe*, or the lines of equal temperature, as originally suggested by Humboldt. Second,—*a map of the winds and storms*, defining by colors the regions of the constant or trade-winds; of the periodic wind or monsoons; of the local winds; of cyclones or revolving hurricanes, and, indeed, of the aerial currents generally, illustrated by three folio pages of letter-press, with chronological table of the principal hurricanes. Third,—*a rain map, or hyetographic chart of the world*, with two pages of notes explaining the distribution of rain over the globe in the different seasons, and showing the zone of periodical rains; the vast regions which receive no rain, and the equatorial limits of the fall of snow. There are also special tables of the average annual rain-fall at different places, etc. Fourth,—*a rain-map of Europe*, showing the influence of mountains and central continental tracts, in diminishing rain; it displays also the seasons of most rain, the proportion of rain in different districts, the number of rainy and of snowy days in the year, and the rainy winds of different countries, besides a special rain-map of the British Islands.

All the four last-mentioned charts, with their essays, are by A. K. Johnston.

Fifth,—*a chart of the polarizing structure of the atmosphere*. This is a chart and essay on the polarization of light by the atmosphere, by the very eminent discover of many remarkable facts in the science of light, and other departments of physics, Sir David Brewster. Sixth,—*terrestrial magnetism*. The great facts or laws of terrestrial magnetism are here explained, in an admirable chart and essay, by Colonel Sabine, one of the ablest cultivators to physical science in Europe. The chart embraces maps of magnetic declination, inclination, and force at various epochs. There is also a magnetic chart of the British Islands.

The fourth division, or that of *botanical geography*, includes, First,—*an exceedingly beautiful plate, illustrating the geographical distribution of the*

most important plants yielding food. This and the explanatory essay, of two folio pages, are by the well-known botanist, Arthur Henfrey. The climatal conditions influencing the principal fruits are laid down, and there are enlarged maps of the distribution of the chief food-plants of western and central Europe, also of tea, spices, dyes, etc. Second,—*a clear and finely-tinted map and drawings*, explanatory of the *geographical distribution of indigenous vegetation*, with four compactly-written folio pages of illustrative text, by Arthur Henfrey and A. K. Johnston. On the plate are maps of the perpendicular distribution of plants of Schouw's phytogeographic regions, etc.

The fifth division of the "Atlas," or that devoted to the geography of animals, embraces six maps and essays. First,—*a map of the geographical distribution of mammalia of the orders quadrupeds, edentata, marsupialia, and pachydermata*, illustrated by tables and notes on the classification of animals. This interesting chart defines the limits within which the different families of these orders occur, and their intensity or the relative number of their species in different regions. As in the vegetable world, each class of animals has its appropriate climate, and many instructive phenomena connected with the distribution of life are here made palpable to the eye. Second,—*a chart and full essay of six pages of descriptive notes, exhibiting the geographical distribution of mammalia of the order carnivora*. This includes a map of the district of the fur-bearing animals, and the regions of the seal and whale-fisheries. Both the above are chiefly by A. K. Johnston, and constructed from the latest authorities. Third,—*a map with descriptive Essay in four folio pages, containing extensive tables, presenting the geographical division and distribution of mammalia of the orders rodentia and ruminantia*. The chart is by A. K. Johnston, the text by G. R. Waterhouse. Fourth,—*a beautiful plate, treating of the geographical division and distribution of birds*, with an enlarged map of the distribution of the birds of Europe, etc., illustrated by pictures of the species, and by two pages of letter-press by A. K. Johnston. Fifth,—*a chart with two pages of descriptive notes, showing the geographical divi-*

sion and distribution of reptiles, including the venomous and innocuous serpents, by A. K. Johnston. Sixth,—a very beautiful chart, explaining, with the aid of four folio pages of descriptive letter-press, the *distribution of marine-life*, by Professor Edward Forbes. This interesting treatise is devoted chiefly to fishes, molluscs, and radiates. There is a beautiful little map of the colonization of the British seas, illustrated by molluscs and radiates, now for the first time produced.

The sixth, and final division of the "Atlas," or that devoted to ethnology and statistics, embraces, First,—an *ethnographic map of Europe*, illustrated by an admirably-condensed and instructive essay, of six folio pages of letter-press, by Dr. Gustaf Kombst. The map is, we think, the most distinctly-drawn, tastefully-colored ethnographic chart ever executed, while the essay is a model of method, clearness, condensation, and learning. This latter includes a beautiful little ethnographic map of the present distribution of man upon the earth. Second,—an *ethnographic map of Great Britain and Ireland*, with two pages of descriptive letter-press, by Dr. Gustaf Kombst and A. K. Johnston. A work similar in style and equally commendable with the previous. Third,—a *moral and statistical chart*, accompanied by six pages of illustrative and descriptive notes, by A. K. Johnston. This valuable contribution to the present edition of the "Physical Atlas" is one of the most attractive of all its treatises, and does the author great credit. The map, which is a singularly tasteful production, exhibits the distribution of man according to religious belief, and for comparison shows, upon two enlarged

maps of equal scale, the geography of language and the geography of religious belief in Europe. There are, also, little maps of missionary stations in India, Africa, America, etc., also diagrams illustrating the relative education of different countries. Fourth,—the concluding subject is the *geographical distribution of health and disease*, in connection chiefly with natural phenomena. For the illustration of this very important subject, there is a beautifully-tinted general map of the world, and a special map of the fever-districts of the United States and West Indies. The subject is ably treated in an essay of six folio pages of letter-press, containing much valuable statistics. Upon this branch of his work Mr. Johnston seems to have expended much faithful labor.

After the above description, concise as it is, of the contents of this important encyclopædic body of physical geography, and after the mention we have made of the eminent authors who have contributed their learning and skill to its pages and plates, we need add no formal encomium to impress our readers with its high value as a most attractive work of elevated and useful science. Of its artistic execution, we can convey no just conception through verbal language; for no language but that of the eye is adequate to showing the extent of exquisite art embodied in the series of tinted maps and drawings, which make the basis of this great folio. It has the merit, too, of coming from the always-accurate and tasteful press of the Messrs. Blackwood, the eminent publishers of Edinburgh.

We hope that, as a work abounding in valuable information, and tending in the direction of the higher education of the age, it may be extensively consulted and studied.

THE QUESTION OF THEATRES.

THE city of New York is a fact, positive, palpable, and undeniable enough to satisfy even the morbid appetite of a Gradgrind. No esurient ostrich ever found more reality in a tenpenny-nail or a broken porter-bottle. With all its horrors and all its shame, as with all its splendors and all its good, the busy, swarming metropolis exists, and will continue to exist, inviting criticism, condemnation, reformation, but defying abolition, and making recognition of some sort imperative.

The mild-minded rural philosopher may lament that this should be so. Breathing the pure, sweet air, looking out over the smiling, open fields of some inland Arcadia, he may think, with a sigh, of the miseries and the crimes that seethe and swelter in the close, crowded streets of this mighty Babel of men, and torment his placid soul with sorrowful speculations on the madness which drains the country to gorge the town, till it shall seem to him no unrighteous thing to desire the annihilation of all municipalities, and the general restoration of all this huddled tumultuous and fevered humanity to the simpler life and quiet ways of man's original paradise. Nor would such a desire be unrighteous, if it were not so perfectly unreasonable, as every desire is which is wholly impossible of fulfillment.

Doubtless, crime and suffering grow terribly fast in the hot-beds of city life. The world's worst histories are revived, each year, in the journals of every metropolis of modern Christendom. All manner of vileness and violence—all kind of frauds and follies—selfishness, squalid or splendid—tyranny, cowardice, cruelty, license, luxury—all these abound in the dismal annals of municipal life. Look at the chronicle of the past winter in this single capital of American enterprise and American intelligence. Burdell murders and Boker marriages, colossal swindlings and unlimited speculations, political corruptions and private debaucheries—what a record these make up for the inspection of mankind; what provocation they afford to the Utopian dreams of Bæotian philanthropy! We do not forget the vices which hide in the waving corn-field and stalk through

the village street. We keep well in mind those traits of the rural character and those influences of rural life, to which such significant witness is borne by the fact, that the name whereby the country-people of antiquity were known has since become a synonym for stupid unbelief or dogged misbelief, and, though we should be sorry to insinuate that all the country-people of America are "pagans," we must remember that all the pagans of Rome were country-people.

But, at the same time we frankly admit that city life is full of peculiar temptations and peculiar moral dangers; that there are diseases of the heart and of the intellect as well as of the body, which are engendered by city life, and are, comparatively speaking, unknown in the life of the rural world. And if to abolish the institution of cities would surely redeem mankind from all these plagues and disgraces, or, if the abolition of cities were a practicable thing, we might be inclined to echo the pathetic desires of the most confirmed of rural philosophers, and even to seat ourselves by the side of Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth, and spend ourselves with him in blandly imbecile envy of the "silly shepherds and their silly sheep."

But the abolition of cities is not practicable. Unchristian and inhuman as is the theory of modern city life, according to which this mighty aggregate of activities, affections, hopes, powers, and qualities is to exist and be considered simply as an aggregation, "a fortuitous agglomeration of atoms," and not at all as a combination and orderly coöperative organization of human intelligences and human lives, yet men will crowd into our cities, they will desert the pastures of Goshen and the wheat-fields of the Genesee for the witch-hazelry of Wall street and the sudden harvests of the Stock Exchange. And the question, therefore, which the pensive moralist, who means to be something more than a pensive moralist, must ask himself is, not how he shall do away with cities, or prevent ploughboys and reapers from hurrying into city life, but, rather in what way he can best bring his own convictions and his own influence to bear upon the "facts" which he laments, but can neither ignore nor remove.

As stands the city before the rural philosopher, so stands the theatre before the urban preacher. The theatre is a fact of city life which demands to be dealt with as a fact, as well by those who condemn as by those who uphold it. To use the words with which Mr. Webster apostrophized that very plain and palpable fact, the Bunker Hill Monument: "There it stands!" Six theatres, at least, are constantly open in this single city of New York, and, it is quite safe to say, that between five and seven thousand people, belonging to the most prosperous sections of the middle and upper classes of the metropolitan population, are to be found on any night, of almost any week of the year, in attendance upon dramatic entertainments and spectacles of one or another kind and degree of dramatic merit. And this, be it observed, is not the whim of a season. For years, the habit of going to the theatre, when the theatre offered anything worth going for, has been becoming more and more common, in the most enlightened and respectable circles of American society, as well as among the technically "lower orders" of the land. Have we not, then, some reason to be surprised at the vehemence of the interest which has been recently excited, not in New York alone, but in many parts of the country, by the simple circumstance that a clergyman, consecrated, by the very virtue of his office, to a close and earnest examination of the "facts" of the world in which he lives and works, should have come forward to deal with the theatre as a recognized institution of modern life, and to speak of it as a fit theme for the attention, and a proper field for the active influence of the most religious, and moral, and earnest, of our citizens?

One might be led to suppose that the spectacle of a clergyman handling realities with manly directness was the rarest, and not the most gratifying of phenomena in the eyes of a large proportion of the public. Of course, we waive all consideration, or criticism, of the particular way in which the particular clergyman in question chose to approach his subject, or to treat it. That was his own affair, and we have no doubt that he considers himself quite equal to the task of defending, explaining, and justifying the course which he thought it best to adopt, whenever defense, explanation, and justification

may be legitimately required of him. At all events, neither we nor our readers have any concern with that matter. We are simply to consider whether the theatre is a noble, or an ignoble, necessity of our civilization; whether its existence is, or is not, an absolute calamity; whether its condition is, or is not, susceptible of improvement.

The *rationale* of the theatre, of course, determines all these points. "Wherefore" is the master of "what"—and the color of the motive decides the complexion of the deed.

—If we look into history, we find that the first grand establishments of the theatre in Europe had their origin in religion. The magnificent machinery of the Grecian stage served the priesthood and the state; and the theatres of Athens were schools, at once, of theology and of patriotism. The theatres of Rome were administered more loosely, indeed, and with less of dignity; for imperial Rome degraded every art which she adopted, and stamped the materialism of her nature on every idea which she appropriated, as she set the seal of her dominion on the character of every people whom she absorbed. Yet, even in Rome, the ancient theatre did not wholly lose the impress of the Grecian system; and the fierce hostility which was manifested to the theatre by the early fathers of the Christian Church, and which has transmitted itself so vividly through so many generations, may be clearly traced, in a great measure, to the fact, that the theologies of pagan Rome—the follies and falsehoods of the pagan religion—were continually incarnated in the most gorgeous shows and spectacles, while the same buildings were consecrated to the punishment of the impious and vexatious "martyrs" who persisted in denouncing Jupiter and Venus, and all the array of Olympus.

Moreover, the theatrical entertainments of imperial Rome, in the later days of her history, reflected the life of imperial Rome; and what that life was we all know too well not to understand how much the Christian community must have revolted from the scenes in which its spirit triumphed and ran riot. When the Roman Christian gazed upon the stately walls of the Coliseum, or passed beneath the splendid porticoes of the Theatre of Marcellus, his heart and brain grew hot with fiery memories of

noble saints and holy bishops, "butchered to make a Roman holiday;" and his soul grew sick with the thought of such nameless pollutions, such shameless abominations, as the pages of Apuleius only permit us to guess at. Natural enough, then, was it, that, as the cross advanced, the prostituted and debased drama should disappear throughout the empire. In the deluge of barbarism which followed so soon after the establishment of Christianity, the art theatrical, of course, was swallowed up with all other arts.

When it was again revived, it was in the interest of religion that its first essays were made. The drama of the middle ages, with all its imperfections, was the work of mediæval Christianity. The "Fraternity of the Passion" set on foot throughout Europe such dramatic representations of the mysteries and sanctities of the faith as were thought likely to appeal, with peculiar power, to the rude imaginations and uncultivated instincts of the mediæval populations. Nor did the Church officially disown the earliest attempts that were made to restore the more purely artistic drama of antiquity. The first modern theatre ever erected in Europe was built within the precincts of the papal palace of the Vatican, and by the marvelous architect who first planned, on a scale approaching the magnificence of the final realization, that chief temple of the Catholic Church, which has taken its place, with the Pyramids and the Parthenon, among the wonders of art which nature

"Adopts into her race,
And grants to them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat."

In Italy, in Spain, and in France, the modern theatre, in its first developments, never lost the character of seriousness and purpose impressed upon it by the traditions of the best antiquity, and by the customs of the mediæval world. Why, then, it may be asked, did the profession of the actor undergo—as in all these countries it unquestionably did—the ban which still rests on it throughout Catholic Christendom? Mainly because, in all these countries, the traditional customs of imperial Rome continued to influence the popular mind, to a degree of which the more purely Germanic races of the north have no adequate conception. The histrionic profession had been chiefly practiced in

imperial Rome by slaves or freedmen. Every schoolboy remembers, with a kind of personal indignation, the insult put upon a noble and venerable Roman knight, who was compelled by Tiberius to appear upon the stage. Indisposed as the Roman was to concede the least respect to any of the arts which adorn and soothe existence, he was particularly unwilling to look with any feeling but the deepest disdain upon the mimetic talent which divested its possessor, for the nonce, of all personality, and clothed him with a fictitious being for the amusement of his superiors. Add to this transmitted sentiment the kindred feeling generated by the customs of feudalism, and it will not be difficult for us to understand how Latin Christendom came to commit the anomaly of encouraging the drama into prosperity, without elevating its professors into respectability. Nor must we forget that the clergy, very soon after the Reformation, became particularly jealous of the hold which the drama began to acquire over the society of Catholic Europe, as an instrumentality of intellectual and moral influence. It was not possible that a hierarchical class, which desired to monopolize the spiritual training of the community, should look with indifference upon such a power as the stage became when its machinery was wielded by the genius of a Calderon and a Lope, a Racine and a Molière. The furious conflict which was excited by the representation of "Tartuffe," may give us some measure of the emotion excited in the clerical mind by the consciousness that a proscribed order, armed with no other weapons than those of fidelity to facts and force of satire, could make even the hypocrites of the Church ridiculous.

Judged historically, then, by the facts of the work which it has done in the world—by the power which it has developed for controlling and directing the public mind of different nations and of different ages—it must be conceded that the theatre is an institution which mankind cannot and will not let die. In ancient Greece, the drama of Æschylus and Euripides, of Sophocles and Aristophanes, fostered the public faith in the national religion and in the religion of nationality; it bred a deeper reverence for the supreme laws of morality and the awful conceptions of piety; it fed the flame of patriotism; it chas-

tised the excesses of partisan spirit, and curbed the domineering audacity of personal ambition. In mediæval Europe, the drama served to seize the public attention, and fasten it upon the great topics of Christian duty, Christian faith, and Christian hope. It was a coarse instrument, doubtless, and did its work coarsely enough; but, after all, it *did do its work*, it did prove itself efficient, and vindicated to itself a capacity of usefulness which is hardly, we think, to be overlooked in a world where so much is to be done, and neither tools nor laborers do exuberantly and superfluously abound. In modern Europe, and particularly in Catholic Europe, the drama has proved itself the secret lever of suppressed reform. When the tide of passionate thought, which passed over Europe in the sixteenth century, was stemmed in the Latin world by successful and centralized tyranny, and seemed to have been quite rolled back upon the northern nations, many a wave still found its way beneath the barrier, and flashed and surged upon the stage, forerunning the second and mightier and more terrible deluge which our own days have seen and see.

But the true and permanent justification of the theatre—the true and permanent reason which should command for it the intelligent and earnest support of all right-minded and public-spirited persons in a community like our own—is not to be sought for in the history of the stage. It exists in the idea of the stage—in the dramatic instinct out of which the stage took its origin—the instinct on which those, who have wielded the drama in the interest of church or state, have relied for the efficiency of their instrument. And this was the distinguishing merit of the address delivered upon this subject by the Rev. Dr. Bellows—that he firmly seized and fearlessly proclaimed this truth. He accepted the theatre as a fact, with all its adventitious evils to be deplored and combated, and with all its inherent good to be recognized and encouraged; and he rested his plea, for a graver consideration and a more thoughtful support of the theatre, on the solid basis of the necessity of amusement to human nature's weal and peace.

Precisely this impregnable fortress of his position, is the point upon which the most desperate assaults will be

made, and upon this fortress we do not hesitate to declare that all assaults, however impetuous and ardent, and led on by whatever honest and high-minded crusaders, will be made in vain.

No reverence for the righteous fathers of the Republic, no respect for the sincere disciples of the faith which they professed, should withhold us from examining carefully and dispassionately the theory of social life and of human education in which they had themselves been trained, and which they bequeathed to their posterity.

To the Puritan mind, life was one long exodus. The true believer was a soldier on the march through an enemy's country. Before and behind he was beset by open foes and secret snares. To lay aside his armor, to relax in his wary discipline, to subside into a mood of confidence, good-humor, and indolent gaiety, was to risk everything, and to violate his loyal duty to his Leader. The early legislation of New England resembles the "Articles of War," so peremptory is it, and so full of prohibitions. One would say that the pervading spirit of these theocratic lawgivers, who organized the strongest English colonies in America, and their ever-present aim, were the spirit of Moses in the desert, and the aim of Joshua in Canaan. The discipline of persecution in England, of poverty in Holland, and of privation on the shores of the New World, would seem to have been thrown away on the rebellious and stiff-necked Puritans. Banded together, as we are taught to believe they were, by the strongest faith in the principles of their religion, and the deepest mutual sympathy, they yet required the most constant supervision, and the most strenuous exercise of an almost despotic authority on the part of their spiritual leaders, to keep them in decent order, and to crush the ever-aspiring manifestations of the "old man" in their natures and their lives. The "*Livre Noir*" of the French secret police does not more teem with evidences of governmental espionage and uneasiness, than do the early records of the New England colonies. The ordinary and by no means agreeable tendencies of village life were erected into social duties and patriotic virtues. Everybody kept an eye on his neighbor, and the whole land seems to have groaned beneath a *régime* which is only

to be described, in the words of John Milton, as a "tyrannical duncery, with-
in which no free and splendid arts could
flourish."

What were the consequences of this system? A singular degree of municipal vigor, a quite military efficiency of organization and all the good that grows out of hardihood and obedience. But not these alone. With the good no little ill was developed. The poignant revelations of the "Scarlet Letter," and the desperate devices of the "Total Abstinence" movement, are the sharp and stinging criticism of Puritan life and Puritan theories in the eyes of all thinking men beyond the pale of the Puritan influences. Beside the uncompromising virtues of New England, grew up an array of furtive and secretive vices, which are not less characteristic of the New England civilization than its excellences are. From the earliest period of our national annals, we find the Dutch colonists of New York, and the liberal colonists of the south, continually assuming an attitude of quasi-repugnance to the "Yankees" of New England, and speaking of them very much as Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Raleigh and Sidney, spoke of their Puritan predecessors in the times of stout "Queen Bees." The Puritan did not commend himself to his fellow-subjects by the more amiable and genial qualities of human nature. He figures, in our early history, rather in a Jewish than in a Christian character, and appears to have modeled himself rather upon the type of Peter than of Paul.

If the result of the Puritan theory and practice, upon the character and the happiness of New England itself, had been to convert the Eastern States of the Union into an earthly Paradise of sinless peace and plenty, we might still question the legitimacy of a system which had done so much, at the same time, to impair the external influence of the communities in which it prevailed. But, as we have said, no such miracle has been wrought in New England. The favorite city of the Pilgrims, the capital of Massachusetts, enjoys no exemption from the pestilence of moral corruption which desolates all the great hives of the world, while it stands out conspicuously among American cities for the peculiar atrocity which marks its periodical explosions of social iniquity. In no part of the Union, indeed,

in no country of the world, excepting, perhaps, Sweden and the Lowlands of Scotland, has the habit of drunkenness prevailed to so alarming an extent as in the States which have clung most tenaciously to the doctrines of repression, and have insisted upon extinguishing human nature's capacity of excess.

But the efflorescence of positive criminality which is a certain consequence of the unnatural compression of man's lighter and freer instincts, is by no means the worst consequence of that compression. The virtues which this system blights are not less admirable than the vices which it evokes are detestable. Hilarity, joyousness, delight in the mere pleasure of living and laughing, are essential to the growth of frankness, sincerity, and amiable candor. A man, who is forever haunted by a "sense of duty," let him be never so genially organized by nature, cannot fail to become, in the end, self-conscious, suspicious, and, therefore, intrinsically unjust. How much these attributes detract from a man's power of usefulness, by diminishing his personal magnetism and personal influence, we need not say; and it is a noteworthy fact that, among the public men of this country, the *personal value* of party leaders and political chieftains has always been found to be in an inverse ratio to the degree in which they had undergone the influence and imbibed the temper of New England.

How much our national character has suffered from the depressing atmosphere of Puritan opinion, it would be impossible for us within the limits of this paper adequately to estimate—how much of the nervous over-excitability and consequent deficiency of muscular persistence—how much of the *impressionability* as distinguished from *impressibility*, which belongs to us, and makes it more easy to inaugurate a popular movement, and more difficult to achieve a popular object, in America than in any other country tolerably free, may be traced to the action of this atmosphere, is a question worthy of the most careful and elaborate examination. It cannot be answered by declamations about Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill, and it will force itself most earnestly upon the attention of those who most fairly compute and most heartily acknowledge the benefits which America owes to the fathers of New England.

But, one thing is certain. The weight which so long held down the vivid and elastic nature of man in this country no longer presses upon it with such predominant force. The restraints of Puritanism are giving way; and it becomes not only all sagacious statesmen, but all intelligent divines, to take notice of the fact, and to consider very carefully their duty in the premises. *The people will be amused and must be amused.* The relation between the laity and the clergy, even of the strictest denominations, is no longer what it was fifty, or even twenty, years ago. The ancient theories of church discipline are no longer tenable, and the practical issue presented by the spirit of the times is simply this: "Will the clergy and the religious world put themselves into closer and freer communication with the world not technically religious—will they admit that man's need of recreation and amusement is in itself a lawful and sacred thing, and lend their influence to such needed reforms or suggestions as shall tend to make the recreations and amusements of the public as wholesome as the need itself is lawful—or will they not?" This is the issue presented by Dr. Bellows in his discourse on the theatre, and we repeat that it is an issue which *cannot be evaded*. To assume, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in the United States of America, that any body of men, bound together by any ties whatever, have a right to claim for themselves a sanctity of character and a probity of life which make them superior to the intelligent and respectable mass of their fellow-citizens, not technically associated with them, is a ridiculous absurdity which was practically condemned by public opinion long before it was assailed by the independent clergyman whose course has suggested these remarks to us. The clergymen of the United States, and the members of their churches, know perfectly well that they no longer occupy the same position, relatively, to the rest of the community which they formerly held—and that they can never resume that position. If they are really convinced that their own lives are regulated by a stricter regard to duty, and a higher standard of right than the lives of those who do not "profess" such a specific absorption in spiritual aims, they know that they must prove their position by throwing themselves into

the movement of the times, and by doing their share to elevate the tone of the amusements, as well as to regulate the character of the occupations, of society.

—If the "profession of religion" means anything serious and manly, it surely means one of two things—either, that the persons so professing propose to withdraw altogether from the world and its ways, as the "religious" of the middle ages did; or, that they propose to mingle with the world, bringing into its life their own higher life, and influencing its aims by their own nobler aims. Now, it is very clear that the Protestant "professor" does not conceive himself called upon to withdraw from the world. He wastes much of the time which his Catholic prototype bestowed upon prayers, and fastings, and meditations, in the sordid cares of business. He is to be seen in the public thoroughfares, with knitted brows and anxious face. He cons the shipping-lists, and the prices current, with no abstracted eye. He turns the leaves of his ledger with sufficient concern. In the market-house, he is not indifferent, either to the quality or to the price of the provisions which are to nourish his mortal body; nor does his tailor find him altogether careless of the texture of cloths, and the cut of trowsers. On what ground, then, of consistency and common sense, we ask, does he pretend to find a sanctity in the sharp collisions of Wall street, which vanishes at the doorway of Wallack's theatre, and flees from the profane harmonies of the Academy orchestra? Grant that the outskirts of amusement in the world are haunted by disreputable persons, indulging in disreputable practices, are the outskirts of business, then, free from reproach? If the character of a "professor" of religion will not comport with his presence in the parquet of a respectable theatre, because of the possible presence in the gallery of professors of shame and sin, how, we ask, does that character comport with his presence on the steps of the Exchange in the company of notorious swindlers, and unquestionable sharpers? If he countenance vice by lending his countenance to lawful amusements, does he not equally countenance vice by lending his countenance to lawful business?

In truth, the time has come when the

pretensions of the Church must be abated, in order that its usefulness may be extended. The vast and increasing number of honorable, upright, and respectable citizens who compose the "world," can no longer be terrified into a senseless disregard of the first laws of human life, and human society, by the spectres of antiquated prejudice, and of venerable blundering. The professional "Church" has no monopoly of Christian truth, Christian feeling, or Christian character; and all who belong to it must come forward to do yeoman's service, humbly and decently, in the great work of Christianizing our civilization, if they mean to retain the cordial respect and sympathy of their fellow-citizens.

Whether the theatre be, or be not,

the best form of social amusement in a metropolis, we have not undertaken to consider. That is a question for separate discussion. Our aim has been, specifically to put on record our hearty approbation of a movement which promises to subject the whole question of public amusements to examination by the community, in a form at once distinct, tangible, and comprehensive; and to utter our profound conviction, that any man, or any set of men, who shall undertake to dismiss this question with faded assumptions, or decrepit dogmatism, will find that facts are stubborn things, and that that hackneyed phrase, "the spirit of the age," after all, *does* mean something, and something too real, too passionate, and too powerful to be trifled with or set aside.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.*

IT was long ago settled, that a woman wrote "*Jane Eyre*," and, in MRS. GASKELL'S *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, we have the master-key of that novel and its companions, "*Shirley*," and "*Villette*." The work has been long delayed, for it is not easy to write of those who are still living, and there seems too mercantile and gossiping an eagerness in recording the events of a friend's life before the date of his death is carved upon a tomb-stone. But that name has now been carved. Around the communion-table of the old church of Haworth, in Yorkshire, are many mural tablets bearing the same peculiar family name; and the most recent of all commemorates that: "Adjoining lie the remains of Charlotte, wife of the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, A. B., and daughter of the Rev. P. Brontë, A. B., incumbent. She died March 31st, 1855, in the 39th year of her age."

We remember when the news of that last day of March came, two years ago, and the cloud of doubt and uncertainty which had always shrouded the life of Currer Bell seemed only deepened.

During her brief literary career, very few personal details had ever come to the knowledge of the public. A cu-

rate's daughter—a governess—a small, shy woman, living lonely among bleak moors in a sad parsonage, nursing sisters who died early, and were buried under her windows—these were all the facts we knew, and they were only such as she had thought fit to tell us in a preface to a posthumous edition of her sister Emily's "*Wuthering Heights*." In all her books, there was nothing whining or sentimental, although much that was morbid. Like shrouded statues bending with veiled faces, but with an air of the suppressed movement of acute suffering, so those books appealed with mute pathos to the reader. Now the veil is lifted, and the art is seen to be only nature. Now the reader knows that, under the story he reads, another story is written; that the page before him is a palimpsest on which the lines he sees follow faintly and remotely the meaning of the lines erased.

Fielding did not put himself into his stories more entirely than Mrs. Brontë; and, certainly, the results are as different as "*Tom Jones*" and "*Jane Eyre*." Mrs. Gaskell's "*Life*" completes the life which the books suggested. There are few eminent authors of whom the world will ever know as much as it will of

* *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*. By MRS. GASKELL, author of "*Cranford*," "*Mary Barton*," "*Ruth*," etc. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Miss Brontë; for few authors, when they have spoken for themselves, in their works, have ever such a friend to write their biographies. One hero places the laurel upon the dead brow of another. One hearty, religious, resolute woman comes to do womanly justice to another; womanly in its tenderness, its sympathy, and its power. The work displays an exquisite appreciation of its subject—a delicate perception of the swaying moods of a morbid temperament. The impression is not of a eulogist, or apologist, but simply that of a friend speaking of a friend, seeing clearly, and judging truly, and over all the portrait shines the light of love—the only light which can show life truly. Mrs. Gaskell has written many a melancholy page, but she has never told a story more tragical than the life of Charlotte Brontë.

She was born in the year 1816, in the little, dreary town of Haworth, which is built upon a steep street, among the sad moors and barren hills of Yorkshire. Her father was curate of the parish; her mother came from Cornwall, and never returned thither—a mild, pious, gentle woman, who bore her husband six children in rapid succession, then died; and lived only in their vague memories, and nursery traditions. So early the home seems to be cleared of the only gracious influence which might have modified the hard life of the children, for hard life it was.

The Rev. Patrick Brontë was an Irishman, and a very remarkable character. He makes a kind of grandiose impression, whenever he appears in the book—a vast, savage nature—an abortive Titan. Mewed up in the moors at a time when Yorkshire was the roughest part of England; relieving his anger by firing off pistols, in rapid succession, at his back door; or stuffing the hearth-rug into the fire until it smouldered away, obstinately staying in all the stench; or sawing away the backs of chairs; riding and walking about, upon his parochial visits, with a loaded pistol, which was his inseparable companion; cutting his wife's silk dress to shreds; putting his children's gay shoes into the fire, and feeding them upon potatoes, because he wished them to be hearty and to have no high-flown notions. The Rev. Patrick Brontë, with this fierce, passionate nature, was not likely to be the most tender of parents

when dyspepsia set in, and he resolved to eat alone in his room, which he did to the end.

But with all these savage traits, he had a wild love of nature; walked far and wide, in all weathers, over the hills and heaths; was faithful in visiting the sick, diligent in his care of the schools, and was, evidently, a great misplaced and wasted force in the humble curacy of Haworth.

While the dyspeptic father was firing pistols out of the back door, and eating alone in his study, the mother was dying slowly of a cancer, and the house, on the very edge of the grave-yard and damp with its death-dews, was hushed. Six poor, little children sat grave and silent in the little kitchen of the parsonage, or climbed the stone staircase and looked out of the windows upon the church-yard. They had few children's books: the Rev. Patrick Brontë would foster no nonsense; but, Emily, the oldest, read the newspapers aloud to them, and they discussed the comparative merits of Hannibal and Bonaparte. They gave preternatural answers to their father's preposterous questions; and when, instead of putting on nice little red shoes, and sending her out to run and play, he asked his youngest girl, Anne, what such a child most wanted, she, instead of reveling in childhood, answered, "age and experience."

The gentle mother died—why did the wild Irish curate ever tempt her from Cornwall?—and then began the reign of an aunt, with strong prejudices and a distaste for Yorkshire, who went clicking up and down the stone stairs in pattens, lest she might take cold, and at length took her meals, also, in her bedroom. The children recited to their father and browsed upon all kinds of books; but at length the two oldest were sent to a school for the daughters of clergymen, a Do-the-girls Hall, at Cowan's Bridge. Here they were starved and stunted, exposed to every hardship and disease, with all the heartless carelessness of charity foundations. The story of their sufferings is piteous; it is as sad in the history as it is in the burning indignation of the description of the school in "Jane Eyre." Maria, the oldest, died in consequence of this school, and Elizabeth contracted the disease which soon swept her after.

The father removed them from school,

and an old servant, Tabby, came, at this time, full of all kinds of traditional lore, for which she found delighted and enthusiastic listeners in the girls. There was a brother Branwell, also, a weak, fascinating, brilliant character, self-indulgent, and idolized by his sisters, and so winning in his ways and lively in conversation, that he was always summoned to the village inn when the passing traveler wanted amusement. The talent of the girls began to display itself in domestic literature. They wrote every kind of work, and imagined an island, like Hartley Coleridge's boyish fancy of a country, and had each their heroes among the living and eminent Englishmen of the time. Wellington was Charlotte's hero. He occupied her imagination, and all her contributions to the mimic domestic magazine purported to be written by Lord C. Wellesley, Lord C. A. F. Wellesley, Lord Charles Albert Florian Wellesley, etc.

It was now 1831. Charlotte was the oldest living child; very small in figure, calling herself "stunted," with soft, thick brown hair, and eyes of a reddish-brown. The rest of her features were large and plain, and she was altogether very quiet in manners and quaint in dress. She went to school to a kind, motherly woman, Miss Wooler, and amazed all the girls by knowing a great deal less and a great deal more than they did, by being moody and silent, then repeating long pages of poetry and declining to play ball. She stood on the play-ground and looked at the sky and the shadows of the trees, and talked politics furiously, or frightened the poor little girls out of their poor little wits, by telling horrible stories as they lay abed at night.

But the girls loved her, and Miss Wooler loved her, then and always afterward. After a year she went home again, and saw nobody but female teachers in the Haworth Sunday-school, and curates, passing her time in drawing, reading, and walking out among the "purple-black" moors with her sisters, and devising plans with them for the education of their brother, who was finally destined for a painter.

The three girls grew up together—Charlotte sad and shy and religious; Emily with a suppressed vehemence of nature, and very reserved; Anne, the youngest, and mildest of all. They were what their parents and their life had

made them. Inheriting the paternal strength with the mother's gentleness, a youth bereaved of childhood had passed in solitude and gloom. They had undoubtedly that nervous sensitiveness which we call morbid, and all their lives were tinged by this temperament.

In 1835, Charlotte went as teacher, and Emily as pupil, to Miss Wooler's. But the intractable Emily chafed and pined for the bleak hillsides of home, to which she soon returned, and never again left it but twice. At home she baked and ironed, and studied German while she kneaded the dough.

Charlotte's duties were upon her health. She dreamed dreams and saw visions, and her religious sensibilities began to annoy her as if, poor child, she were chiefest of sinners. She went home again and wrote to Southey for advice about a literary life, and he answered like the true, honest, literary hero that he was, wisely and calmly, and dissuadingly. Emily had returned from a hopeless effort to teach in the town of Halifax, and Anne began to sicken, and the futile fascinating brother Branwell began seriously to perplex his family with his shiftless irregularities.

In 1839, some person, faintly shadowed, perhaps, in the St. John of "Jane Eyre," made Charlotte an offer of marriage which she quietly set aside. But something must be done; and Emily remained at home, while Charlotte and Anne went away to teach, once more, as private governesses. Charlotte's fate was hard. She fell upon a very Mrs. Reed, and quickly came home again, and shared the household drudgery with Emily. At this time the last happy glimpse of the brother Branwell flashes across this monotonously mournful story. He had an eager literary ambition and wrote letters and verses to Wordsworth and Coleridge; often, doubtless, lighting up the melancholy home with a sparkling jest and a merry laugh, and running off to the ale-house at night, while Aunt Branwell read prayers to the Rev. Patrick Brontë and Tabby, and they three went to bed, while the three girls paced the parlor and wondered about the future. They wanted to keep a school, but they saw no way to do it. And so, for the second and last time, Charlotte became a governess, in a family of "good sort of people" who paid her twenty pounds a year, deducting four pounds for wash-

ing. But they were mutually touched at parting, the next Christmas, when the four children met again at the damp Haworth parsonage.

It was clear that if Charlotte and Emily meant to keep school they must learn French; so they went to Brussels, to the school of M. and Madame Héger. She has told us everything about it in "Villette,"—the strange, foreign life; the singular girls among strangers. They hurried home suddenly to see their dying aunt, but they arrived too late; and presently Charlotte returned as teacher to the Hégers. Hard work followed, and in the midst came ramors of Branwell's irregularities and her father's failing sight. With M. Héger, Charlotte formed a warm friendship. He could not be blind or indifferent to her great abilities, and it was very hard to part with him. But she came wearily back again to Haworth, and with Emily tried to discover how they could undertake a school.

The sickening shadows closed more nearly. Branwell had been to London as a tutor in the family of a man whose wife, twenty years older than the tutor, flattered him, and won and ruined him. The brilliant boy was infatuated with his mistress, and, coming home for the holidays, only longed to return, with an inexplicable feverish eagerness that alarmed his sisters. He went to London, but soon after appeared at Haworth, and on the day of his arrival received a letter from the injured husband forbidding his return. He was consumed with passion and disappointment, and tried to quench the fires of his soul with drink. Day by day he imbruted himself more and more. When, a few months after, the injured husband died, and left his fortune to his wife upon the condition that she would never see her paramour again, Branwell thought only of returning to her arms, and happiness; but a servant came post from her, telling him never to dare to visit her again. Stunned and lost, the unhappy boy reeled through every besotting debauchery to death. He had fearful attacks of *delirium tremens*; the pale sisters often listened for the report of a pistol in the dead of night. The tragedy dragged on for three years, and then he died, crying out to be raised to his feet, that he might die standing.

In 1846, the three sisters published a volume of poems, under the names of

Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, the initials being the same as their own. Of these poems Emily's are the most powerful, and were always preferred by Charlotte to the others. The book was not successful, but it is interesting to read it now with the new and full knowledge of the authors.

While the book failed and the brother died, the father's sight was almost gone, and he was taken to Manchester to have an operation performed upon his eyes. But the undaunted girls were busy in the midst of every affliction, and had each written a novel. Charlotte's was called "The Professor;" Emily's, "Wuthering Heights;" and Anne's, "Agnes Grey." And even in Manchester, in 1846, during all the doubt and dismay of the surgical operation, the care and weariness of nursing, Charlotte began "Jane Eyre." She could not find a publisher for "The Professor," which will now, however, be soon in our hands. At home again, the sisters put away their work at nine in the evening, and paced the old parsonage parlor, talking over the stories which they were writing. "You cannot make a heroine interesting if she be not beautiful," said the fragile, desponding Anne. "I will prove to you that you are wrong," said the brave Charlotte; "I will show you a heroine as plain and as small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours." She wrote her story with pencil, in little square paper books held close to her eyes, and with such passionate eagerness that she fell ill. On the 24th of August, 1847, "Jane Eyre" was sent to the publishers, and on the 16th of October it was issued. The little, shy, sad governess in Yorkshire shook the world by the heart and said, "This is no goddess I bring you, but a governess. She owes none of your sympathy, if you give it, to the red of her cheeks or the yellow of her gold, but everything to the integrity and loyalty of her character."

The Reverend Brother Chadband is still, to this day, a little uncertain about the moral character of the novel of "Jane Eyre;" but Jane Eyre is still the most striking heroine in English fiction since Scott's Jeanie Deans, who is, doubtless, the finest female character in English literature since Shakespeare's women.

It is not essential that a woman should be plain and in unhappy circumstances:

It does not make a story moral, that the heroine resists temptation; nor democratic, that she is a governess or a dependent. Shakespeare's women are often princesses, usually nobles, always ladies. But the triumph of "Jane Eyre" is the splendor of its vindication of woman as woman, deprived of all the accessories which generally inveigle interest. And this was a victory achieved in the literature of a people among whom the prejudice of caste is most impregnable. A plain governess is the very ideal of that form of the sex which is most repugnant to the British mind. But the uncompromising story borrows no rainbow from romance. It depicts a poor, plain, dependent woman, sore beset by social scorn and suspicion, fighting her little battle of life, which was greater in the history of her soul than Marathon or Waterloo in the history of the world; and the story is so told, that the little battle becomes as poetic and pathetic as those greater combats; and every honest heart cries out: "God-speed!" The book is the book of a woman's life. Its strong, indignant tone is the wail of a thousand hearts in a thousand homes, where they are aliens and pariahs. It surpasses whole ranges of novels with one stroke, and that a stroke of nature. There is nothing more fearful, in all the Mrs. Radcliffe ghostly machinery, than in the terrible reality of the scratching along the wall of the wife of Rochester. And nowhere among modern writers, except in Tennyson and Browning, is there such identification of the individual with the landscape, so that the book becomes entirely dramatic, and we see nature, as we see the men and women around her, with the eyes of the heroine. This is especially remarkable in the description of the pictures that interested Jane Eyre at Mrs. Reed's, and those she afterward painted at Mr. Rochester's. This is a touch from life. It is the Yorkshire loneliness of desolate halls pressing through the author's heart and mind, and finding the scenery of that mind to be its own melancholy reflection.

When success was beyond question, Charlotte told her father she had written a novel, and showed him some of the reviews. The old gentleman said to the others: "Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely." "Wuth-

ering Heights" and "Agnes Grey" were published in December, but they had small comparative success.

The readers of England and America puzzled themselves to know whether a man or woman wrote "Jane Eyre." But when the second edition appeared, dedicated to Thackeray, everybody said: "This is evidently a woman;" and that sagacious Bottom, "the world," pricked up its long ears and grunted under its bestial breath: "Ah! yes, I see: a governess: hum! he is Rochester—she is his mistress."

The instinctive penetration of the scope and tendency of Thackeray's power is not the least of the many acute perceptions of Mrs. Brontë's genius. Her criticism of Miss Austen, her only rival among English female novelists, is singularly lucid and just; and her common-sense seems never to have been hoodwinked by enthusiasm in her literary estimates. When she went to London she saw Thackeray, and was satisfied. "It is sentiment," she writes, "sentiment jealously hidden, but genuine, which extracts the venom from that formidable Thackeray, and converts, what might be corrosive poison, into purifying elixir."

Branwell died in September. In November Emily was very ill. The savageness of the father was more untamed in her than in the others. She had all the symptoms of settled consumption. She would not own it. She would not see a doctor: when he came into the house she refused to meet him. Charlotte wrote to London for advice, but Emily would not listen to it. Stern and silent, she went on to meet death. The moors had been her home and her passion: a sprig of heather was the loveliest of flowers to her; but at length her dim and fading eyes could not even see the heather blooms that Charlotte brought her. One Tuesday morning, in December, she arose and dressed herself, unaided, with many a pause, with catching and rattling breath, while Charlotte, and Anne, and the servants, looked on speechlessly. At noon she said to Charlotte: "If you will send for a doctor I will see him now." At two o'clock she died. Charlotte loved her more than anybody in the world.

She was scarcely buried when Anne began to die. Gentlest of all the sisters, her delicate, drooping nature is strangely contrasted with Emily's. As she

slowly faded, Charlotte did not deceive herself. She took her to Scarborough in May, and she died there, tranquilly, on the edge of June. During all this time Charlotte was writing "Shirley." She had nearly finished the second volume of the tale when Branwell died, then Emily, then Anne. In the character of "Shirley," which was published in November, 1849, she portrays her own conception of her sister Emily. The book was received with no less favor than "Jane Eyre" had been; but the inevitable Nemesis waited in the shadow, and a railway stock, in which she had shares, depreciated.

At home, she and her father and the old servant Tabby lived alone. Mr. Brontë dined alone in his room; Charlotte read, and worked, and wrote, and drifted about in a whirlpool of terrible recollections. She was famous, and people began to come to see Haworth and the scenes of "Shirley," and, above all, the author. This disposition brought her some pleasant friends, and she made rare and brief visits from home. She read with seriousness and profit, as every sensible author does, whatever was written about her books, and wrote many letters of all kinds to persons seeking advice or proffering compliment. Left alone with her father, they evidently eyed each other keenly, to detect the slightest unpromising symptom, but saying nothing about it, and each silent and busy. She traveled a little among the lakes, and read all the current literature which was sent to her by her publishers. She wrote a letter of friendly thanks to Sydney Dobell for speaking kindly of "Wuthering Heights," and passed some time with Miss Martineau. Going up to London again, she heard Thackeray's lectures on the humorists, and was lionized; she saw Rachel, "who is not a woman, but a snake;" heard the London preachers, and went to the Crystal Palace with Sir David Brewster; then went home to Haworth, and began "Villette." She was very ill at this time (the winter of 1852), but she was always busy. Reading "Henry Esmond," she severely criticises her great Thackeray, as all women criticise him, although she was just to him as few men or women are. "Villette" was finished in November. When it was published, there was great doubt whether M. Paul Emanuel died at sea. But the doubt was

suffered in compliance with the feeling of Mr. Brontë, who could not bear to have a tale end sadly. The death at sea was as a fact to her, and she could only "veil the fact in oracular words."

One evening in December, 1852, her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls—a grave, conscientious man, who had watched her for years, and loved her long, with a trembling earnestness which touched and thrilled her—asked her to marry him. She could not answer him at once, but half led, half put him out of the room. The next day she told her father and he, disliking marriages, vehemently opposed the suit. Charlotte yielded, and Mr. Nicholls resigned the curacy of Haworth, and went away.

Mrs. Gaskell went down to see her in September, and copies a charming letter of her own, written at the time, describing the place, and the life in it—the little snug parlor of Miss Brontë; the clean home; the ticking clock in the kitchen; the grand and stately father; the little Miss Brontë, knitting and talking; and, "oh! those high, wild, desolate moors, up above the whole world, and the very realms of silence!"

The grand and stately father gradually yielded. In April she was engaged to Mr. Nicholls, who was to resume the curacy of Haworth, and live at the parsonage as one of the family. Charlotte Brontë was now thirty-eight years of age. The flush of youth was passed. Her feeling for Mr. Nicholls was evidently one of great tenderness and respect—not at all romantic, but grave and conscientious. She began to set the little parsonage in order for the wedding; went to make a few visits before her marriage, and to buy the few things she needed. She was to be married on the 29th of June. On the evening before, the whimsicality of the old father broke out again, and he announced that he should not go to the church to the wedding. But Miss Brontë's old friend Miss Wooler was there to give her away; and, the next morning, wearing a dress of white embroidered muslin, with a lace mantle, and white bonnet trimmed with green leaves, she was married to the man who had loved her so long and faithfully.

In happy travel, in kind society of husband and friends—with chastened memories and wise hopes—in earnest endeavor and thoughtful sympathy—the few months of her married life went

by. But, as they passed, the wife, who was to be a mother, slowly sickened and failed. The long-loving, faithful husband was "the tenderest nurse, the kindest support, the best earthly comfort that ever woman had." Surely no husband could hear or remember sweeter words than those. In the last days of March she whispered faintly in his ear—"We have been so happy!" and, on the 31st of March, 1855, the old bell of Haworth church tolled for the death of Charlotte Brontë Nicholls.

There is sometimes a summer day, beginning with clouds, and sultriness, and suppressed thunder, which develops through no transparent, increasing dawn, no jubilant morning, but begins at once, as if it were only sultry yesterday, which had been suspended for a few dark hours—and, glooming and threatening, dropping heavy rain, and flashing lightning, with long intervals of mournful silence, wears through the weary hours. Then, toward evening, as if the fury of its passion were over, and the unwilling conflict done, the wild glare, and moaning tempest, and dreadful

silence cease; the clouds break into softer forms—into tender depths and gleams of heavenly peace—until, in the very moment of sunset, the refruent clouds toss back upon the sky the kindling glory of which it has been all day bereaved; while, transfiguring the world and indemnifying years of sorrow by a momentary opening of the gates of heaven, the sun shines out calm, in unutterable splendor, and, even as we gaze, sinks slowly, slowly, and is seen no more.

In many a lonely valley among mountains, by many a shore of sounding waves, by man, and woman, and child, will this book be read this summer, with touched hearts and tearful eyes.

And whoever remembers the patient faithfulness, and steady care, and humble service, that saw, without a sigh, the great prizes of ease, and comfort, and content, forever out of reach, will owe, to this woman's record of a woman's life, a summer lesson that will not fade with its flowers, but bloom forever in a gentler sympathy and more Christian patience.

LUCK.

JOHN SCHENCK, with twelve others, set out one night to commit what proper people call a "depredation" upon a neighboring melon-patch: They went to fetch water-melons. In a manner well known to New Jersey farmers of that and the present period, but not known to John Schenck or his companions, the patch was planted with an alternation of pumpkins, which in that, as in all similar cases (at least to boyish eyes), threw the better of the brethren. The night was dark, and the work was wordless; and as each boy secured his prize, he stole off at a run to the rendezvous. When all were assembled it became known to the party that twelve boys had stolen pumpkins, and one boy had a watermelon. Of course that boy was John Schenck. That is the history of John Schenck's life; he always had a watermelon to every pumpkin—to every man's pumpkin. According to Carlyle's "outer garb or sensuous covering of things," this detailed circumstance, with a little patch-

ing, stretching or shrinking, will clothe every event that may be found upon the inclined plane of John's existence.

Of the many who may read this paragraph, at least ten thousand will know John Schenck personally. He lives in every city, and every little village in the United States; he is a cosmopolitan and more; for he not only lives in all lands, but has been known in every age—a Cagliostro. He dances an almost eternal tight-rope, stretched from the two poles of nothing—it is as impossible to say where he began, as it would be imaginary to point to where he will terminate. Yet may we mark his first positive appearance to our eyes—pre-mising that, in the mutations of time, he has suffered a change of name—and we would say other changes, also, but there may be the deceit of distance of the view down the long vista of ages. His name was Endymion:

"I've thought upon this boy, Endymion,
Until the music of his name has gone
Into my being."

My Lord Verulam, in his little acre of wisdom "De Sapia Veterum," has classed this boy as the "favorite;" but since

"Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was fooled at last for all his hundred eyes,"

we may venture that my lord missed the mark a little in this instance, and looked at things through the fashions of his time. To us, at all events, Endymion is the representative lucky man. Yet hear what my lord saith:

"The shepherd, Endymion, is said to have been beloved by Luna, and the manner of their meetings was singular and extraordinary, for he was wont to sleep in a grotto near his native place, under the Latinian rocks; and Luna is said to have descended frequently from heaven, sought the embraces of her sleeping companion, and so returned again to heaven. Yet his indolence and sleep were no detriment to his fortunes: but Luna, in the meanwhile, took care that his herds should fatten and increase as prosperously as possible, so that no shepherd had more well-conditioned or more numerous flocks."

Could there be a clearer sketching of the nature, or of the chief circumstances in the life of the lucky man? Yet hear the rest:

"This fable appears to relate to the character and habitude of princes. Being full of cares and inclined to suspicion, they will not readily admit to their private familiarity men who are intelligent, curious, and of vigilant disposition; but rather men of a quiet and yielding nature, who submit to the will of their masters and inquire no further, exposing themselves as men unconcerned, unsearching, insensible, and, as it were, asleep; paying rather simple obedience than cunning observance to their masters. With such men as these, princes are accustomed to descend from their majesty, as the moon from her orbit, to lay aside their mask (the perpetual wearing of which becomes a sort of burden), and amuse themselves familiarly with them; imagining that they may do this in safety," etc., etc.

In the general idea, we might find no fault—for the favorite is of the same family, one development, indeed, of the lucky man—but it is forced into trivialities. It is stamped with the time when it was written as with a date—a time when royal favorites were fashionable.

We will thus find luck developing itself in every age, in some man peculiar to that age; in some man around whom, or around whose position, the fancy of the times clusters, by common consent, all that it deems desirable. Endymion is an instance: where the fable was conceived, the words, "I also am an Arcadian," conveyed the whole sum of bliss; and to lie prone upon the

grass, brighter (to borrow the brightest and freshest of figures from Dante) than newly-broken emeralds, while soft airs,

"That, blown about the foliage underneath,
And sated with the innumerable rose,
Beat balm against your eyelids:"

and to see afar off your white flocks enameled into the mead; or in the hot day to dream in a cool grot and there be visited by a goddess—this was the heaven of their old idea. This was an end that no man could compass by his own endeavor, nor any deserve by his good conduct or pure heart—and so they went away from reality into their fine imaginations and dreamed it, catching at it at once through a faith that some power unknown, for a cause also unknown, would stoop to their wishes: this was luck. Every one had a divine faith, that he, also, might be an Endymion, and, to an extent, the faith was rewarded; for every one enjoyed the dream. Endymion had no more. All that they had, or knew, or imagined of voluptuous pleasure, far separated from care and grief, grew around this name; and wherever it is to be found in the old poets, it is in a golden halo of delight, as if its mere mention, like the mystic syllables of the east, wrought them up to a seventh heaven of bliss.

Skipping the intermediate periods—for the fancy of the reader will easily fill them—we come at once to the time when Bacon wrote, and find the same principle working in different forms upon the same material: it is the same human heart and the same mind, unsatisfied with everything but its dreams, bringing all easy indolence and voluptuous love of pleasure to gather around the place of the king's favorite. At that time, when the world ran to pageants and royal displays, magnificence of dress, splendid retinues, and all the paraphernalia of gorgeous courts, to be the proud heart of all, the richest of the rich, beloved of all ladies and cynosure of all eyes, was to be the Endymion of that day, and the luckiest man of the time.

Again a skip, and we return to our early friend, whom, for this present purpose, we may restore to a portion of his pristine right, and denominate Endymion Schenck. This is a time when it is impossible to find eyes so dull that there shall be no "speculation" in them. When men lie down with Lazarus, and

arise with the other fellow; but in a better place. When a small merchant with a smaller capital follows the star of a new time, and, with a sarsaparilla bottle in his hand as a present to the expected monarch, sits down like the ancient kings, and like them falls asleep, and, not dozing half so long, arises to find that his bottle, without in any particular altering its shape, has grown to a hundred thousand dollar mansion. This is the time—and Endymion Schenck is the man around whom all the ideas of the time gather. He is always successful—he was never known to fail—nor to have a care: he always knew he would be successful. From first to last, in the greatest and the least, victory sits upon his eagles. Call him what you will—Endymion, Piers Gaves-ton, or John Schenck—he is always the same lucky man.

But let us stop to inquire a little after the word. What idea does the word luck, call up to us? According to the common definitions, one of hap-chance, fortune, accident. Common definitions are seldom satisfactory. It is like picking up a sea-shell on the shore, and having our thought of it choked down with a long Latin name, when we want to go back and muse upon the particular fish that held his high court of life in the little round. "Like music," however, this present definition, is "bad or good, according as 'tis understood." Hap-fortune, accident, may be ordinarily well enough; but that there is any pure chance expressed in the word luck, if admitted by the general use, is at least denied by the etymology. Perhaps it may be questioned, indeed, whether it be possible for human intellect to contemplate the idea of pure chance: but this is going too deep for our present purpose. We are mere pearl-divers in this depth of thought, and should be more frightened than pleased to meet any metaphysical monster of the deep. "Luck (good or bad) is the past tense and past participle of the Anglo-Saxon *læccan*, *læc-gan*, *læc-cean*, *prehendere*, *apprehendere*, to catch; and means (something, anything) caught. Instead of saying that a person has had good luck, it is not uncommon to say he has had a good catch." So quoth the "unique Horne." This is illustrated by the fisherman—his haul is his luck—not as it is an uncertainty; for there is but little of that necessarily understood

with the good fisherman who tells by his experience when the fish come in or down, and by his knowledge of their natures and habits, and by observation of the winds and tides, warmth or coldness of the water, threatening storms, etc., whether there will be any prevention, and only expects a good *luck* when all things are favoring. This gives point to that ancient part of wisdom in scraps: Diligence is the mother of good Luck—and that brings good luck to be of a better family than was commonly thought.

Thus, so far from there being any chance in luck, it will be seen that one's luck did depend, as much as a thing possibly could, upon his own endeavor. Luck was simply success, and that could only be understood as crowning labor. But the word has gone away from this use, and has come now to represent that part of things that we contemplated an instant ago in using the phrase "*as much as a thing possibly could.*" There is, then, some degree in which the endeavor cannot regulate the result—and this degree, that goes between, is under the dominion of luck. That the same thing frequently thrives with one man and miscarries with another has always been observed—nor has it been seen that the successful man was the one of the greater ability or the closer application—but commonly the other way. "Certainly there be," says Bacon, again, "whose fortunes are like Homer's verses, that have a slide and easiness more than the verses of other poets." And when the Italians "speak of one that cannot do amiss, they will throw in into his other conditions, that he hath '*poco di matto*,' and certainly there be not two more fortunate properties than to have a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest." In this view, luck would seem to have been used as an equalizer, and to have been given to those who lacked such better things as brains. "Nature," says Hooker, "hath gifted some men with wisdom and understanding, and others with the art of playing the fiddle." Such men as have brains, ability, power—they who are either the flint or steel of human nature, and can strike out fire by contact—who can help themselves, seem to be left to themselves; but they who are neither of these—who are mere sticks in life—are tipped on the end with this little phosphorus of good luck: all

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they need is a rub, a touch, and they blaze. This runs very well with a second scrap of wisdom, that, if it be a "wise saw," is certainly also "a modern instance:" "Fools are kicked into luck." And this is recognized in Shakespeare:

"'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,'
quoth he;
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me
fortune.'"

Midas, from turning all he touched to gold, may be the figuring of a lucky man; and then we must not forget what the wind so continually whispered: "King Midas has the ears of an ass." How often has fine genius been cut to the quick by seeing the smooth "Sunday citizens" of the world distance it in its dearest schemes! With what gusto does Schiller cry out: "Heaven and earth both fight in vain against a dance!" When we get here it almost becomes explainable. Childe Harold has it that,

"Brisk confidence still best with woman
thrives."

Fortune is a woman—and "some have called her fickle." It is the confidence that is found so fully developed in the fool that "bids a gay defiance to mischance," and goes triumphantly through with everything. Fools seem to be lucky everywhere; for even the parenthesis-eyed Chinaman knows of it. "One has never so much need of his wit as when he has to do with a fool." There is no such thing as putting the real fool where he will not thrive: "throw him into the Nile," say the Arabs, "and he comes up with a fish in his mouth." Perhaps this idea of luck, that is half buried in the saying, "Lucky at play, unlucky in love," and some similar ones, may be explained upon a sufficiently general principle: the very qualities that would fit a man to be "lucky" (successful) at play are those that would unfit him to be so at the other—and the converse.

Lucky men finally do—and well may—have confidence in their destiny; but they must beware how they have too much in themselves, for "it is written that Timotheus the Athenian, after he had, in the account he gave to the state of his government, often interlaced this speech, *'and in this fortune had no part,'* never prospered in anything he undertook afterwards."

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There is often in the course of events a happy confluence of accidents bringing about results apparently quite incommensurate with the powers at work—and this, when associated in history with great names, makes a wonderful appearance. This goes so deeply into things that we can never attain a correct idea of either characters or circumstances without taking it into consideration. However great has been the confidence of man in his individual ability—his force of intellect to mould or direct circumstances to his will—but few have lived who have had the confidence to refer things to "me" alone—but they better qualify it with "we—and the lucky moment"—so fixing the luck to time, and making what the poets apostrophize as occasion—opportunity.

"Oh, opportunity! thy crime is great:
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason,
Thou putt'st the wolf where he the lamb
may get—
Whoever plots the sin thou pointest the
season."

And the more bequoted scrap:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

This luck of time—of a particular day, date, hour or minute—has had superstition to help it, and has gone to such an extent that men have regulated their lives to it; and only commenced serious undertakings at a specified moment. This comes, no doubt, from the astrologers. The fate of families seems sometimes associated with a day—all the members being born, married, and dying only upon its recurrence. There is, perhaps, no spot upon the earth where the idea of the ill luck of Friday has not now, or has not had, its effect. We may say of this superstition to the whole world, as was said of love:

"Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maître—
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être."

This superstition originated, doubtless, in the day's being a holy one in the Gothic mythology—and the naturally sequential belief, that to undertake common affairs of life upon that day was sacrilege.

Luck itself seems to defy analysis; for if you have once obtained a sufficient hold upon to examine it—presto! it has changed its nature. When you have once fairly recognized it as a working principle in things (and until then you can scarcely examine it), it is

no longer luck; for the very essence of this common idea is eccentricity—total irregularity—being outside of all rules. Thus, in daily calling Schenck a lucky man, and so accounting for his success, we recognize a working principle, and virtually declare that he is a notable exemplification of this idea of indirection that we express in the word chance. Yet, in containing this the thing defeats itself; for his luck presently amounts to regularity. There is no chance in his chances—no uncertainty. All who know him know that when he is into any description of scheme, where simple ability may not make success, nothing can be more certainly direct than indirection. One of the philosophical poets has called "all chance direction that thou canst not see;" and it must always be a mystery why this invisible direction has so strong a tendency toward Schenck. Yet, perhaps, as the gods laughed at Vulcan, "all chance" laughs at him—and as the one laughter is defined to be "the exuberant energy of the gods proceeding joyously through the universe," the other may be a very merry though immaterial game of skittles, and Schenck the ball—in this particular instance, like the old Toxopholite's second bow, "more sure for to last than pleasant for to use." As nothing but truth came from Jove—though it was turned into opinion and falsehood by the phantasy of Agamemnon—so nothing but perfect regularity comes from this "direction that thou canst not see;" but accidents incident to the nature of things create eccentricity. Still there is the same objection, that the "eccentricity" tends so to Schenck, and never to me. But then Schenck is of the earth, and earthy things grow around him: the weeds thrive where the flowers fail, for "the earth is the mother of the weeds, but only the step-mother of the flowers."

"Old Montaigne" has done his share toward showing that luck is sometimes on the right side: that "*fortune se rencontre souvent au train de la raison.*" He illustrates very well how "fortune brings in some ships that are not steered," though some of the stories he tells are like George the Third's cavalry charge down the Devil's Dyke: "Very steep, sir." The first is of a duke who would have poisoned a cardinal, and going to sup with him sent some poisoned wine before. The servant, not

in the secret, mistook the directions of particular carefulness to refer to the excellence of the wine, and when the duke, arriving tired and thirsty, called for wine, thought to please him by giving some of his own good drink. He died. When we remember that Shakespeare read Montaigne, it is not difficult to suppose that he may have arisen from the perusal of this circumstance with the speech in his mouth—

"Thus even-handed Justice
Commends our poisoned chalice to our lips."

Another is of the prevention of a crime. Iceter employed two soldiers to kill Timoleon, sojourning in Sicily. They chose the time while he was offering a sacrifice and mixed with the multitude. While they were waiting, a sword was suddenly driven through the neck of one and he fell dead. The other, supposing that they were discovered, fled to the altar, and, claiming its protection, promised to disclose all—and at once betrayed the conspiracy. He had scarcely finished speaking, when the one who had sent the sword through his companion was brought in and confessed to having committed the murder for an old quarrel. In a different vein entirely is that of the "*Capitaine Rense assiegeant pour nous la ville d'Eronne.*" That worthy engineer was in a manner hoist by his own petard. He placed his mine very correctly, and blew the wall up with such power, suddenness, and precision, that it raised in one piece, and came down the same way, settling so exactly in its proper place that the besieged "did not value it the less." Ahem! With this we may give the sensible admonition of Josephus: "If any one think these things incredible, let him keep his opinions to himself."

A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*—in an article not seen till this was thus far gone—in trying to resolve a question of the superstition of fortune—What is fortune?—brings together some definitions: "Lucan says, fortune is only another name for our own doings; somebody else that 'pluck is luck'; a third that luck is a word to be talked about, but that it is skill that leads to fortune; a fourth that every one is his own fortune-maker; and, finally, our grave friend, Juvenal, assures us, that fortune is but hazardous; that the true power is prudence.

although men persist in elevating the impostor to heaven, and there worshipping her as a divinity;" and elsewhere quotes a remark of Chatham, that "Chance is but another name for an unaccountable nothing." And, turning this definition inside out, like a "cheveril glove," we may say that an unaccountable nothing is but another name for chance. There is nothing resolved; and the definitions merely shift the matter from one word to another. The prologue has yet to come that shall tell

us plainly that "the lion is no lion, but only Snug the joiner;" that the wonder is no wonder, but perhaps the inevitable result of a principle of adaptability that seems to pervade nature, and causes one man, who appears a fool in only knowing one thing, to yet thrive with that one thing, and be called lucky, because another of great ability and universal knowledge shall fail at that same simple thing—he failing, perhaps, for the very reason that he knew too much.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

—THE beautiful blue and gold series of choice works, inaugurated last summer by Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, with the poems of Tennyson, is continued by Longfellow's works and Swain's poems, and the *Characteristics of Women*, and other works, by Mrs. Jameson. These are to be followed by Whittier, Leigh Hunt, Lowell, and others—a pure belle-lettres series. The books are not only pretty, they are in the most convenient form for summer reading and travel; and the collection of Leigh Hunt's poems will be the first complete edition of one of the daintiest and most melodious of contemporary English writers—the most characteristically Italian author out of Italy.

—*Europe and America*, by Adam de Gurowski (Appleton), is a book which deserves more than a magazine notice; for it is the profoundest and most comprehensive survey of America and Americans since de Tocqueville's work. It is, in truth, a more perceptive and philosophical treatise than de Tocqueville's; for, while the clear-eyed Frenchman is mainly interested in the consideration of the method and practicability of democratic organization, de Gurowski pierces and exposes the very genius of our character and civilization. We commend the work to the thoughtful study of every one of our readers who loves his country as a man and not as a partisan, and who believes in its good destiny, as a Christian. We are ourselves too much a part of the process; we live too closely inwound with

the whole operation of our institutions, fairly and philosophically to examine and determine their character and tendency; and while there have been plenty of eager tourists who made indignant notes that we spit, and chew, and drawl, and boast, and drink, there have been only a few who would not measure a new phenomenon by the canons of taste and tradition, but looked through the imperfection and the crudity to the principle. This is what de Gurowski has done. He says sharp things of us sharply; but he, also, says sweet and true things well. He does not spare our intolerable pusillanimity; but he sees that the faults are not essential defects. His feeling is as warm as his expression is vehement. He does not hesitate to illustrate a proposition with any name or instance; and the late president points a contemptuous paragraph. But this impetuous temperament of the observer does not vitiate the justice of the observation: it serves rather to enliven and vivify the description. Few foreigners have paid so high homage to America: and that it is a foreigner who does it is his own great praise. The mastery of the English language in the work is remarkable. It is not a clear style, but it is forcible, and copious, and even idiomatic. The scholarship, which the book displays and implies, is of a scope beyond our usual standard. The author is evidently a man familiar with histories and literatures. We consider his work of great practical value as a reflection—an image

of ourselves, projected so that we can see and study it. Let us study seriously all such reflections; for our country is but an experiment—no astrology of statesmanship or philosophy can properly cast its horoscope. But every effort toward that end, like this, challenges our heartiest sympathy and respect.

—*The Englishman in Kansas*—by T. H. Gladstone—edited, with a preface, by Fred. Law Olmsted (Miller and Company). Here is another foreigner's view of a domestic matter. But as the matter is one of universal interest, and as the principles involved are simply human and not partisan, an intelligent Englishman is as competent a witness, and as fair a judge, as any man can be. So Mr. Gladstone shows himself. He traveled through the United States last year not as an Exeter Hall philanthropist, but as an Englishman and a man, and he saw with his own eyes part of that dreadful history of Kansas, which is the blackest blot upon the American name. His account of it is very simple, and graphic, and interesting; and, at the present moment, when the question is far from decided, his work has peculiar weight, from its impartial observation. Mr. Olmsted's preface is a clear and forcible statement of what may be called the philosophy of the Kansas outrage, as distinguished from its political intention. It shows the tendency of the whole slave system to imbrute the man who meddles with it, and the consequent careless disregard of human life and fitness for crime so fearfully conspicuous in the framers and executors of the wicked laws of Kansas. The whole matter is treated with the calmness and sense of profound conviction which have already given so marked and peculiar a character to all Mr. Olmsted's writings upon the subject.

—T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, has issued *Major Jones's Courtship and Travels*, by himself; *Love after Marriage*, and other tales, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. *Major Jones* is a book of broad farce, broadly illustrated, which may amuse an hour in the cars or steamer. But we have tried in vain to discern the fun. Of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz's performances, which continue to appear, we can only say what we have said before, that they are as near life as poor stock-acting; but they must evidently please or they would not period-

ically appear, being probably collected from the periodicals in which they were originally published. Mrs. Southworth is another of the ladies whose names are conspicuous in book-advertisements, and who writes elaborate novels. They are as good as many other novels, and there is no apparent reason why she should not go on writing novels forever. May she have readers as long! Peterson also publishes two thick volumes of *Frank Forester's Sporting Scenes and Characters*. These are a classic in the sportsman's library.

—C. S. Francis and Co. have issued a very handsome library-edition of *Bacon's Essays, with Annotations* by Archbishop Whately. In his preface, the archbishop reminds the reader that in Bacon's time an "essay" did not mean an elaborate treatise, however brief, but was really an essay toward a subject, serving as a suggestion to other minds; and upon this ground he excuses himself for venturing to amplify Bacon. His annotations are, for the most part, valuable and interesting. But, despite his theory of the essay, Bacon's works, in that kind, have a completeness and sympathy which make any addition impertinent. Bacon is good, and Whately may be good; but Bacon and Whately mixed are not necessarily so good as either separate. Whately's annotations are, after all, what we modern men would call "essays," and upon the same subjects. With his preface more decided fault may be found. Archbishop Whately is English among the English. There is an intense Britishness, as it were, in his mind and method of observation and thought, which leads him into great blunders, wherever a Catholic taste and acute and independent, rather than traditional, perception are demanded. He thinks that certain modern writers are guilty of obscurity of style, and that, by force of the fog in which they bury their ideas, they make their mole-hills pass for mountains. In illustration of this not very original remark, he quotes, among other extracts, some passages from Emerson's Divinity School Address. The archbishop implies that he does not understand these passages; and that, even if the idea could be discovered, it would prove to be a very small idea. And the course of his argument assumes that everything that is worth saying, can be said in Lord Bacon's style. Whatever is worth saying, on the

contrary, can be said in as many ways as there are sayers. The same sap is elaborated into myriad fruits. The old fable refutes the archbishop; for it would be as sensible for the lily to laugh at the passion-flower, as for one literary style to arrogate an essential superiority to all others. Moreover, in this case, there is a singular resemblance, in the pith and manner of expression, between Bacon and Emerson, as well as Charles Lamb. No three essayists could be more dissimilar in many ways; but their styles have all the same rich idiomatic ring. There is no more exact and exquisite master of English than Emerson. Most of the so-called simple and Addisonian writers are slipshod beside him. That famous sentence of Bacon's, upon which the Archbishop has an annotation, has the precise cadence and thoughtful melody of Emerson: "Death bath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy." The present edition is a rival of the English, and is the handsomest of recent American books.

—G. P. Putnam & Co. issue a convenient and pretty series of *Railway Classics*, beginning with the "Salmagundi," "Sketch-book," and "Tales of a Traveler." Irving, in every form, is welcome and delightful; and his "Salmagundi" had quite passed out of general circulation before the present edition. It is illustrated with the quaint old wood-cuts of Linkum Fidelius and Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and will carry many a reader back to the happy moment of his first introduction to the genial and beautiful genius whose works, first in order in our proper literature, connect that literature by sympathy and spirit, by tender humor and humane wisdom, with the literature from which it is legitimately descended. The *Railway Classics* form a delightful series for summer reading.

—The French are said to be bad travelers, because, with all their sociability, they see nothing outside of France itself which they deem worthy of praise. They are, in this respect, more insular than the insular English, and, comparing everything with the high artificial standard of Paris, are apt to underrate whatever is of foreign origin. At any rate, Mr. Edmund About's work, *La Grèce Contemporaine*, which has been translated under the name of *Greece and the Greeks*, will not relieve them of this reputation. Few men have

enjoyed better opportunities for learning the true character of the Greeks than he; for he resided at Athens a long time, became acquainted with the languages of the country; and his reports on the industry, the domestic manners, the government, the personal characteristics of the nation are unusually full; but they do not seem to us to be always accurate. A disposition to say smart things has unquestionably betrayed him into some imperfections, which have given great offense in Greece, and provoked more than one sharp reply. His English translator, in a brief preface not remarkable for good taste, defends all his criticisms, however, as veritable gospel. That the Greeks are, to a large extent, a fallen race, is true, but at the same time they are a race of some admirable qualities. Mr. About himself says that they "are vivacious, lively, sober, intelligent, witty, and proud of these advantages—that they love liberty, equality, and their country passionately;" but, then comes in the fearful qualification that they are "undisciplined, selfish, unscrupulous, with a strong dislike to manual labor." Pillage and piracy, he says, are not only tolerated but approved by them, and they are great cheats in all affairs of trade. "The most honest people at Athens," he remarks. "would be people of doubtful reputation in France or England." They must be low, indeed, if they are more dishonest than the Paris shopkeepers. Mr. About doubts their courage also, intimating with a sneer, that the ancient Greeks, even those of Salamis, were but poor and unheroic fighters. But all this is extravagance. The truth is that the Greeks, having been subjected for many generations to grinding despotisms, have some of the vices of slaves; and the European nations of the west, which have done so little towards assisting them, ashamed of their indifference, like to exaggerate those vices. Our countryman, Mr. Baird, in his *Modern Greece*, is more just to the natives, and shows that, with all their faults, they are in the way of a rapid improvement. But while we think Mr. About's book a little exaggerated, it is proper to add, that it is highly entertaining—the style is in the lively vein of the French, and it presents us many new and animated pictures of life.

—*Dramatic Scenes, with other Poems*, now first Printed, by Barry Cornwall

(Tiecknor and Fields), is probably the last volume of verse we shall ever have from this sweet singer. Mr. Proctor speaks of poems in the book which were written forty years ago, and declares that "I ought to disburden myself from my armor, and leave to more active and heroic spirits the glory of the struggle and the crown that awaits success." Barry Cornwall's genius is a slight thread on which he stricks his beads of song; but there is no lover of poetry, no reader of sensitive feeling, who does not like to tell those beads, and acknowledge the tenderness of the sentiment, and the daintiness of the manner. It is a heresy to say that his songs have hardly the true song-music; but only occasionally is there a lift of feeling and music, as in the "Touch us gently, Time" of the earlier volume, which explains and justifies Barry Cornwall's reputation. Contemporary with all the modern masters of English poetry, he has piped away upon his oaten reed, and the grander symphonies have not drowned his pleasant music. Time will touch his fame as he besought him to touch his home, "gently, gently."

—The late Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, who was lost in the *Arctic*, was one of the most amiable of men, and also one of the few purely literary scholars in the country. His quiet, contemplative taste sequestered him from the turmoil of active, public life, and certainly no contemplative poet ever had a more suitable and sympathetic editor, in spirit, than William Wordsworth found in Henry Reed. Mr. Reed was professor of English literature in the University of Pennsylvania, and, since his death, his brother has edited selections from his lectures. The last, and, as the editor tells us, the final issue, is the course upon the English Poets, just published by Parry and Macmillan. These lectures are gentle and pleasant chat about English poets and poetry. They do little toward a history of English literature, and were evidently prepared for an audience of no very general literary cultivation or sympathy. They are written in a singularly unambitious style for these days, and they treat every great name, even in censure, with respect. The key to Mr. Reed's criticisms is to be found in his profound reverence for Wordsworth—the one fanaticism of his life. Pope he does not like; nor, as it seems to us, does he appreciate

his poetry, or do justice to his position. Among modern men he can find room for Rogers and Moore, but not for Shelley and Keats, who, as poets, and literary influences in England, are certainly to be named before them. He speaks with manly condemnation of Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*; and, indeed, in all that he says and thinks, is a gentleman, a man of modest self-respect, respecting others. The volumes will be an agreeable introduction to English poetry for those who are not somewhat familiar with the subject, and their amiable aim only makes us regret anew that there is as yet no comprehensive and philosophical history of English literature.

—Every scholar knows what an important part of the intellectual life of the most intellectual of the nations the German University is, and every scholar is, therefore, eager to read whatever relates to the German University that is authentic. Dr. Schaff, of the Theological Seminary of Mercersburg, has performed an acceptable service in a recent work called *Germany—its Universities, Theology, and Religion*. (Lindsey & Blakiston). Regularly educated in a German university himself, having been for some time a teacher in one, and an American resident sufficiently long to enable him to understand the relations of German and Anglo-American habits of thought, Dr. Schaff is peculiarly fitted to act as interpreter between his former and his present countrymen. His plan embraces an account of the history and actual organization of the universities—the condition of German theological science and religion, and sketches of the personal characters of the most eminent German professors, such as Neander, Tholuck, Olshausen, Nitsch, Dörner, etc., etc. Of course, he must write briefly where he has undertaken to write about so much; yet, though concise, he is not unintelligible nor uninteresting. His thorough familiarity with his subject enables him to say much in little; while the general correctness of his principles furnishes him the means of a classification, which, in itself, throws great light upon the intricate schools of German thought. Dr. Schaff writes from the orthodox point of view; but he is not so orthodox as to deny the piety of all those who differ from him in their dogmatics. For instance, he says of Neander, that he did not admit the binding au-

thority of the symbolical books; that his views on the Trinity in the inspiration of the Scripture, or the sanctification of the Sabbath, were loose; and yet he admires Neander's "unfeigned and deep-rooted piety." Again, speaking of Schleiermacher, whose immense services to Christianity he gratefully confesses, he says: "It seems to be incredible that a man, who removed from the New Testament the pedestal of the Old, who numbered the miraculous conception, the resurrection and ascension of Christ, and his return to judgment, among the things comparatively indifferent to saving faith, who denied the existence of the devil, and taught the final salvation of all creatures, should have been a blessing to the Church, and lead the rising generation to the fountains of life. And yet such is the fact, and his lasting merit," etc. Dr. Schaff appears to have adopted Neander's favorite maxim, *Pectus est quod theologum facit*—it is the heart which makes the theologian—for he applies it in nearly all his judgments of the distinguished men of the various schools.

—The household edition of the "Waverley Novels" (Ticknor & Fields) is continued by the publication of *Guy Mannering* and the *Antiquary*. To this last, Darley contributes a most characteristic drawing of Jonathan Oldbuck, standing in slippers, long hose, and dressing-gown, cap on head, and spectacles thrown up on the forehead, holding a black-letter volume open in his hand, and another tightly closed under his arm; old armor lies around him, and the cheerful, sweet, shrewd aspect of the old humorist is charmingly presented. Of all Scott's novels, none is more permanently interesting than the "Antiquary;" as no character of his creation is more perfect than the hero. For the young reader, the romance of Lovel and Isabella Wardour is sufficiently absorbing; but the mature mind finds, in the genial and exquisite delineation of the Antiquary, Edie Ochiltree, and the fisher's family, a charm and satisfaction that are not surpassed by the excellences of any other of his series. It is clear to see that Scott will pass into the same unquestioned fame in which Shakespeare is for-

ever enthroned. Like all great authors who become great moral forces in the world, he is already beyond merely literary criticism. The reader may prefer *Ivanhoe* to *Red Gauntlet*, as he may prefer *Hermione* to *Portia*; but the claims of both to the same immortality are fully recognized. With all the pleasure we experience on hearing of the success of the present beautiful edition, there is no more agreeable reflection than that, over these fair pages, thousands and thousands of boys and girls are laughing the laughs, and shedding the tears, that all their parents remember when they, too, were boys and girls. So wide is the magic circle, so profound and universal is the touch of genius.

—Harper & Brothers publish the sixth volume of the *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, by Agnes Strickland. It contains upwards of three hundred and fifty pages, but does not conclude the life of Queen Mary. In all Miss Strickland's writings there is a simple sincerity which wins and secures the approval of the discreet and wise. Her long habits of careful historical investigations assure the reader in advance that he will find neither prejudice nor passion, but an interesting and sympathetic account of the times and the persons discussed in the work. The present edition is of good size and style.

—*Biographical and Historical Sketches*, by T. Babington Macaulay (Appletons), is a work which is valuable, as containing the historian's papers upon Johnson, and Bunyan, and Goldsmith; but the bulk of the book is made up of scissorings from his "History of England." His touches are always graphic and good, but this volume, upon the whole, has rather a book-making air. It is, however, interesting, as showing how much Macaulay says about a person, in a very few lines, which might be overlooked in taking the sketch as a part of the portrait. In this work, for instance, there are but about eighteen lines devoted to Elizabeth Villiers; and yet, the eighteen lines give a fair idea of her character. The book is an agreeable one for summer reading.

PUTNAM'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

"A particular arrangement of reflecting surfaces."

THOUGH it be June—lovely and leafy—and though every brook everywhere—overjoyed at the release from the sternest of winters—"singeth a quiet tune," yet the first turn in our Kaleidoscope shall give us a flash of autumnal splendor. Like those released brooks, so are the artists, roaming away. Church, after his great triumph in the Niagara, flies to the equator for repose. Kensett, with one of Chontean's trading-parties, pushes up the further waters of the Missouri, toward the Rocky Mountains and the realms of sunset. Other men go elsewhere; but, while they are going, or prepare to go; while the great hegira of fashion to the sea and hills fills all the broad avenues of travel, let them peep through our glass of many hues and see the soft splendors of the forest of Fontainebleau, in which forest, as of old, Robin Hood and his merry men in Sherwood, all the artists of France—native and foreign—lounge and loiter through many a summer day. Lounge and loiter? There is no life more devotedly industrious than that of the conscientious artist, as you shall see.

BARBISON is a little village situated on the verge of the Forest of Fontainebleau. It consists of one single street, about half a mile long, on the right and left of which are little one or two story store-houses, inhabited chiefly by peasants. Some of them are picturesque—the straw roofs being covered with rich green moss. They are of the rudest construction, and mostly old, and the court-yards in front of them are beautifully ornamented with dung-hills, straw, wood-piles, carts, barrows, and other farming apparatus; and, where the gravel walk should be, conducting from the outer gate to the cottage, is usually a domestic lake or puddle, through which you are expected to walk—as the geese do—to the door, if you have anything to say to the occupant—unless you prefer the soft carpeting of straw and manure on either side, where the chickens, turkeys, and all manner of poultry pick and scratch for a living. One or two little flower-gardens I have seen, and some attempts at neatness and ornament—for there are two or three artists of some reputation who live in Barbison—

but I think these innovators on dirt, disorder, and ignorance, must be looked upon as the aristocrats of the village.

Barbison has, for some years, been the resort of artists, who come down here to study and paint in the magnificent Forest of Fontainebleau. There are two taverns in the place—Ganne's and Vannier's. The former seems to be the most popular at present with the brothers of the brush. Formerly Vannier's had the preference, and the *salle à manger* of the latter is handsomely adorned with paintings on the walls, by various artists who have been guests there. I cannot say anything about Ganne's tavern, as I have never staid there.

Of my life here I shall give you a little sketch. I take, the Lyons rail-road in Paris, buy a ticket to Weben—a ride of about two hours—thence to Barbison, by omnibus—about seven miles. I arrive after sundown—a chilly October evening. I am welcomed by Madame Vannier, a good-looking young peasant woman, dressed in the costume of the country; the chief peculiarity of which—though it is a costume common, I believe, to all the country-towns about Paris—is a handkerchief wrapped all around the head, and entirely concealing the hair. Madame V. would be better-looking still—I was going to say—would she allow her hair to be seen. But it seems as if all the country-women, and even the little girls, are forbidden to show their hair—as if it were something to be ashamed of. I dine very simply, smoke my pipe or cigar, and read a little over a few reluctant brands in the deep fire-place of the *salle à manger*, and retire at nine o'clock—the fashionable hour for going to bed in Barbison.

I rise early, and breakfast, on *café au lait*, toast and butter—get my painting-box in order and strap it over my back—shoulder my umbrella, stool, and easel, receive from Madame V. my *pochon*—a sack containing my luncheon, or second breakfast—and, thus accoutred, tramp to the forest. Arriving at the spot chosen for my day's or morning's work, I unpack and set to work. Time passes swiftly with a painter out of doors, in fine weather, and surrounded by those beautiful and magnificent sitters—

the woods and the rocks. Attwelve or one I lunch. My second breakfast consists of a hunk of dry bread, a piece of meat, a scrap of cheese or sausage, salt, a pear, and a half-bottle of sour wine. But what a glorious appetite one has, working out of doors. The plainest fare has a relish unknown to the dwellers at home. After luncheon the cigar or pipe, and then work again; or else roaming about in search of subjects, till near sundown; when the falling light and the dews remind me that it is time to return to my inn.

A pleasant life this—embosomed in nature, and transferring form and color to canvas, at first hand! I shall not dwell upon its delights—my brother-painters know them too well.

But now commences the prosaic, and, by no means, enlivening, part of the day. At present I happen to be alone in the forest. For four days I have hardly spoken to a soul or been spoken to. So I have to fall upon my own resources to lighten the slow, dull hours till bed-time. There is some difference between life out of doors and life in doors, at Barbison. I come back to a cold room, and a cold *salle à manger*, with a cold brick floor, and dinner not ready. About six it comes on table. A huge loaf of dry bread, a bottle of vinegarish wine, pewter spoons and forks. Then first soup—poor enough—often a soup *maigre* or a soup *à l'os cille*, with lots of bread soaked in it, then boiled meat; then a roast or a cutlet, and some sort of vegetable. We are put on allowance—always enough, to be sure, but never anything left over. For dessert, always one bunch of grapes. Once, when there were four of us, we each had four bad walnuts apiece. O! I forgot the salad. We have that. And Chenou always dressed the lettuce, whether we wanted it or not; for, he said, that otherwise it would appear again—the same lettuce—to-morrow. After dinner, comes the luxury of a fire, to warm our shivering limbs. But what a fire! We always have to ask for it; and, when it comes, it is invariably two or three cat-sticks or twigs, and one chunk of asbestos; and the evening is divided between that material species of solace—the pipe—(the very shepherd's pipe, in this way, now-a-days)—and the occupation of punching and blowing this smoky, unwilling, salking fire on the hearth. When the cat-sticks burn

out, all is over. Was there ever such wood! It must have been artificially prepared, and warranted not to ignite. Over and over the asbestos chunk is turned—like an uneasy sleeper—on its bed of ashes and dull coals, but no flame can be got out of it. Then the tallow-candles give us some occupation, as they require to be snuffed every five minutes. And so, with punching the asbestos chunk, and drinking the remainder of our sour wine, and lighting fresh pipes, the long evening wears away.

Now, as I am alone, it is longer than ever. Between nine and ten I retire. The bed-chamber is as cold and cheerless as below stairs. Not a rag of carpet to stand on; no furniture but a chair and table; cold, coarse linen sheets—sometimes dampish; no woollen blankets; and the bed so short, that I have to lie diagonally and dream transversely. In the morning, I wash in a basin the size of a breakfast-plate, and wipe my hands and face on a cotton napkin, and tie my cravat at a glass six inches by three and a-half—an aggravating little reflector, which distorts my face horribly, and makes me imagine myself at least ten years older.

The country-people here seem to be of the roughest sort—sordid, close, ignorant, superstitious, coarse, loud-tongued, unmusical, and altogether of the earth earthy. When they converse, they scream at each other like geese. The talk of the men is like the barking of dogs, that of the women like the screaming of peacocks. And such lungs!

Madame V. is one of the most refined of them, I dare say—but Madame is a *jeune avare*—thinks of nothing but francs and sous, and how to scrimp and save. Two tallow-candles for one person would horrify her. More than three cat-sticks and one gutta percha chunk on the fire would fill her with alarm. Every little extra furnished gratis, such as wrapping-paper, string, and wafers, is a surprise to me, so accustomed have I grown to her excessive economy.

The last day of October. I am still here, working hard all day in the forest, and spending my evenings alone. For ten days I have not seen a soul to speak to, except a young Englishman, who appeared one morning and vanished. I have almost forgotten the sound of my voice. And as for French I can hardly get through a sentence straight.

Moreover, I was so foolish as to bring scarcely any books. I can't write; the room is too cold, and my wits grow torpid for want of stimulus. How charming it must be here in the winter. Yet there are painters who live in Barbison the year round.

During the day, the weather has been splendid; that is, for a week—which is something not usual in this climate. Cold and frosty in the mornings; but, under the shelter of the rocks, I can work comfortably. The color of the trees is at its finest—not equal, of course, to that of our American October, but fine for Europe. One never sees such gorgeous colors in the foliage here, as in America. My American studies of autumn tints almost excite a smile from a European. A French artist saw in my *atelier* one day a sketch of a scarlet maple. "*C'est affreux*," said he.

My favorite spot for studies in the forest is where I have been painting—on the rocky side of the *pavé* or *grande route*, near the open space where the large oaks are. Here you have a specimen of everything for which the forest is characteristic—fine oaks, beeches, and birches—rocks covered with moss and lichens, interspersed with trees, and piled up on the hillside in wild and savage grandeur. And a pleasant, sheltered spot it is in these cool days. Then it is near the great road, where travelers and artists frequently pass, which prevents it from being too lonely.

The trees are full of red squirrels, and it is a pleasant sight to see them chasing one another up and down the huge trunks and from the boughs of one tree to another. Over the woods of the *Bas Bréau*, on the other side of the road, the crows, or rather rooks, scream themselves hoarse; and at night the owls hoot dismally.

And this reminds me of the night of the eclipse, a few weeks ago, when I heard these owls, as I walked through the forest with some artists. It was a splendid moonlight when we started. None of us knew of the eclipse; for newspapers and almanacs never reach Barbison. Very soon I discovered that a piece of her ladyship's green-cheese had been bitten off by the grim earth-shadow. We were on our way through the Gorge d'Apremont. As we descended the valley, a fog lay below, with precisely the appearance of a lake. We wound along among the rocks down to the

Dormoir, and around through the woods. How solemn it was in the forest—in some places almost pitch dark—and the faint eclipse light falling here and there in dim white patches, unearthly and mysterious. Beethoven's moonlight sonata describes it better than anything I can write.

It is certainly a grand forest this of Fontainebleau; and it is no wonder the artists love it, and resort to it. There are some things, to be sure, valued by the painters, which it is without. There is no water, for instance, nor any distant hills or mountains—two almost indispensable features in a landscape. But then the trees, especially the beeches and oaks, are superb. So are the rocks; and, for savage, brigand-haunted hillsides, what can furnish finer motives than the Jean de Paris and the Gorge d'Apremont. After all, it takes very little to make a picture; and the French understand this fact. Rousseau takes the first bit of green he sees outside the smoke of the city suburbs, and contrives to make it somehow attractive. Troyon makes a picture of a cow and a piece of a tree, which crowds rush to see. All depends on treatment. The artist, somehow, manages to infuse himself into the commonest clod, or stump, or stone. But at Fontainebleau there is endless material for wood-scenes. Painting, in the deep, solemn *Bas Bréau*, under the tall, cathedral-like pillars of tree-trunks, and Gothic tracery of branches and leaves, I could see around me, from my camp-stool as the centre, half-a-dozen vistas, which would amply repay the labor of a transference to canvas.

When I left the forest, the wind was playing its closing voluntaries on the tree-tops, and the congregations of faded leaves were fast hurrying home to their winter retreats in the rocky nooks. Summer's sermons were over—the tongues in the trees were beginning to stiffen. Another preacher—the reverend and venerable John Frost—was approaching—that powerful, Puritan prelate of nature, and the very rocks seemed to say—"Now, we shall have our long winter homilies, and our dreary psalms of snow and wind. No matter! the birds, and the flowers, and the south winds, will come again; and our forest cathedral will hear a service more to our taste."

Lo you, now, good reader! If here be

not a "trew ballode" of the olden time ;
as full of quaintness as an egg is full of
meat, and as patriotic in sentiment as the
Declaration of Independence. In our next
we hope to match it with an elder brother
of 1693—a little Puritanical, perhaps ;
but we shall see anon.

SACK AND SUGAR.

A BALLAD.

In 1777,
When blows were dealt for life and land,
Fair women mingled in the fray,
And lent, at times, a helping hand.
An instance floats before me now,
Evolved from memory's smouldering heap,
That once beguiled my youthful ears,
And lulled my drooping eyes to sleep.

East Hartford—famed for little else
Than sand and water-melons now—
Was marked, in those brave times of old,
By quite an enterprising row.
What time King George's red-coat force
Strode o'er the land with bloody trail,
The sack and pillage happened, which here
Becomes the staple of my tale.

Tea, sugar, rum, and other stores,
In those rough days were scarce and dear,
And folks resorted for supplies
To measures that were somewhat queer :
Thus, once in Master Pitkin's store,
All hid away from common view,
Were sundry casks of sugar stowed,
Intended for the soldier-crow.

The women—bless their patriot souls !—
The whispered news indignant heard,
And straight resolved that not an ounce
In British tea-cups should be stirred.
The tumult in their throbbing hearts
Made every rounded bosom swell,
And caused delighted swains to flinch,
As muslin tuckers rose and fell.

Through all the region round about,
The spirit of adventure swept ;
Girls talked of feats of arms by day,
And dreamed of slaughter when they slept.
A rendezvous at length is fixed,
And Lyon's tavern is the spot,
Where troops throng in from Salmon
Brook,
From Podunk, and from Pewterpot.

And so, that August afternoon,
To air-borne cries of *Katydid*,
Some two-score damselfs marched away,
For where the tempting bait was hid.
No flouting banner mocked the foe,
No martial music shrieked, "we come !"
For petticoats were flag enough,
And quite superfluous fife and drum.

Poor badgered Pitkin (tory he,
Custodian of the precious stock)
Grew pale, as any tory might,
To meet this energetic flock.
With skirts tucked up through pocket-
holes,
And arms akimbo, on they came,
Resolved, in dauntless maidenhood,
To strike for sugar and for fame.
Aghast the trembling sinner stood,

And quailed before the potent power—

Confronted by a crowd like this,
His craven spirit well might cower.
Besides, the band was flanked by three
Tall, sturdy chaps, who knew the plan,
And so, like valiant Falstaff, he
Turned tail at once, and fairly ran.

Elated now, the victors ramped,
And topsy-turvy turned the things ;
All his dried-apple bins they scorched,
And stripped the onions from their strings ;
Bipped swelling bags of feathers loose,
Upset the kettles, pots, and pans,
And when they forced the cellar-door,
Each female kick was like a man's.

At last, all snugly packed away,
They found the luscious prize they sought.
Then promptly seized a neighbouring cart,
And two recumbent oxen caught.
The casks were safely rolled aboard,
Th' excited captain shouted "go !"
And off in triumph thus they bore
The plunder from the routed foe.

Now, where that captured sugar went,
No mortal ear was ever told ;
But my opinion is, that all
Beneath true Yankee tongues was rolled ;
And that, indeed, about those days,
When lovers' lips impulsive met,
The secret must have been betrayed,
That it was somewhere handy yet !

Women had nerve and mettle then,
And proved their pluck and prowess, too :
This sketch, suggestive, merely hints
At deeds they were prepared to do.
They hated red-coats—and they knew
That tories stood small chance for heaven,
Who prowled about Connecticut
In 1777.

THE PARKS OF CINCINNATI.—The report
of a select committee, appointed by the
Common Council of the Queen City, to in-
quire respecting the purchase of ground
for public parks, lies before us, and from
it we propose to gather a few interesting
particulars. It appears that at the present
time there are but two breathing-places in
Cincinnati, "each four hundred feet by
thirty-four feet, inclosed with a substantial
wooden paling, so that neither man nor
beast, nurse nor child, can trespass thereon ;
except that, now and then, a washerwoman
scales the fence, and hangs her clothes
there to dry." We quote from the report,
and are not responsible for the above rather
remarkable exception. But, apart from
the enterprising washerwoman, the fact,
that so large a city as Cincinnati should
be so limited in park-room, is surely sur-
prising. Two squares, each in extent about
one-third of an acre, for a dense population
of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand,
is a very limited allowance of breathing
space. The action of the Common Council
has not been at least "premature," in the

premises. And we are happy to add, that we have also to lay before our readers a proposition, tendered the committee, which, as an instance of wise benevolence, cannot but excite the admiration of all, save the envious. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, well known as the "father of grape culture in the West," and one of Cincinnati's earliest pioneers, proposes that the city shall purchase of him a portion of the tract, known as the Garden of Eden, lying within the corporation limits of the city, and on the very verge of its streets. The terms of the proposal we take from the report:

"He will not require payment of any interest on the purchase-money for fifteen years, during which time the only expenditure he asks the city to make, will be the outlay, in permanently improving the premises, of a sum equal to the present income he receives from that portion now occupied by tenants, which sum the city can easily realize, by allowing the few vineyards within the inclosure to remain in the same condition as now. At the end of the fifteen years, if the city decide to keep the property, six per cent. bonds shall issue for the whole amount of principal and interest, and be delivered to such trustees as he shall appoint by a declaration of trust, by the terms of which trust, one half the annual income of the purchase-money, as thus accumulated, shall be forever expended in relief to the poor of Cincinnati, and the other half expended for such other benevolent purpose as he shall, in the mean time, provide for. At any time during the fourteenth year, the city may re-convey the property to him, or his heirs, or devisees, and become thereupon released from all obligation to pay either the principal or interest of the purchase-money.

"So that the only obligation the city is asked absolutely to undertake, is to expend annually a sum equal to what it will be annually entitled to receive from the vineyard tenants, and that sum is to be ascertained and fixed before the conveyance is accepted. All other branches of the proposal are only to bind the city, in case that, at the end of fifteen years, the value of the tract, the growth of the city, and the public wants shall render it expedient, in the eyes of our successors, to make the purchase absolute. There is no restriction against selling a part or whole of the tract, if found desirable, in order to lighten or remove the debt to be incurred by its purchase."

The proposition of Mr. Longworth recalls a very pleasant story of Franklin, who loaned five pounds to a friend, with an injunction not to return it, but, instead, to releaen it to the next deserving person who might need it, enjoining him, also, to re-loan it, with the clause attached, so that the five pounds would be a constant benefit in circulation. But Franklin's five pounds was probably arrested on its errand of mercy by the first rogue who had it in trust,

whereas, Longworth's benefaction does not stand in any such danger. Like Franklin's, it is an active, ever-recurring institution of peace and good-will among men—a noble example, worthy of imitation. The city gets spacious grounds, and with them air, exercise, shade, and agreeable prospects for its citizens. The citizens, in paying the interest upon its bonds, relieve themselves proportionately of the burden of poor-tax. The poor, in turn, not only receive a pecuniary aid, but also instruction and assistance from such institutions as may be endowed by the wisdom and benevolence of the donor. In no possible shape could gift or bequest combine greater and more active advantages than this. And if we have anything to be proud of, more than another, it is, that such acts as this are not uncommon; that the old feeling of patriotism—the fascia that binds us together as a people—now and then gleams out in our midst, in peace as in war, with corresponding lustre.

From another part of the report, we quote a paragraph or two, on the parks of the cities of Europe, which will, no doubt, interest the readers of *Putnam*:

"London has more than one hundred squares, and has, besides, Kensington Gardens, of 350 acres; Buckingham Palace Gardens, of 40 acres; Hyde Park, of 400 acres; St. James's Park, of 83 acres; Green Park, of 71 acres; Regent's Park, of 450 acres; Primrose Hill, of 50 acres; Greenwich Park, of 200 acres; Battersea Park, of 350 acres; Albert Park, of 409 acres; Kensington Park, of 20 acres; Horticultural Society Gardens, Chiswick, of 33 acres; Botanic Gardens, at Kew, of 130 acres; besides which, there are within reach, and open to the people of London, Richmond Park, of 2,300 acres; and Hampton Court, five miles round. Late investigations into the influence of public grounds on health and morals have induced the corporation of that city to dedicate two of the larger parks within a few years, in the poorer parts of the city, and to contemplate others still in those neighborhoods.

"Liverpool has two fine parks, covering 200 acres. Dublin has one of 1,700 acres. Paris has twenty-three smaller squares, besides the Woods of Boulogne and the Woods of Vincennes, each of 500 acres. Vienna has the Glacis, a very large space in the centre of the city; the Augarten, also quite large; the Prater, four miles long; and seventeen smaller places. Berlin has two or three immense parks, and fourteen smaller ones. In Warsaw, about one-third of the city is pleasure-grounds. Munich, with 110,000 people, has 1,200 acres of park. Rome has nine large squares and many smaller ones. Naples has thirty squares, many of them large, besides the King's Park, which touches the city; and Lisbon has twenty-six."

